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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JULY 11, 1956

PRICE

9

How to grow  
CAMELLIAS

See pages 28-29

**INSIDE: 24-page lift-out Beauty Book**



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JULY 11, 1956

Vol. 24, No. 6

## HOPE FOR MENTALLY ILL

**H**OSPITAL and medical authorities are pressing both the Federal and State Governments for more money to improve treatment of the mentally ill. Improved treatment is important in terms of both human happiness and national economy.

Recommendations for the provision of neuro-psychiatric wards in public hospitals herald a more hopeful future for the sufferers and for those who love them.

The problem of the mentally disabled is one that should be tackled on essentially the same terms as that of the physically disabled.

Results already obtained with the new drugs reserpine and chlorpromazine, as reported in "The Australian Medical Journal," suggest that a whole new era in the treatment of the mentally ill may be opening.

Their effect on even violent cases makes much more feasible the suggested establishment of wards for mental patients in public hospitals.

Inclusion of these wards in general hospitals would not only improve treatment and chances of recovery for the patients. It would also strongly influence the public to accept mental illness in the same way as any other illness.

Such an acceptance would not only ease the burden borne by the patient's family, but would perform the greatly needed function of boosting the patient's morale and will to return to the life of a useful citizen.

One of the greatest present difficulties in the care and treatment of the mentally ill is the acute and widespread shortage of nurses in Australia.

A general improvement in the standard of treatment and better accommodation and facilities would encourage more people to enter the specialised and highly important field of psychiatric nursing.

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## Our cover:

● The camellia sasanqua on our cover is Plantation Pink, a variety developed in Australia and highly praised by American camellia-fanciers. On pages 28 and 29 are more pictures of camellias, including other sasanquas and some of their better-known relatives, camellias japonica.

## This week:

● Kathleen Norris, author of this week's complete novel, "Miss Harriet Townshend," has entertained three generations of fiction readers, and written somewhere round 80 novels. She was born in San Francisco in 1880. Her husband, Charles Norris, whom she married in 1908, died in 1945. Since then Mrs. Norris has lived quietly in Palo Alto, California, dividing her time between writing and lecturing on social and political affairs.

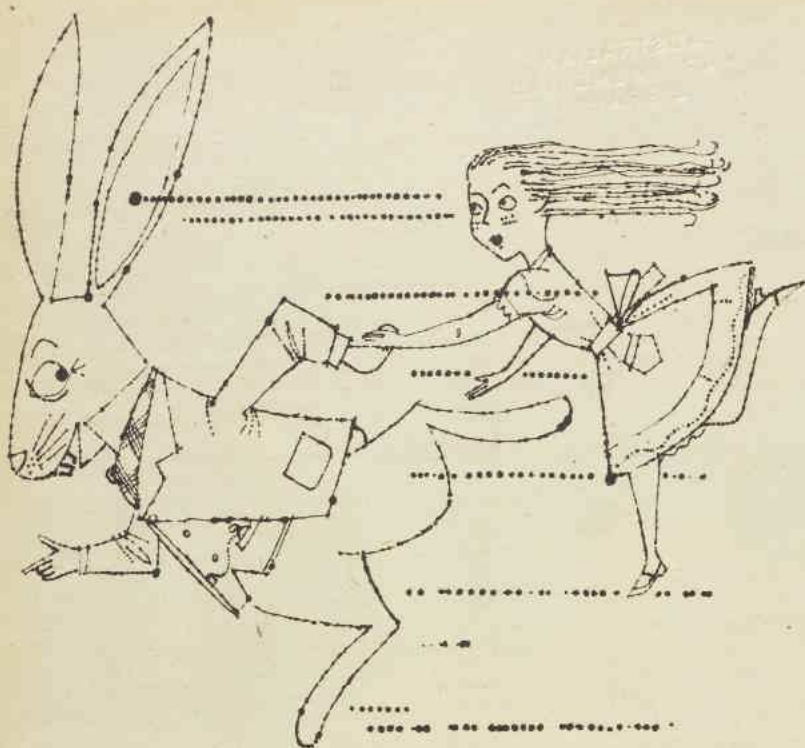
## Next week:

● Watch next week for details of our big cookery contest. Prizes total £6000 in value.

● Queensland's Lucke Quads will celebrate their first birthday on July 12, and the Saras will be six in August. Next week's cover and two inside pages show color pictures of the children, the Luckes at a pre-birthday party and the Saras decorating a cake for their own party.

● The three winning entries in our "Gay Look" contest will be illustrated in color. Competitors were asked to suggest a color scheme for Hillman cars and clothes to harmonise.

● Thursday Island — "T.I." as the locals call it — is the centre for the pearling industry of the Torres Strait islands. Shell worth £750,000 annually is gathered by the natives, who are fine seamen. Two pages of beautiful color pictures show the luggers and their crews at work.



"No time to lose-no time to lose" said White Rabbit.

"Goodness, what IS all the rush?" said Alice.

"Mannequin-Parade-in-30-seconds-Hurry!"

said White Rabbit breathlessly.

"What shall we see?" asked Alice excitedly.

"Hem!—nylon slips-nighties-bra's-scanties-panties-girdles

and hosiery," said White Rabbit,

turning into a PINK White Rabbit.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Alice.

"Nylon makes most things better than most things, even men's socks, shirts and suits," he added in a relieved voice.

"My fur's made from it—

lasts forever—washable—wonderful time-saver, nylon!"

"Amazing," said Alice, "Where can I get some?"

"In all the best stores," puffed White Rabbit.

"But mind you buy branded products made from BNS nylon,"

he said gravely, as the Mannequin parade swept on—

in a technicolour swirl of delectable

dependable uncrushable unshrinkable indestructible irresistible

no-need-to-pressable

# BNS nylon



British Nylon Spinners Ltd., Pontypool, Monmouthshire — Suppliers of nylon yarn and nylon staple fibre to textile manufacturers in Australia.

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

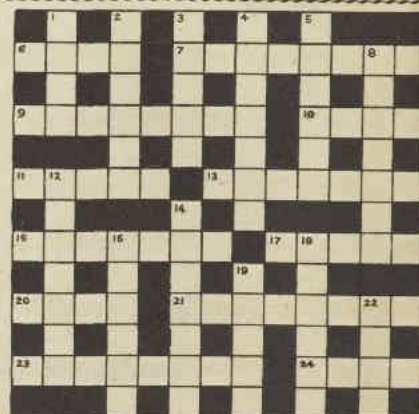
### ACROSS

6. Coin an article which turns to itself (4).
7. These pigs found on the highways slaughter more than they are slaughtered (4).
9. If you ever did it you must have been sorry (8).
10. Hamlet was one (4).
11. Ingenious magistrate shows skill (5).
13. Draw set (Anagr. 7).
15. Enters with arched upper side of human feet (7).
17. A slip in open vessels (5).
20. Cover up the skin of an animal (4).
21. Irritates men who are in wrongs (8).
23. Uninstructed mixed spirit or insect (8).
24. Venture (4).

GARBAGE SWISS  
 L A R K T N E  
 E U T E R P E O G I V E  
 B E O M P T M  
 E N D O W P I G G I N S  
 D L A A  
 U N D E R A S P E L L  
 D R  
 T E R M I N A H A S T E  
 R A F N O A M  
 E N N U I E R R A T U M  
 S G C S E E E  
 S T E R E S U B E D I T

Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.



### DOWN

1. A net stake in poker (4).
2. To gallop at full speed you must first have a car (6).
3. Commonplace ritual after tea (5).
4. Authoritative charge for a man with a popular engagement (7).
5. Obscurity of a famous playwright hiding an entertainment (6).
8. Enlarge a military rank (7).
12. Affectedly elegant (7).
14. Of space? Yes, but in any case it's a pal (7).
16. Quivering the inside of which could be more (8).
18. An aged clue may show you what is to be done (6).
19. Wicker case containing a rat (5).
22. Wrong of 21 across (4).



# The Third Tuesday

BY MARGARET  
MADDOCKS

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

**T**HE day "Fashion" came Marian always had difficulty in clearing away the breakfast things. The enticing glossiness of the magazine tempted her to drop everything and lose herself in a world of major pronouncements by Mr. Dior and refined recipes requiring a pint of cream and herbs unknown at any of the local shops.

But spare time for the luxury of reading it receded as the day, the week, the month wore on. This pleasant duty nagged at her, for "Fashion" had been ordered by a richer and more leisured sister, so that Marian, who had married Archie Combe ten years before to live in an obscure Dorset town, should not forget that she had once been a model at Darnell's.

Ever since, it had arrived unfaillingly by post on the third Tuesday of the month. Rolled into a fat truncheon it was poked through the letter-box only with difficulty and fell into the wire basket at the back of the front door with an important plump, setting itself apart from coal bills, letters from Mother, and advertisements for detergents. There was a zest about the third Tuesday which was not there at all the day before and had dulled a little the day after.

It was a summer dismal with rain, but on the third Tuesday of July, which was the beginning of the school holidays, the sun unexpectedly shone. Eagerly Marian tore off the wrapper. "Beauty Number," it announced. "Keep your looks after thirty." Something she had to know about, she thought, as she put down the magazine to wipe Sue's mouth and pour out the coffee, resolving that this month she must read "Fashion" from end to end.

She heard Archie say, "I'll catch the bus to the station and you can have the car and take the kids to the sea for the day. It will do you good—give you a rest."

She saw herself lying on the beach reading "Fashion," before her mind travelled back with comet swiftness to beds and unwashed dishes. Pushing her hair behind her ears, she wondered if Archie noticed that she had not yet made up her face. Probably not, for he kissed her looking over her shoulder at the clock.

"You can take the paper," she said. "I shan't want it. 'Fashion' came today."

"Gosh, it's late!" he exclaimed. "Have a nice day. Don't hurry back. I can get myself some supper."

He ran out of the house as he heard the bus turn the corner, while she went and opened the roof of the old car. When she came back, Meg was fitting two pieces of a plate together.

"The tap got in the way," she explained.

She was only eight and she had meant well. Half the washing-up was done, but there was still the other half. Sue began to cry and must be put into her play-pen before she drove them all mad. Marian took off Sue's bib, wiped her face. And now that she was safely caged in her pen she really was rather sweet. Her red rompers must be given a quick iron, for she was a dark child and red suited her.

"Mummy," said Giles, "did you remember to mend the moth-hole in my trunks?"

"Darling, no. Bring me my work-basket."

Marian sat down on the window seat in the sun, cobbling quickly. It was a lovely day. She thought gratefully of the sand and the sea and the hot rocks on her shoulders and the luxury of reading "Fashion" slowly and in peace while it was new. Already she felt beautified by the promised hints.

The children sprang about with unnatural willingness, because it was nearly half-past nine before she'd time to gather the food together.

"I shan't cut sandwiches," she said. "We'll just take something in a tin and butter in a jam-jar, and there's half the cake I made yesterday. We can buy rolls and chocolate. Mustn't forget the tin-opener."

She went to the kitchen drawer to find it in case it slipped from her memory. The kettle boiled and she made the tea. The corks of the flasks were a little musty and she knew the tea would taste of them.

"Mummy, may we have lemonade?" asked Meg.

"Yes, Mummy, please?" echoed Giles.

Marian diluted the lemonade and put Sue's milk ready. There was a little tea over. She drank it while writing a note for the baker and unlocking the coal-cellar in case the coalman came.

"Get Sue ready for me, Meg, there's a good girl, and then I will do your plaits."

The flowers were dead in the sitting-room. She threw them away and hardened her heart at the unloved look the room instantly assumed. She would pick some tonight.

Flowers were better picked at night. The article in last month's "Fashion" said so. Would Archie notice if she tried one of the lopsided arrangements they illustrated? He'd probably think it was just lopsided.

She started to make up her face and Meg called, "Mummy,

need Sue wear socks, because I can't find any clean ones?"

"No, no socks." No socks for anyone. They were going to the beach. She noted that her sandals had a green stain and then discovered that her sun-suit wasn't ironed. She had to wear slacks and a blouse instead, and while she powdered her nose she had a quick backward look at the girl who used to work at Darnell's.

She couldn't believe that she was the girl, but at least she was still slim and her nose turned up and wrinkled when she laughed in the way that Archie used to say he loved. She outlined her mouth with lipstick. It wasn't quite the shade for her outfit, but the right one was in another bag. As she ran the comb through her hair she made a resolve to have it set more often.

"Oh, Mummy, I don't want a sun-bonnet, I don't want a jersey, I don't want a coat." A short wail from Sue, a few words as to who should sit in the front, and they were off, through the High Street, across the square, out on to the big road.

They all began to sing. They always sang when the roof was open. "Lavender blue, dilly dilly, lavender green." It went gaily to the rhythm of the wheels as they turned down the familiar lane. The air was spicy with seaweed and the tyres crunched on the shingle. In the glove-box

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Marian settled herself  
against the wooden  
fence and began to read  
her magazine.





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# NEVER GIVE UP

"THE trouble with you," said Carol, pointing the cooking-fork dramatically at her friend and flat-mate Prudence, "is that you're usually much too sensible. Far better to be brainless but really beautiful."

"You may be right," Prudence said pensively. "Do you think that's enough potatoes? Personally I don't think eating's worth while when it means all this fuss."

"Might as well peel potatoes as do anything else," said Carol philosophically.

"If it comes to that" — Prudence dropped a peeled potato into the saucepan—"there doesn't seem much point in doing anything. Everything seems so absolutely futile. I just can't get interested in anything nowadays."

Carol looked at her friend shrewdly. They both worked on the "Evening Echo," and had been friends from their first meeting, two years ago. "Those are the earmarks of the dissatisfied spinster," she said thoughtfully. "Not the confirmed type, but the unconfirmed one who is beginning to get a bit panicky. What you want is more men in your life."

"Oh, I don't know," Prudence said doubtfully, "or at least . . ." She paused and then shrugged her shoulders expressively.

"You mean more men, I suppose . . . one particular man," Carol said.

Prudence nodded. "That's about it," she admitted, smiling ruefully.

"So that's why the toast was burned this morning and why you went round and round the flat looking for your handbag when it was on the table in front of your eyes all the time. I knew it could mean only one thing."

"I thought I was concealing my broken heart beneath a stoical exterior," Prudence said with an attempt at lightness.

"Stoical, my foot," retorted Carol. "Anyway, this bottling-up business gets a girl nowhere. You must do something about it . . . plan a campaign, sail into action, use the old brain and a bit of animal cunning. You don't think I got engaged to Tom by sitting down and mooning about him, do you?"

"Why, it was not until I went all Chelsea and wore a pair of pants like grandfather's long-uns and magenta lipstick and a pony hair-do that he even looked at me. He hated the outfit so much that he spent hours talking me out of it, and after that he hadn't a chance, poor lamb. Men don't fall into your lap like ripe plums, you know . . . I suppose it's David Armstrong."

Prudence admitted that it was. A pity, thought Carol, because if there was one hard-to-get young desirable it was David. He was Tom's friend and the star reporter on the "Evening Echo," with so many escapades and scoops to his credit that he was the local wonder boy.

Prudence was a telephonist, stuck in a passage-like room with ten other girls to take reporters' copy. At first David had merely been a thin, electronic voice gabbling away sixteen to the dozen about fires, thefts, council scandals, and what-have-you, while Pru-

dence feverishly tried to keep up on her typewriter and grappled with folio, names correctly spelled, and other paraphernalia.

On one awful occasion she had left out the words "the late" when taking down some copy about the Lord Mayor and his wife. It made the whole story ridiculous, and in the blitz that rent the office afterwards David was the chief victim.

So Prudence nervously told the Chief Sub that it was her fault and David called in the phone room in person to say how jolly decent it was of her to own up. He was so nice about it that what could a poor girl do but fall head over heels in love with him?

But that and a few casual encounters in the passage was as far as it went. It seemed pathetically little to tell Carol about.

"And now," Prudence concluded miserably, "that tizzy little Polly Walters always rushes to take down his copy and yesterday I saw her waiting in his car after work."

But Carol refused to be depressed. "Well, if you're going to ignore all the rules all the time you'll get nowhere, my lass."

"I didn't even know there were any rules," Prudence looked at her questioningly.

"Well, first you've got to get into circulation to sight the quarry."

"But I have already met him," Prudence pointed out.

"All right, then. The quarry has been sighted. So now for the trap."

"I wish you wouldn't talk about it as some sort of sport," protested Prudence. "It's the most serious thing in my life."

"Of course it is," Carol looked





**You must plan a campaign if you want to get your man, Carol insisted . . . a light-hearted romance**

**By Marjorie Weaver**

thoughtful. "Let me think. How about the improve-your-mind approach? Does David study German, Russian, Japanese, or Esperanto?"

"No," answered Prudence.

"Then we'll have to fall back on the time-honored approach . . . food. The way to a man's heart is through his tummy. You can't beat the old adages. And one thing you can do really well is cook."

With the six of them the microscopic flat bulged. They felt that they had to invite Polly because it would look too obvious to leave her out. And that means another man to even up the numbers.

The basic idea seemed to be working, because after Carol and Tom had talked about Prudence as some sort of culinary genius, David began to tease her about it.

"Just you wait till you taste Prue's lemon pie," said Carol.

They squeezed into the tiny dining-alcove. "M'm," said David appreciatively as his teeth sank into the scalloping which was Carol's contribution to the meal. "This girl of yours can cook, Tom."

Carol shot a meaning glance at Prudence. "Oh, this is nothing. Go and get your pie, Prudence. That'll learn 'em."

Prudence slipped the pie on to a warmed plate. The pastry felt crisp and just right and the meringue was exquisitely tinted and the golden whirls towered enticingly.

"I do hope it's all right," she said anxiously as she put it on the table.

"It looks like something in the colored pages of the most expensive women's magazines," remarked David.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," Polly smiled round the table as if she had suddenly made a most original remark.

Prudence watched Carol cut the wedges of the pie. She remembered how her arm had ached after beating the meringue, how she had weighed every ingredient for the filling, and how she had chilled the pastry and rolled it and chilled it and rolled it . . . and breathlessly baked it.

David was surveying his helping with beam-

ing anticipation. Prudence watched him anxiously as he took his mouthful and then, to her horror, she saw his look change to one of doubt and surprise. He swallowed with visible effort and then laid his fork down without saying anything, and looked at the others. In a panic Prudence sampled her own helping and her fork clattered on to her plate. She felt like bursting into tears.

Salt. Unmistakable, all-pervading, catastrophic salt. She must have dipped her cup into the salt canister instead of the castor sugar. Oh, what a fool . . .

The idea, Carol told her comfortingly, is never, never, never give up.

Prudence, however, was back in her despondent mood. She believed not only that she was totally incompetent, but that the fates were against her, and it served her right for setting snares.

But the next evening Carol told Prudence that David had told Tom and Tom had told Carol, and so on, that he liked girls who were a bit screwy, anyway.

"So now," Carol counselled, "you've got to be screwy until it hurts. We must think

*To page 38*

*Prudence dropped her book in alarm as the car skidded across the road, narrowly missing her.*





# Winter or Summer ...



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CANVAS GOODS MANUFACTURERS' FEDERATION OF AUSTRALIA

Page 6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 11, 1956



# THE LAST MINSTREL

For many long years  
Gino's gay music had  
made Clara so happy  
and now he was to be  
rewarded.

A short short story

BY LOUISE  
CUNNINGHAM



**G**INO, like all too many frustrated artists, hated just about everything and everybody.

Most of all, he hated his hand-organ—oh, no piffling soap-box size hurdy-gurdy, but a big seven-hundred-pound box on wheels—to which for forty years he had been chained like a slave, pulling the accursed thing endless miles through the teeming streets, grinding away at it day after day as it roared and bleated out its tunes.

Next to the hand-organ he hated the Bertellis—just Clara now; Luigi had died five years ago. He hated the Bertellis because they were his patrons and had always been most kind to him. He and Luigi had been boys together in Catania and had come to America in the same ship.

They had started even, but where Luigi saved his money and started a sand-and-gravel business that in time made him a millionaire, Gino never got any further than planning to be a great restaurateur.

To plan properly he needed lots of Chianti mixed with gin. After a half-dozen drinks of this it was easy to see a whole chain of restaurants—Gino's—stretching across the continent.

But, alas, poor Gino never got beyond the planning stage. He hated to work for anyone, hated to be bossed or ordered about.

So, to be his own boss, Gino embarked on a musical career, borrowing the money to buy the big organ from fat, generous Luigi, who stipulated only that Gino come once in a while and play in front of his house for himself and his pretty young Neapolitan wife, Clara.

After Luigi died, Gino trudged every week to Carlon Place, a small green park in the best part of the city, to play in front of the fine apartment-building, the Carlon Arms, where Clara Bertelli lived, and which, incidentally, she owned.

Forty-five years had passed since Gino and Luigi came over, and Luigi had married the year following his arrival. Clara was getting old now, and fat, and she didn't stir much from her flower-decked window on the street floor of her fine house.

She would sit there on the days, usually Wednesday afternoons, when Gino came to serenade her, and her still lovely, lustrous black eyes would glow with happiness when the ancient organ would thunder out "Santa Lucia" or "Ciri-biri-bin" or selections from "Il Trovatore" or "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Gino would bow to her and doff his old ruin of a hat at the end of the concert and she would call him in and give him some wine and a five-dollar bill.

"You are of the happy past,

Gino," she would say, her soft red mouth smiling. "Of the days when we were young, you and Luigi and myself. Yes, Gino, you are the last minstrel—the last one in the city, in all the country it may be, and you and your music must go on—must continue to bring happiness to so many."

"I love to watch the children gather round you here each week as you play, to see them dance and hear them laugh and watch their eyes shine. As Luigi said so often, 'We must look after our Gino.'"

To the devil with Luigi, Gino would mutter to himself after he'd called Clara "bellissima" and "gracious lady" and "most kind patron" a half-dozen times and gone off to spend the money she had given him on bad liquor, which now conjured up no chain of restaurants with "Gino's" in big letters over them, but only long parades of hand-organs with a Gino grinding each and every one of them.

As if, he would growl into the mocking wine-glass—as if old fat Lady Moneybags couldn't give me a few thousand to live on, and release me from this slavery . . . And he would glare at the ancient organ in the shed off his kitchen

*Gino, axe in hand, danced on the wreckage with a wild and fiendish glee.*

in the little pigsty of a shack near Slater's Dump.

"Maybe when she dies," he thought, "she will leave me something—if so, may she die soon."

It was not long after that Clara became ill. It was a grave illness, one from which she could not recover.

"It is good, Gino." She could still come to the window to hear him play. "It is all right. I have not been too happy since Luigi went and now I will be with him. And you, old friend, do not worry. Listen! I have left you a pension. Each month you will be paid by Mr. Kramer, my lawyer over there across the park, one hundred and fifty dollars. It is good?"

"Gracious lady!" cried Gino, and fell on his knees and kissed her hand and went out and played his whole ten tunes without stopping.

Next week she was dead. It was in all the papers. Gino got roaring drunk. He didn't even sober up for the funeral. He was the happiest man on earth. High with wine, the night after Clara died he staggered out into the shed, picked up the axe he used to cut his firewood, and with fiendish glee reduced the ancient organ to splinters, smashing it into a pathetic ruin and dancing on the wreckage.

"Tutto finito!" he yelled. "All finished! All done forever!"

He sobered up enough at last to make his way, shaking like an aspen in a gale, broke and in agony for a drink, to the lawyer, Kramer, who had never liked Gino.

Now he greeted Gino in a friendly way. "You lose no time, my friend," he said, smiling.

Gino scowled at him. "My money," he said. "My pension the old fat one left me—one hundred fifty a month. You give me."

"Just a moment," Kramer, sitting at his desk, called to a clerk to bring him a copy of Mrs. Bertelli's will. Gino all but gnashed his teeth and his clawlike arthritic fingers were bent like talons.

He hissed an ugly word, but Kramer knew no Italian; anyway, he was busy with the will.

"Here you are, Gino—" He held up the will and read: "To Gino Di Pasquale, the last minstrel, the good friend of my dear husband and myself, I leave the sum of 150 dollars monthly—"

"Give me," yelled Gino. "provided," went on Kramer's dry lawyer's voice, "he shall each Wednesday, weather permitting, play his hand-organ for one hour in front of the old house in Carlon Place—"

He looked up, but Gino had slumped to the floor in a faint.

(Copyright)





Beginning a stirring serial — the story of people who valiantly met the challenge of the Australian bush, and of Ma'amu, the cat forced to live as a wild creature.

# Cry of the heart

BY MARY PATCHETT

ONLY luck gave Ma'amu an existence longer than a few hours. All day her mother, Tab, moved softly about the homestead purring incessantly, padding across the verandahs, into the rooms and out again.

When night came she still moved about, a portly ghost of a cat, restless, unsatisfied, a housecat refusing to make do with the straw-lined box that had been put in the stable to make a bed for her kittens' arrival.

The child watched Tab, who was still searching at nightfall. Julitha was only six, but she knew that Tab, with the fastidiousness that belongs to every cat, would not accept second best.

Juli longed to make her a bed of the old clothes and papers that Tab loved, and to put it in the corner of her own room, but she knew how angry that would make her stepmother, and that most of the anger would be directed against Tab.

So the child lay awake in her narrow iron bedstead, her small hands clutching the sheets, her grey eyes wide in the gloom, excited, apprehensive that Tab might not find the dark and secret place she needed.

Birth was not new to Julitha. With each fresh birth on the property the mother's joy was her own. Her instinct respected an animal's need for solitude, but within a short while of the arrival of foal or lamb, pup or kittens, she was there, and few of the animals minded the gentle touch of her hands on the soft bodies of their young. Juli wished that her father was at home; he would understand and help Tab.

She went off to sleep. When she woke it was still dark. She lay scarcely breathing, listening to the waiting night in a way that was all too familiar. Not a sound that might have come from Tab reached her ears.

She lay as long as she could, then slipped out of bed, a small figure in a shabby nightgown, her hair tousled, her eyes wide awake. She pulled on an old dress over her nightgown, shivering a little in the pre-dawn that was not cool except in contrast to the burning heat of the day.

Juli, whose name was a contraction of an aboriginal word for "walkabout," pushed open the wire-netted door very gently and let herself out on to the verandah. Piccaninny dawn was breaking. Ahead of her, stretching across the arid ground towards the black, sighing line of massed trees that rose above the river bank, the air was transparently dark.

Although the stars had faded, one twinkled here and there, a faint light-point against the luminously pale sky. Ragged silver-white clouds striped the sky, as though they had been clawed into tattered shreds by the talons of some giant hand.

It was all very still, very lonely, very familiar. Soon the dawn chorus of the birds would begin and the animals awaken; but at this instant it seemed that the whole world waited for the true dawn. For the child, dawn meant Tab's kittens.

She moved along the wooden verandah on her bare feet, as soundless herself as any cat. Very gently she pushed open the living-room door, went inside, and searched.

There was no Tab. Every now and again she stood quite still and listened.

Juli passed her stepmother's door; surely Tab would not be so silly as to go in there. Next door was a spare room, wooden-floored, with a narrow, austere bed, an ugly dressing-table of brown-varnished wood, and corner clothes-

hanger from which dropped a curtain of dingy cretonne. Tab was not there either.

Like most of the homesteads on Australian selections, a couple of rooms and a shower-room had been built on to the main building, joined to the original house by a few feet of boarded causeway. Juli walked across this.

The first room was another spare bedroom, but in it her stepmother stored her best clothes; her "town" clothes she called them. There were a few cardboard dress-boxes and hat-boxes that held the hats she never wore, and what she called her "evening wear." Several of these boxes were shoved under the bed.

In one of them Rita kept her pink taffeta and lace evening dress, the one she'd brought all the way from England and worn only when she met Juli's father in Sydney a year before.

Sometimes Juli came into the room, lifted the edge of the ugly white honeycomb-quilt on to the bed, pushed the lid of the cardboard box back a little, and smoothed a fold of the beautiful pink dress. She did not tell her stepmother about this. She knew that Rita would say, "You leave it alone!" But she never hurt it; she just wanted to touch it and to look at the color. To Juli it was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen.

As Juli stepped on to the verandah outside the room where the dress was kept, she felt a little thrill of fear. The door was open. She remembered that she had gone in the day before and just glanced at the beautiful dress. She went through the open door and stood just inside the room, perfectly still.

Excitement and apprehension warred in her heart. It was dark inside the room, and in the stillness she heard the unmistakable rasp of a cat's tongue, the tiny, muffled stirrings of new life.

She propped the door open and the room filled with grey light. Then she went to the faint, sniffling sounds, the steady licking of a cat's tongue. She lifted the coverlet and said softly: "Tab — oh, Tab, what have you done?"

The shallow lid of the box that held the pink evening gown was somewhere out of sight under the bed. Tab moved as the child spoke to her; Juli heard the rustling of tissue, that sound beloved of cats, and her heart sank.

She peered into the box, putting her free hand on to Tab's head, using her touch to help her eyes. Then she followed the curve of Tab's body to where five small damp, and squirming babies pushed their little blind faces against their mother's velvety underside.

"Oh, Tab! Darling Tab!" Juli couldn't bring herself to sound reproachful in Tab's great moment, but while her small fingers touched each damp kitten lovingly her heart sank. The dress, the beautiful dress—whatever would Rita say?

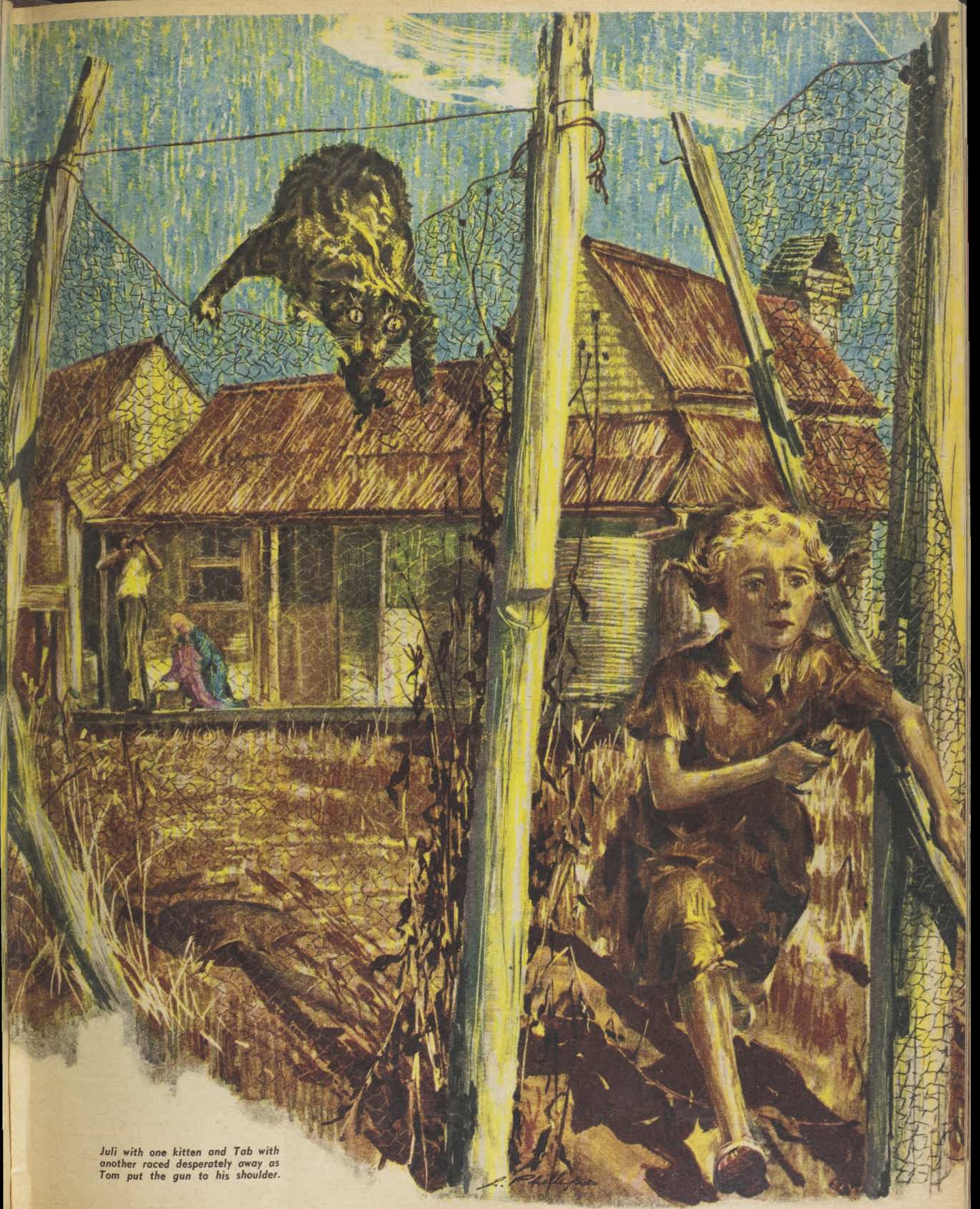
Every few minutes the air lightened, and soon she was able to see the dark stains that spread across the pink fabric of the dress. She mourned over the beautiful complacency of Tab, who had tidied everything in a manner befitting such a fastidious beast, and was already settling down to a dream existence, a fulfilment of life that is Nature's brief and repeated reward for her kind.

Juli squatted on her heels, her six-year-old mind in a turmoil. If only her father were home he would tell Rita that Tab was not to blame. But he was away; she must tell Rita — and

To page 40

"Tabbies are the aristocrats of cats," Dr. Russ said, smiling down at the kitten, while Juli watched on ecstatically.





Juli with one kitten and Tab with another raced desperately away as Tom put the gun to his shoulder.





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CRUNCH: ½ cup Uncle Toby's Oats, ½ cup S.R. flour, 4 level tablesp. brown sugar, 3 level tablesp. margarine, ½ teasp. vanilla, ½ teasp. nutmeg.  
Arrange fruit in fairly deep ovenware dish. Large fruit, such as apples or peaches, should be sliced. Sprinkle with flour and sugar and dot with butter. Combine crunched ingredients and mix them together with a knife until they resemble coarse crumbs. Sprinkle evenly over fruit and bake about 45 mins. in moderate oven, or until fruit is tender and the topping pale brown and crunchy.

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## Letters from our Readers

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

IS the age of chivalry gone? In its decorative sense of joustings and tournaments, of ladies' favors and knights in armor, certainly it has gone. In courtesy from man to woman, founded on woman's weakness and inferiority, it has lost many rather artificial graces. But helpfulness in the home and comradeship have replaced spurious gestures of chivalry based on superiority. Yet we still hear complaints about men not giving up seats in buses, and we are old-fashioned enough to hope our sons at least stand for elderly women.

Personally, now I am old, I find it's the young woman who quickly rises to give me a seat, not the young man. Possibly a woman acts more quickly and doesn't give a man a chance to offer his seat.

£1/1/- to Ida Swift, Cottesloe, W.A.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

HOW I dislike the visitors who say, "Don't go to any bother for me," when a dainty cloth and cups are set for the "cuppa," or, after a meal, hand one the serviette with the remark, "Save the washing." To me these remarks are rude and somewhat tinged with conceit, suggesting one's humble little home has been upset to some extent because of their visit.

10/6 to Mrs. B. Blood, Upwey, Vic.

### Limits on baby talk

I DISAGREE with Mrs. G. Dent's opinion on baby talk (The Australian Women's Weekly, 6/6/56). I have a 15-month-old daughter, and I think the easiest way to teach children to talk is to associate sounds with objects, as "bow-wow"—dog and "moo-cow"—cow. Yet I do not believe in the "itzy-witzy" school, as I don't think that it teaches a child anything.

10/6 to "Young Mother" (name supplied), Bendigo, Vic.

### Family affairs

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

I SUPPOSE with a name like Pickles it had to happen! My five-year-old daughter came home from school one day sobbing and heartbroken. Some of the children had been calling her "Pickle-o," which fact she resented with every ounce of her sturdy little being.

Realising that such matters are best settled "out of court," I proceeded to describe to her the little piccolo, a musical instrument without which no worthwhile orchestra is complete. She listened with interest, and when I suggested that she call me "Piccolo," too, smiled happily.

In a few days I was "Mummy" again, and a problem which could have caused much unhappiness in the school life of a child had been solved.

£1/1/- to Elsa Pickles, Goulburn, N.S.W.

WHEN we read so much about unhappy marriages, how good it is to hear of those whose love has not only lasted but continued to grow with the years. My mother used to tell us that she could never have borne her troubles had she not loved our father with a love that endured. So many young couples jump to the conclusion that they have made a mistake when they find difficulty in adapting themselves to each other. They should realise that often those first few months—sometimes years—are the testing time.

10/6 to Mrs. N. Aberley, Lillimur, Vic.

HAVING received invitations to a kitchen tea, a linen tea, and a shower tea, I should like to suggest to the very kind people who give these various "teas" for brides-to-be a departure from the usual. Why not a garden tea, particularly if the young couple are going into a home of their own?

10/6 to Miss M. A. Nixon, South Brisbane, Qld.

WHERE are all the high chairs which used to be supplied in shops for customers to sit on while waiting to be served? Since they just seem to have disappeared, I have often seen mothers and older people leaning on counters to rest small children and those tired feet. We would surely appreciate having such chairs back in shops again.

10/6 to Mrs. Cosway, Thornbury, Vic.

HOW often we hear people complaining about the rudeness of conductors and conductresses on our buses and trams. If we listen carefully, it can be noticed that some travellers "ask" for the curt replies they receive. After all, these people are only human and have feelings, too. Perhaps a little kindness would get better results than continual nagging about the job they do.

10/6 to Kathleen Williams, Croydon Park.

## Ross Campbell writes...

I WAS looking at a picture of a beauty contest entrant in the afternoon paper.

A big, buxom lass she was.

Under the picture it said: "Daphne Bulge is a typically Australian outdoor girl."

With a feeling of irritation I drew a moustache on Daphne and turned over the page.

She must be the umpteenth contestant who has been called a typical outdoor girl.

The people who run beauty contests have a passionate belief that outdoor girls are more attractive than indoor girls.

But is it true?

Look at the famous women who fascinated men in the past.

They were not usually the outdoor type.

Cleopatra was a typically Egyptian indoor girl. One of her favorite games, we are told, was billiards.

Nell Gwyn, Mary Queen of Scots, and Lola Montez were all keen on indoor activities.

What a queer idea beauty contest promoters must have of the great lovers of history!

I suppose they picture Lord Nel-

### IT'S COLD OUTSIDE

son falling for Lady Hamilton because she is a typical outdoor girl. He sees her first at a hockey match.

"I say, that brunette plays a smashing game! Who is she?" "Lady Hamilton, my lord."



"I'd appreciate an intro after the match."

"Certainly, my lord. Come round to the pavilion . . ."

"Lady Hamilton, your fast passes were a treat to watch."

"Thank you, Lord Nelson."

"Doing anything for dinner to-night?"

"Sorry, but I'm in training till the finals."

"Well, can I see you then?"

"O.K.—it's a date."

What utter nonsense.

The truth is that indoor girls have nothing to be ashamed of.

It's time they got their share of the publicity.

I would like to see one chosen as Miss Australia, for a change.

There would be no difficulty in boosting her charms:

"Pale, sultry Amanda Petworthy is a typical Australian indoor girl."

"Dancing is her only exercise."

"She also enjoys going to the pictures, or listening to the radio with a boy-friend."

"I simply love the great indoors," she said yesterday."

My prejudice in the matter is partly due to an experience in my youth.

I was paying court to a young lady employed at a place called the Outdoor Girl Beauty Shop.

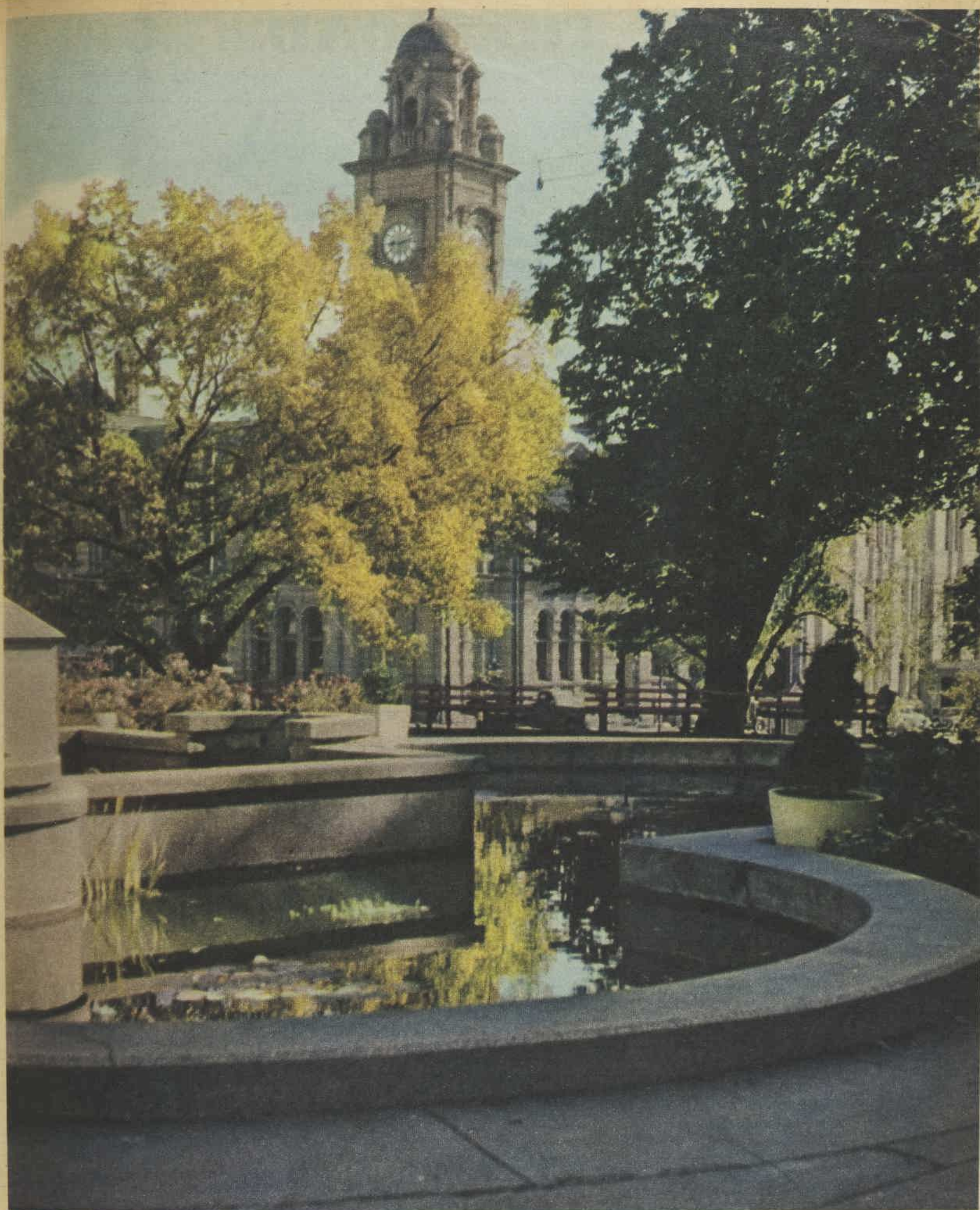
Her job was giving the customers artificial freckles.

She gave me the brush-off because I wanted her to stay indoors.

But the Outdoor Girl Shop went out of business. The customers preferred a place over the road called Betsy's Glamor Den.

So I think I had the last laugh!





## THIS IS AUSTRALIA

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 11, 1956

*TRANQUILLITY.* Sunlight gleams through leafy branches on to the calm waters of a lily pond in Franklin Square, Hobart. Built on the western shores of Tasmania's Derwent River, Hobart lies at the base of 4166ft. Mt. Wellington, which is snow-capped for many months of the year. The city was founded in 1804, and named after Lord Hobart, then Secretary of State for the Colonies. Hobart—and most of Tasmania—spent its early years in an almost constant state of unrest, for the island was the destination of thousands of convicts, including incorrigibles from the mainland. The convicts later became part of a free community when transportation ceased in 1853. This picture, showing Hobart's stately Post Office in the background, was taken by Miss Joan Cobb, of Dee Why, N.S.W.

Page 11



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# THE HOADS GO ON



ROME, Paris, London — for the title-seeking Hoads there will always be the journeys. Often they long to be at home with baby Jane.

## They love the travel tennis brings, but packing is a problem

By London sports writer  
**MAX ROBERTSON**

● At Wimbledon this week Australian tennis ace Lew Hoad reaches the high spot of the current overseas tour he and his wife, Jenny, are making after months of travel and living out of suitcases in countries all over Europe. This is his fifth attempt to win the most coveted of all tennis titles.

RECENTLY, as I sat in Lew Hoad's hotel bedroom during this year's British Hardcourt Championships at Bournemouth, I observed one aspect of his approach to tennis which does not usually win world championships.

"Can I buy it, darling?" I couldn't help hearing the familiar question coming over the line from his wife, Jenny,

who was speaking from London. "Of course, if you want it," said Lew in his easy-going Australian tones.

That's Lew Hoad's nature—casual in the best sense and easy-going, and it's that quality which could cost him major prizes in the tennis world. I say "could" because Lew has the natural ability and tennis weapons to be one of the greatest players of all time.

But that very day at

Bournemouth he was unexpectedly beaten in the semi-finals by American Ham Richardson. Hoad played as if he didn't care.

I taxed him afterwards and he replied, "It was cold and windy and I didn't feel like it. It's something I've got to get over. I never get like that if I'm playing in the Davis Cup."

"It wasn't anything to do with Jenny being away in London for the day?" I queried.

"Aw, no," he replied, "that didn't make any difference. But I do like to be able to look up from the court and see that she's sitting in the stands. She says she can't play if I don't watch her."

It has been said that Jenny Hoad has acted as her husband's side-lines captain. This isn't true. "Aw, no. She knows better," comments Hoad.

Yet it seemed to me that so young a marriage, twelve months old last month, must have some effect on Lew Hoad's tennis, especially since he is now away from the team discipline imposed on Australian tennis players by Harry Hopman.

"Hop was good to me," said Hoad. "He let me do pretty well what I liked. But I think marriage has probably quietened me down a bit. I really enjoy the game now."

"You've got to be keen to

reach the top. I often used to get fed up with it—especially in 1954. I couldn't be bothered whether I played or not. I was roasted by the critics for bad sportsmanship."

"Did that worry you?" I asked.

"No, not at all," he said. "I always look at it this way—if they're roasting you they're leaving someone else alone."

Next day Jenny was back from her shopping trip in London and ready to do most of the talking, for Lew is strong, and, on the whole, silent, though never frightened to say what he thinks.

It was nice to see them together, this young tennis-playing couple married so romantically on the eve of last year's Wimbledon.

Both have that golden color that reminds one of their native Australia. Lew is the fairer, his eyebrows and hair bleached almost like the sands of the beaches back home. He is a keen surfer.

The effect is to make his grey-green eyes look like an owl's, outlined in white. Jenny's eyes are brown, and laugh easily. Her hair is quite long and swept back behind her head.

For a girl who has problems on her hands few other young wives have to tackle, Jenny Hoad was a picture of happy-go-luckiness. The pair of them tour the world, moving from tournament to tournament, travelling by air with certain limitations on luggage.

"Clothes are a problem when you're travelling so



**HOTEL LIFE** has its drawbacks for Lew and Jenny Hoad. One worry Jenny has is that she is not getting any training for housework, especially cooking.

**Happy-go-lucky**



# LIVING IN CASES



CLOTHES are always a problem for Jenny. "After five years I can pack my bags in 15 minutes," Lew says, "but Jenny takes two hours."

much," said Jenny. "It's so hard to know what to take for the sudden changes of climate we meet."

"I've found you want to get as few clothes as possible but good ones. In the tropics last year a lot of my things parted at the seams."

"I don't take a long frock—just one cocktail dress and separates, evening skirts, and blouses or tops that I change around. That allows a lot of different combinations—enough to last until you move on to the next place."

"I suppose the players recognise them?"

"The players are all the same," put in Lew. "The girls always wear the same things."

"Yes," said Jenny. "They know exactly what each other has. That's why we always want to buy new things."

## Much to learn

AND it is true that they can buy anything in reason. But major acquisitions have to be saved up for. The £30,000 offer to turn professional last year was a temptation.

"It took me five days to decide I wouldn't," said Hoad. "I'm only 21, and I've got a lot to learn. I can't reach my best for another four or five years, and I want to go on playing amateur tennis. If I turned pro I'd soon be burned out."

But whether a professional or an amateur, the travelling must go on—an unsettling prospect to some, though not to Jenny Hoad.

"I love it," she commented. "Though, of course, I miss Jane, my baby daughter, badly. So does Lew. She's with my parents in Melbourne. They say she can sit up now without falling!"



MARRIED just a year ago, on the eve of the last Wimbledon contests, the globe-trotting Hoads see the world's shop windows, but, though financially they can afford to shop, they can buy only what will fit into a suitcase.

"I'll be going back to her after Wimbledon, when Lew will probably go on to America. In 10 years you'll see us taking our four children round tournaments in a car!"

"We're lucky, we've got a flat in Sydney—three rooms, kitchen, and bathroom. The trouble is I'm not getting any training for housework, especially cooking." She laughed.

"I'm good with a sewing-machine. Lew keeps promising to buy me one, but never does—(a male grunt)—I carry a needle and thread round with me to deal with his buttons—('It's you that loses buttons')—and I do the laundry—('That's the greatest exaggeration I've ever heard!')—I always seem to have an

awful lot to do, anyway—(up shot the eyebrows in a circumflex to give Lew that familiar "quizzical look").

"Of course, Lew's been nearly everywhere, but he only knows where the station and the hotel are. I love new places and sightseeing, and often pop off by myself."

"After five years I can pack my bags in 15 minutes," said Lew. "But Jenny takes two hours or more. She always keeps people waiting. That's women all over."

I saw another family wrangle developing, so hastily inquired, "What about excess baggage?"

"We're always in trouble," laughed Jenny. "You should have seen us in Milan. We had masses of hand baggage which escaped being weighed."

"Come on," said Lew, giving me a grip that felt a ton, "this has got to look light." I carried it a short way and then the handles came off. I had to pick it up like a baby and stagger to the plane!"

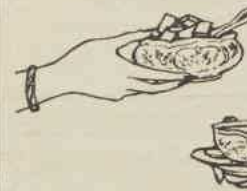
The Hoads were due to leave Bournemouth soon after I said goodbye. Lew, his bags packed, was sitting unconcernedly reading while Jenny was still struggling. There seemed to be a bottleneck somewhere.

That was when they were just off to Rome for the Italian Championships. The week before it had been Wiesbaden, and after Rome it was Paris for the first major tournament of the season. I only hoped that Lew would start to care about winning.

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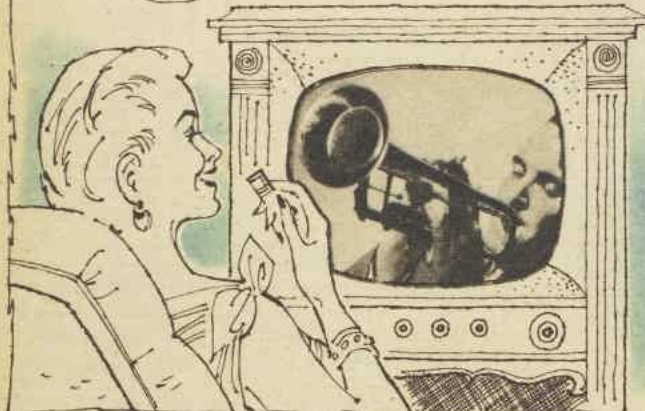


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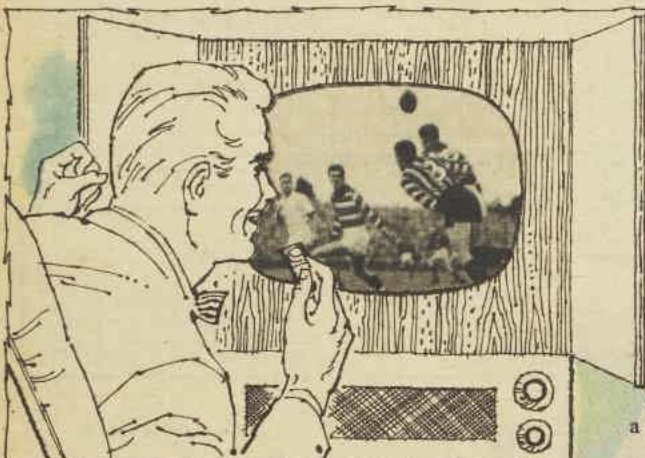


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# Violinist's hands are worth a fortune

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

● French violinist Christian Ferras lifted the lid of a leather case, folded back layers of green velvet, brought forth a Stradivarius violin valued at £8000, and held it in his £50,000 hands.

**M.** FERRAS, who is on a 19-weeks tour of Australia for the A.B.C., has had his Stradivarius for two years, his hands for 23.

One of Europe's leading musicians, Christian Ferras was born in 1933 at Le Touquet, and first touched a violin at the age of six.

It came about like this:

"It was in 1940, at the beginning of the war," said M. Ferras. "We were living in Nice. I was ill. My father, a violinist, goes into the street. He sees a shop of antiques. He sees a little violin there. Perhaps for Christian, he thinks. And why not?"

"He brings it home. 'You want to play it?' he asks. I took it. I played. Father became my first teacher."

Later, as his musical education progressed, Christian Ferras entered the Paris Conservatoire, studying under Georges Enesco, Menuhin's teacher.

## Shifted home

IT was wartime, the Germans were in Paris. But the Ferras family left their home in Nice, moving to the capital city.

"For my son it is necessary," said M. Ferras, sen.

"Georges Enesco died last year," M. Ferras told me. "He was a great master. It was wonderful with him. The day we first met it was at two o'clock in the afternoon. We speak. Then we play until nine o'clock."

Five years later, at the age



HANDSOME young French violinist Christian Ferras, who is touring Australia for the A.B.C. Later this year he will visit Russia on a concert tour.

of 13, Christian Ferras won first place in the Jacques Thibaud and Marguerite Long Competition for pianists and violinists. Last year, surely the youngest jury member ever, he judged the same contest together with Yehudi Menuhin and Soviet violinist David Oistrakh.

As a musician, M. Ferras spends most of his life on tour. He has been to Argentina, Brazil, other South American

countries, North and South Africa, Britain, and has played in most European capitals.

Touring recently, he stayed in a Hamburg (Germany) hotel.

"In the morning I wake up," he said. "I hear a violin playing. It's not bad, I think. So I ask who is the musician. They tell me Yehudi Menuhin. So afterwards we speak together. He was touring, too."

In Australia M. Ferras

hopes to meet Hephzibah Menuhin, pianist sister of Yehudi.

After this tour finishes, Christian Ferras will again visit North and South America, have a brief spell at home, and then leave for Russia—the first French violinist to be invited there in this generation.

Christian Ferras, dark-eyed, sturdy, his hair en brosse, and wearing the best suits, has found that music pays both in fame and in money.

"I have three homes," he said. "One in Paris, near the Bois de Boulogne. It is a very quiet residential district. The house has seven stories. I live on the fourth."

## Has chic

"THEN I have a villa near Nice, on the Cote d'Azur. I go there when I can. I have, too, a house at Le Touquet—a town which has chic, which has luxury."

(The house referred to at Le Touquet is a hotel managed by his father.)

"I have also a Mercedes Benz car. I like to drive fast."

M. Ferras also likes good food, making "the omelet," playing poker and bridge, but "not the Casino at Monte Carlo. That is too dangerous."

Lloyd's of London, who insured his hands for £50,000, place an embargo on certain sports. Football is one.

"The other," said M. Ferras, "is—no, but I cannot translate. La chasse des lions."

"Lion-hunting? Safari?" I queried.

"That is right," said M. Ferras. "In any case, I have never wanted to chase them."



Casual dress in novelty weave wool with outside tie and dropped shoulder line.

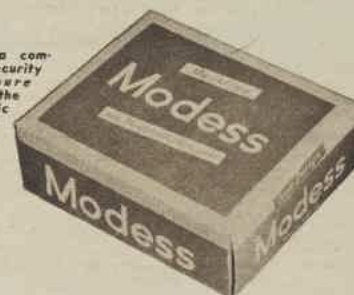
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**PAA**

**GIANT "STRATO"  
CLIPPER WITH  
LOWER DECK  
CLUB LOUNGE**

## Win a trip to the Olympic Games

Don't forget to enter our Olympic Mystery Contest. It could win you a trip for two people to the Olympic Games. Full details of this contest appeared in our two previous issues (June 27 and July 4).

IN those issues we published the two first instalments of the Margot Neville serial "Murder of Olympia."

To enter the competition you write and tell us how you would finish the plot.

You must choose a murderer, state how the murder was done, and why.

Remember that entries must not be longer than 400 words. They may be as short as you like.

You are not asked to guess the author's ending. There is NO CORRECT ANSWER. The prize will be awarded for those entries which the judges decide are the best and most convincing endings.

This is not a literary con-

test. You do not need to be a skilled writer.

Only residents of the Commonwealth of Australia are eligible.

The contest closes on Monday, August 6, but you may send your entries as soon as you like. There is no limit to the number of entries which may be sent by one person.

Write clearly on one side of the paper only. Put your full name and address on each entry.

Results will be announced in our issue of October 3.

We will publish winning entries in the same issue as the author's ending.

If you have not yet read the competition serial, there is still time to look up our past

two issues and read it now. Note also in those issues full details of contest conditions.

Prizes are as follows:

**FIRST:** £50 worth of double tickets for the Olympic Games. Return transport to Melbourne for two people and accommodation for two (room and breakfast) at Hotel Chevron. £100 cash to spend.

**SECOND:** £50 worth of double tickets for the Olympic Games. Return transport to Melbourne for two people, and accommodation for two (room and breakfast) at Hotel Chevron. £75 cash to spend.

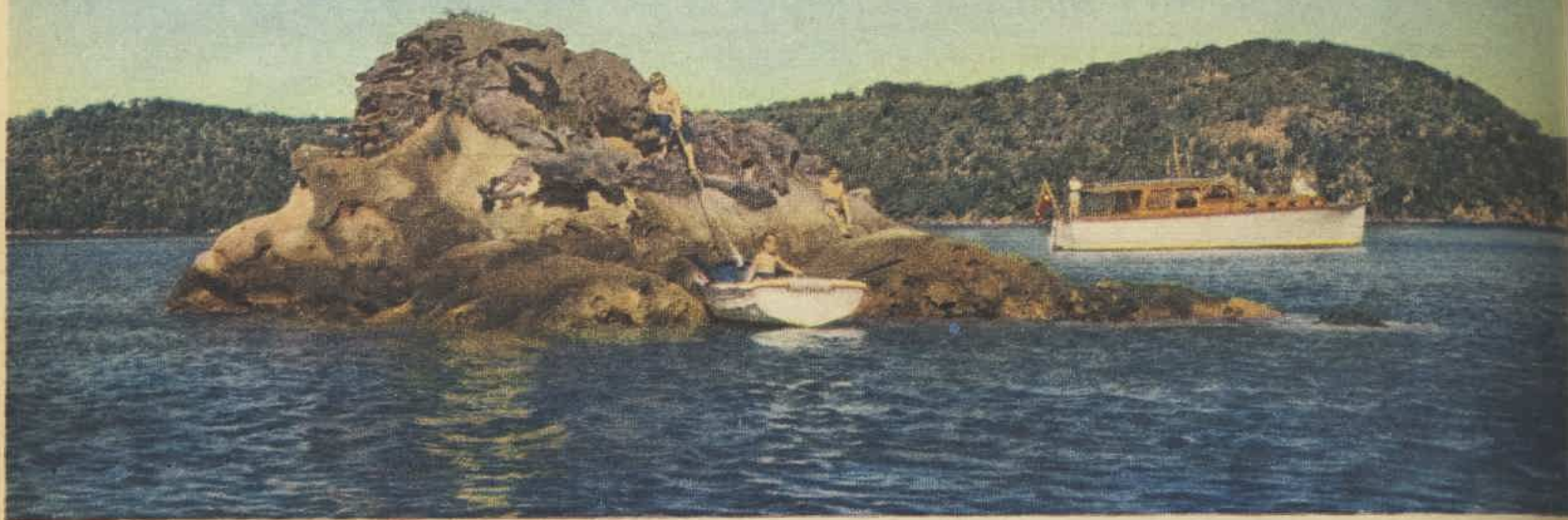
**THIRD:** £50. Five consolation prizes of £10 each.

If the first or second prize is won by a Melbourne resi-

● The Olympic Mystery Contest closes on August 6. Address your entries "SERIAL CONTEST," Box No. 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.



# A RIVER LIVES AGAIN



• For children a holiday on the Hawkesbury is a great adventure. Above, at one of the rocks which stud the river, the kids take the dinghy and explore while Mum and Dad do a spot of fishing. Each cruiser contains an ice-chest and has a small gas stove.



• The Donovan and the Doncaster families, who come from Wangaratta, Victoria, call by cruiser at a waterfront store at Cottage Point, near Bobbin Head. The riverfront is dotted with these little stores, where boats can tie up and take aboard food and ice.



ABOVE: Lunch aboard. From left are Mr. R. Donovan, Mrs. Donovan (at the store), Mrs. Doncaster, 12-year-old Judith Donovan, and, at right, Mr. Doncaster. RIGHT: Fishing is good on the Hawkesbury. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wellis, of Collaroy, N.S.W., and Mrs. A. G. Claridge, of Narrabeen, N.S.W., catch jewfish from a 25-footer.

Once, when Sydney was very young and the 19th century had run but half its course, the Hawkesbury River was a throbbing pulse of the Colony of New South Wales.

THE produce of that fertile strip of land between the Blue Mountains and the Pacific Ocean passed between its banks on the way to market.

The early Governors and their ladies took picnic lunches to eat on its banks, and English novelist Anthony Trollope wrote that its beauty exceeded that of the Mississippi and the Rhine.

But times slowly changed. Gradually trains and fast lorries drained the river of its lifeblood, and for many years it was the quiet haunt of fishermen and the retreat of an occasional yachtsman who ventured up its reaches from Broken Bay.

But once again there is movement on the Hawkesbury — the movement of sturdy little motor cruisers that bring holiday-makers from all over Australia to its slumbrous and beautiful waters.

The lucky few own yachts and motor-boats. But each year hundreds hire cabin cruisers, pile them with family and supplies, and set out on the broad breast of the river for the fishing spots, the pretty, secluded beaches, and a fortnight or so of peace.

Ten years ago the Halvor-

sen family put up their shingle as hirers of boats.

Now the firm of Lars Halvorsen and Sons Pty. Ltd., run by the four Halvorsen sons, Harold, Karl, Trygve, and Magnus, have 38 boats tied up at their anchorage at Bobbin Head, on Cowan Creek, 23 miles from the heart of Sydney.

The Halvorsen fleet is the second largest in the world. The largest is at the Norfolk Broads, in England.

The range of cruisers available to visitors includes 21-foot (fourth-berth) boats, 25-footers (six-berth), and 30-footers (also six-berth). There is one 36-foot luxury cruiser in the fleet.

The cheapest weekly charge is £14 for a 21-footer in June. This rises to £22 at the height of summer. The cost of 25-footers ranges from £20 to £34, and that of 30-footers from £32 to £54.

Special rates are available for hiring over a long weekend, ordinary weekend, and daily.

Customers take the boats out with 40 gallons of petrol in the fuel tank. They pay for the fuel used when they return the boat. The boats use about two gallons of petrol an hour.

Small waterfront stores and farms farther up the river provide ample supplies of food,

which can be kept fresh on board the cruisers in the ice-chest.

Records show that Governor Arthur Phillip spent the night on a flat rock not far down-river from the present Wiseman's Ferry on June 13, 1789, and named it Gentleman's Halt.

The Ebenezer Chapel, situated on the bend of the river in Clarence Reach, near Windsor, was erected by immigrants from the English-Scottish border counties in the early 1800s. It is one of the oldest churches in Australia and many of the early Hawkesbury pioneers are buried in the churchyard.

Peat's Bight was the spot where George Peat obtained a 50-acre grant of land for farming purposes in 1836. In 1840, he obtained a further grant near Mooney Mooney Point. He built a house there, and to transport stores and cattle across the river he constructed a two-masted sailing lugger.

As a profitable sideline, he operated the lugger as a public ferry. The Government bought the ferry in 1852 and operated it until 1889, when the railway bridge was opened. Later, two car ferries named George Peat and Frances Peat were operated on the spot until the bridge opened in 1949.







● Bobbin Head (above), where most of the motor cruisers and yachts that make the Hawkesbury their hunting grounds tie up during the week when their owners are not using them. Bobbin Head, which lies in Cowan Creek, not far from the mouth of the Hawkesbury, is 23 miles from Sydney. Thirty-eight cabin cruisers can be hired here.



LEFT: Putting in at one of the many bays and inlets typical of the waters near the mouth of the river. They make pleasant sites for a swim or picnic ashore.

ABOVE: Children have fun riding in a dinghy, which trails behind a cruiser on its way up the Hawkesbury. These pictures by staff photographer Clive Thompson.



# EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW with the LUCKE QUADS



When our staff reporter interviewed Bundaberg's famous Lucke quads recently, he found what all the ads say: The quads are thriving on Vegemite. As well they might be.

Vegemite is a concentrated yeast extract that's rich in the Vitamin B group—Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> for healthy nerves, Vitamin B<sub>2</sub> for firm body tissue, Niacin for good digestion and clear skin.

And Vegemite has an added plus: vital Amino-Components, the nutritious food elements our bodies cannot manufacture and are often missing from our daily diets. No wonder, then, that Baby Health Centres recommend Vegemite.

"The quads haven't had Vegemite on toast — yet", Mrs Lucke said, "But it won't be long. Right now milk with Vegemite is the main vitamin source in their diets. They love it, and it's so good for them."

But you don't have to be a quad to thrive on delicious Vegemite — it's good for all the family, right up to the grandfolks. Enjoy it on toast at breakfast every morning, spread it on the youngsters' school sandwiches. Or add a dash of Vegemite to soups and stews for extra flavour and food values.

Every day — every member of your family needs Vegemite for Vitality. Better check your cupboard now, and make sure you've got plenty!



Eric Lucke, on being a quad: "I guess I feel as if I'm living in the fourth dimension!"



Jennifer Lucke, on the modern child: "No different from any other — except that we've got Vegemite and they didn't have it!"



Kevin Lucke, on the world situation: "Depressing, but I'm optimistic. It's the only way to be!"



Veronica Lucke, on Vegemite: "Why bring that subject up now. It's still two hours to lunch!"

## VEGEMITE for Vitality

In 2 and 4-oz. jars, 6-oz. re-usable fluted tumblers and the 8-oz. and 16-oz. economy sizes.



# QUIET WEDDING



FAMILY GROUP at Roxbury, Connecticut, after the wedding of film star Marilyn Monroe and playwright Arthur Miller. From left are Marilyn's father-in-law, Isadore Miller, Marilyn, her mother-in-law, Florence Miller, and bridegroom, Arthur Miller.

## Marilyn's mother-in-law lent her wedding ring, cooked a chicken

By LARRY FOLEY, of our New York staff

When film star Marilyn Monroe married playwright Arthur Miller in a secret ceremony at White Plains, New York State, it was Arthur's mother who, unknown to herself, cooked the wedding breakfast of chicken and potatoes and whose borrowed ring was used for the wedding ceremony.

THE wedding — climax of America's biggest romance since Grace Kelly married Prince Rainier of Monaco — was obviously a spur-of-the-moment decision. Throughout the week, 30-year-old Marilyn Monroe and 41-year-old Arthur Miller had dodged the Press, refusing to tell their plans.

They were quietly married by a justice of the peace, but back at the farmhouse home of Arthur's parents, Isadore and Florence Miller, at Roxbury, Connecticut, no one suspected a thing.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller were sitting on their porch as the evening sun went down. They were wondering whether their son and his intended bride were coming to dinner. Mrs. Miller had cooked a chicken.

"I wish I knew whether they were coming so I'd know how many potatoes to cook," she said.

Every time the phone rang Mrs. Miller jumped up, but it wasn't Arthur. Hours passed. She shrugged, prepared enough potatoes for all.

"I can't understand why Arthur doesn't call," she said. "I hope nothing has happened to them."

"All his life he's done exciting things. If he got married, I haven't enough food for a party."

It was now 8.30 p.m. The phone rang. A news agency, which had got the word from Marilyn's agent in New York, broke the news.

"It's just wonderful," said Mrs. Miller. "She's such a wonderful girl. I know they'll be happy."

The reporters arrived at the house in full strength. The

phone rang and rang. Congratulations poured in. But still no word from the bride and bridegroom.

"Do you think they've run off somewhere?" asked Mrs. Miller, answering herself with, "I don't think so. Not without letting us know something."

About 9.30 p.m. the bride and groom came home. Arthur fell into his mother's arms and then hugged his beaming father. Marilyn kissed both her parents-in-law.

### "Bewitching, beguiling"

"MARILYN MONROE is no femme fatale. She is just an irresistible child — very pretty, very entertaining, beguiling, bewitching, and not at all vulgar." This is the opinion of famous London photographer Cecil Beaton, who took the portraits of her on pages 20 and 21 in this issue.

He said he was impressed and delighted by the extraordinary whirlwind of moods she presented when being photographed. "If I was not quick enough to catch a mood, it had gone in a flash and I literally had to chase her round the room with my camera."

"I think Miss Monroe is one of the most fascinating women I have ever met, and certainly one of the most beautiful subjects for the photographer."

Everybody sat down to the chicken and potatoes. Arthur said he was starved. "You should have let me know," his mother said reproachfully. "I'd have bought something special."

Said Marilyn: "It's the best meal I've ever eaten."

Arthur told his mother she was the best cook in the world and should stop making excuses. "This is a feast," he said. "It couldn't be better."

Marilyn held up her hand and admired her wedding-ring. It was thin, with tiny diamonds. "It's not mine," she told a visitor. "It's Arthur's mother's. He was just carrying it around so a jeweller could make one for me the same size."

"When we were being married he didn't have a ring, and luckily he had this one in his pocket, so we used it. It is beautiful."

The day after their wedding Arthur and Marilyn emerged at 11 a.m. to pose for photographers. Marilyn wore tan slacks, a white blouse, and a yellow scarf over her hair, and sunglasses. She looked gay and happy.

When Arthur and Marilyn zoomed off in his racy black sports car with two picnic baskets, his parents and Arthur's two children by his previous marriage waved goodbye from the lawn.

No one knew where the couple picnicked, but to everyone's surprise they turned up a few hours later in Manhattan.

And the door of Marilyn Monroe's swank Sutton Place apartment closed behind Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Miller.





RUTH SLOANE, M.S.I.D.,  
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For this very new and modern dining room we have chosen Laurel Green No. 120/3 Feltex. It is one of the new tone-on-tone designs which has an all-over leaf pattern in various shades of a beautiful olive green, an unusual colour to find for your floors and a very interesting tone with which to plan your furnishing schemes.

In this room we chose one wall olive and the remaining walls ocean spray as our colour scheme. Both these colours blending beautifully with the tones on the floor. Contrasting curtains in plain tango created the spice in the setting, and citrus lime chair covers completed the whole picture.

Laurel green lends itself to many treatments in to-day's furnishings and I think traditional furniture would be equally at home, as well as contemporary style, on this new and delightful Feltex.

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# FOR MARILYN -

## It all depends on a man named Miller

Those who know Marilyn Monroe best say that with her marriage last week to famous American playwright Arthur Miller she should find the answer to problems that have beset her since childhood.

**K**NOwn as Hollywood's "Goddess of Love," this fabulous star has become a living legend to fans the world over.

Thousands of pictures have been published of her, but few have captured her personality as famous English Court photographer Cecil Beaton has in the pictures on these two pages, which he took in his New York studio.

And from the millions of words which have been written about her, through all the stories real and fancied, two main facts emerge.

One is that beneath the ballyhoo of publicity, the scintillating, 30-year-old Marilyn tries to keep life's realities clear-cut. The other is that, like most women, she sincerely desires the anchor of emotional security.

The assured Pin-Up Queen has hidden a fundamentally insecure and frightened woman who is forever seeking means of self-justification. An unhappy childhood—an orphan in one place after another—and two unsuccessful marriages haven't helped.

After her break with her second husband, baseball star Joe DiMaggio, two years ago, Marilyn left Hollywood for New York hoping to find straight dramatic roles in the theatre. "It was an absolutely desperate attempt," says one friend, "to find out what she was and what she wanted."

It was then she met playwright Arthur Miller.

"For the first time," Marilyn says, "I felt accepted not as a freak but as myself."

At 41, the tall, lean, enigmatic Miller seems to be a diametrically opposed type. But, like Marilyn, he comes from a lowly background. His childhood was spent in the poorest parts of Brooklyn, New York.

At this time she also met Sir Laurence Olivier, a meeting which takes her to London to make a film, "The Sleeping Prince," with him.

Whatever the future may bring, this marriage seems to have the blessing of all. "Marilyn has found love again," say her friends, "and this time it's the intellectual type she yearned for."



● Marilyn's first marriage — an ill-considered one — was to a 21-year-old aircraft worker named Jim Dougherty when she was 16. They were divorced in 1946, and in 1954 she married baseball star Joe DiMaggio. After nine months they were separated and were later divorced. Arthur Miller (with her above) has two children by his only previous marriage, which lasted 16 years.



DREAMING with her eyes wide open has been Marilyn's fate until now. She has the reputation of always telling the truth, even about the now famous nude calendar picture. "I needed the money," she said.



# IS IT HAPPINESS AT LAST?



**IRREPRESSIBLE** as her love of life is the Monroe brand of humor. Tired of continually being asked what she wears in bed, she answered finally, "Chanel No. 5." Rumors that these wisecracks are studio hand-outs are strongly denied by friends.



**RAVISHING** beauty is something which usually gives a girl full confidence in her personal as well as public life, but for years Marilyn has had an inferiority complex. She is only now getting over it.

**PIN-UP** pictures of Marilyn Monroe adorn walls everywhere. At right, English Court photographer Cecil Beaton now adds her name to his list of clients, which includes the Queen and most world celebrities.





It's a proud housewife who views a room lit with new curtains and covers. It's a provident one who puts her money into Sanderson fabrics and buys years of lasting pleasure. For Sanderson fabrics are sun-resisting, and in years to come will still be as fresh and brilliant as ever.

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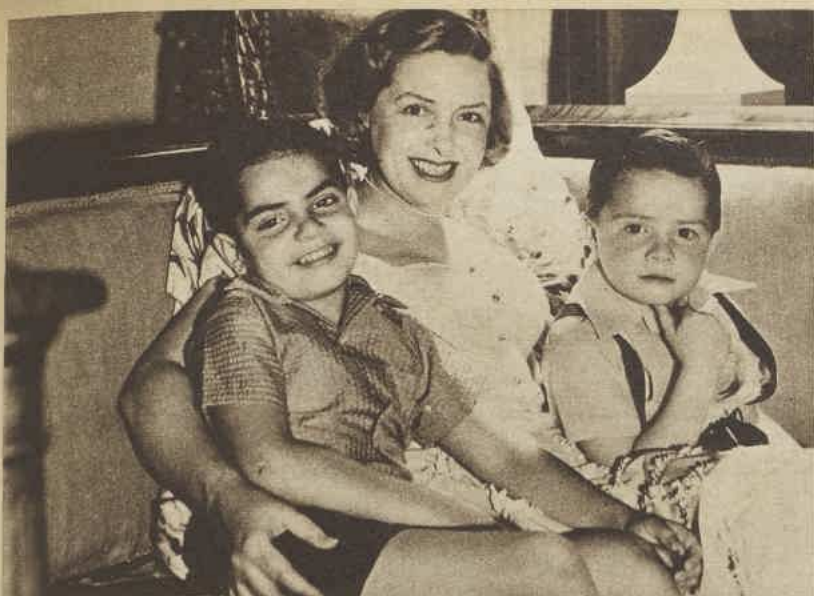
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SHIRLEY ANN RICHARDS, Australian film star, with her two sons, Chris (left) and Mark, in her home in Beverly Hills. She is happy today being just a wife and mother.

## Film star happy in housewife role

Mrs. Edmond Angelo, the housewife of DeMille Drive, Los Feliz District, Hollywood, the mother of two boisterous young sons, the Parent-Teachers' Association member and active Methodist Church member, is the same beautiful blonde who, 14 years ago, crashed Hollywood.

**S**HE is Shirley Ann Richards, Australian film star, daughter of a New Zealand mother and an American father.

Shirley Ann, or Ann as she is now called, is happy today playing the real-life role of wife to engineer Edmond Angelo and looking after their two sons, Christopher, six, and Mark, five.

When I visited Ann and her husband, she was not only cordial but "thrilled" that Australia "might still be interested in me in my retirement."

She lives in "old Hollywood," away from today's celebrities, who prefer an area west of her in Brentwood, Bel-Air, Beverly Hills, the "smart" addresses.

When they moved in, Ann had no idea that farther up the tree-bordered DeMille Drive lived the great director-producer Cecil B. DeMille. She was unaware that the greatest comic of them all, W. C. Fields, had lived nearby.

She was amazed when I told her that Wallace Beery and Gloria Swanson had a honeymoon "cottage" of 20 rooms just across the street some 30-odd years ago.

Her home is of the period in which it was built—Spanish-American, with stucco, porticos, esplanades, draperies, and imported tile floorings. It is heavy, solid, and comfortable.

The main difference between Ann's two vital young American sons is their coloring.

Chris is dark, like his father. Mark has the light complexion of his mother, but his hair is a bright orange-red and there are freckles all over his pug nose.

Early in my visit, Chris, who is "on stage" every second

of the time, rushed up to ask: "Aren't you going to write something in the paper about us being good?"

This "being good" thing is quite important in the Angelo-Richards manse.

The boys eat in the same room as the adults, but at a different table. Their table has the legend running constantly around it, "Laugh and be merry."

Not so long ago there was a "Think-it-over chair," on which the boys sat when they had been naughty. However, one day Chris sat down on it too hard and broke it.

"Now," said Chris, "we

like it at all. They expected something glamorous, and I should have supplied it. The women of Australia are extremely smart and extremely style-conscious. They wanted to know what was going on in the style world of Hollywood.

"I failed them by wearing dull and 'practical' tweeds and 'serviceable' flat-heeled shoes. They'd already had those.

"They'd seen me in clinging, high-fashion gowns and they wanted to know, for instance, 'Where is that low-cut, rose-colored creation we saw you wear in that photograph in The Australian Women's Weekly?'"

Husband Edmond Angelo stayed physically in the background during most of our talk, but he was present all the time, because Ann never stopped talking about him.

He is a consulting engineer, she told me, and has oil interests as well. He travels considerably through Texas and Oklahoma, and whenever she can she accompanies him.

Angelo is a top engineer and has taught at the Californian Institute of Technology—tops in his field in America.

I would say he is a youthful forty, looking something like film-star Richard Conte.

In his younger years he produced plays on Broadway. But he has no desire to go back to theatricals.

"He's found what he likes," Ann told me confidently. "He thinks that any show-business production would take him away from home for too long. And, besides, he's now doing research on guided missiles."

Right now, in her "old" but substantial and comfortable Hollywood home, with her two sons, her adoring husband, and a full life of civic-community work, it seems to me that Ann Richards' life is replete.

She has happiness.

From  
PAULA WALLING,  
in Hollywood

haven't any place to think it over. Isn't that nice?"

Ann Richards Angelo looked very much as she did when I first met her here in Hollywood 14 years ago. But motherhood has given her a new loveliness. She is completely happy.

She has no desire to go back into pictures—at least not while the children are small. And she would dearly love a daughter, preferably with blond hair.

Ann thinks the major error she made in her professional life was when she wore the wrong clothes to Australia on a visit after her brother was killed in World War II.

"People in Australia had to worry about clothes rationing," she explained. "I didn't want to flaunt elegant clothes before them, so I took only the drabest things I had. I wanted to be part of them—not above and beyond them.

"The strangest thing happened," she said. "They didn't

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## Just one brushing with Kolynos toothpaste destroys decay and odour-causing germs

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KOLYNOS with CHLOROPHYLL also on sale. Active FULL-STRENGTH in the green and white tube.



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say the youngsters



Patricia Rose, Sandringham, N.S.W., is another cute young lady who loves that clean, fresh Kolynos flavour. "Yes, it was love at first taste with Patricia," says her mother. "Now I don't have to stand by to make sure she cleans her teeth properly. Patricia takes a real pride in keeping her teeth clean and nice with Kolynos."





# POSITIVE RELIEF FROM COUGHING

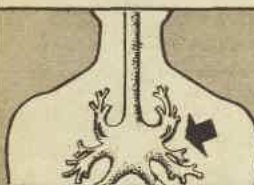


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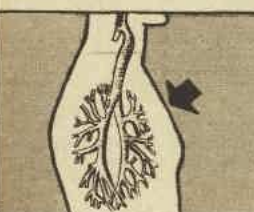
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NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir contains ten medically-proven active ingredients... all in proper balance. The medication penetrates deep into the bronchial tubes to break up the worst congestion... fast. The demulcent elixir soothes raw surfaces of your throat... stops harsh, racking coughing.

### Accurate Dosage FOR ALL AGES

NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir comes in 3 formulations, with dosages accurately adjusted for all ages.

**ADULTS**, and children over 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—6 fl. ozs., **5/6**; 12 fl. ozs., **9/6**.

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## Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR

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At last—here's relief from the misery of "stuffy" head colds! You'll breathe freely two minutes after using NYAL 'Decongestant' Nasal Spray—the newest, most modern form of nasal medication—packed in a self-atomising plastic pack. Just squeeze, and a medicated mist goes deep into stuffed-up, mucus-laden areas instantly, bringing speedy, soothing relief. No sting, no burn! Can be used as often as necessary by young and old alike. **5/6**

**NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY**



## FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Oh, I guess we don't have to see the cellar before we buy. The salesman said the only reason we can't get down there is because some kids stole the cellar-door handle."

## MOTHER



"I never wear my gumboots. Mum gets some yummy medicine if we cough hard enough."

# It seems to me

By



*Dorothy Drain*

**T**HERE'S an American theory that holidays are bad for workers, who run down like clocks and have to spend too long getting reword.

I'm off next week to make the customary annual test of the theory, hoping that the rain, whether radio-active or plain, will hold off for a month.

I don't know who is responsible for the anti-holiday school of thought, but I like much better Professor Harrison Gough, of the California University, who says that in offices the tea break should be followed by a think break.

This is a perfectly delightful idea, although I query Professor Gough's belief in the results. He says that employees, being able to think out their problems without interruption, would be able to get back to work with clear minds.

There are, of course, minds capable of stating a problem to themselves and thinking it out. They are usually engaged either in devising the Theory of Relativity or figuring how to avoid supertax.

The average mind (judging by my own as a sample) finds it very hard to think out a problem. Talk out a problem, yes! Even write it out. But left to itself, the mind becomes a tangle of branches about which unrelated thoughts flutter like birds.

**P**ACKED in my luggage this year, besides the usual fishing gear, are a couple of L for Learner plates and a child's book on How Engines Work.

Most men I know ask me why I bother trying to comprehend how the engine works. This, they say, is obviously beyond me, and will only confuse me further.

I explain to them that it is a great comfort, when I have done something foolish with the pedals, to know why I should have done what I didn't do.

**T**HE newly established Diners' Club (an organisation designed to allow members to eat on credit) has issued the results of a survey showing that doctors dine at restaurants more than any other professional men.

They are closely followed by architects and executives of advertising agencies, then by racing men. Lawyers come pretty low on the list, although according to the survey they are the gourmets of the professional world.

This survey is well worth study by girls contemplating marriage. On the face of it, if you don't like cooking, you'd be wise to choose a doctor and foolish to choose a lawyer. Not only does the lawyer dine at home, but he will be fussy about food.

Very possibly the advertising-agency executives do much of their dining out on expense accounts. It would be well to remember that the expense accounts may not necessarily include meals for wives.

**L**ET us hope that the sales-plan of a Copenhagen (Denmark) store does not take on in Australia.

The store offers 20 per cent. reduction if the buyer makes her mind up in 10 minutes. Each minute after that cuts the discount by 2 per cent. After 20 minutes she pays full price.

It would be possible to make a decision in 10 minutes about a hat—if the store were on fire, or something.

But the misery of fearing a hideous mistake, while minutes ticked away the discount, would seriously disturb the female mind.

Fortunately the female mind is pretty good at thinking up evasions of the situation.

You could go there one day with a friend and pretend you were "just looking." Friend would spend half an hour trying on hats and knock them all back.

Then you could come back a few hours later (wearing dark glasses), jam your favorite model on your head, and depart triumphant.

★ ★ ★

**T**HE thousands of admirers of Ray Lawler's play "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" are delighted to hear that it will be produced in England.

There seems no reason why overseas audiences shouldn't like it as well as home-grown ones have done. The only difficulty may be understanding the Australian expressions, but a glossary will probably be included in English programmes.

Admittedly this may be necessary. I heard of an Australian woman who had lived in America for many years, and who saw the play on a visit home.

"I don't get some of this!" she said to her escort. "What's this 'I'll give yer the drum' mean?"

"Well," he said, "I'll give YOU the drum," and went on to explain.

★ ★ ★

**A** MESSAGE from Perth says that a seal was found at a farm six miles inland. The seal had made most of the journey through creeks, but it must have covered at least two miles overland.

To think of a reason why a seal Should weary of water and suddenly feel That he had to go inland where no seals go

Tends to tax the imagination — so I've been earnestly wondering what on earth

Would take a seal to a farm near Perth. Did some fishy old non-amphibious friend Who'd written a letter he wanted to send To a pal with an inland river address Stand over our roamer (I've got it, yes!), Insisting in accents slow and deliberate, "It's signed, seal! Deliver it!"

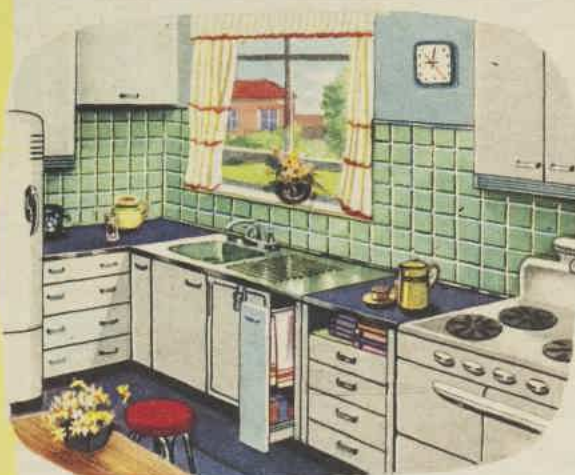




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You'll adore new Cyclax Beauty Pressed — its smooth creamy texture — the way it clings for hours, without a trace of "yellowing" — its perfect matt finish that never cakes. You must try Beauty Pressed, the ultimate in powder make-up, by Cyclax... makers of the finest Beauty Preparations in the world.

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IRISH MOSS  
GUM JUBES**



YOU CAN FEEL THEM DOING YOU GOOD

"You can feel them  
doing you good!"

**ALLEN'S**

8d.  
per pkt.

## DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The one-piece dress with a matching bosom-length jacket illustrated below answers a reader's query for a simple ensemble that can be worn round the clock.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply.

"I AM looking for an ensemble I can wear into town for lunch or afternoon tea and yet be suitable if I stay in for a movie at night. I am a young married woman, 20 years old, who likes smart clothes. I make most of my wardrobe. Could you please design such a style, and let me have a pattern for it in 34in. bust?"

The ensemble I have chosen in answer to your query is illustrated at right. A nautical touch is given to this dress and matching jacket by the striped jersey, which could also be made in taffeta, bodice top. The full-flared skirt of the princess-line dress is held out by its own stiffened petticoat.

Worn with the jacket, you have a smart city ensemble; without, a pretty dress for informal evenings. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 30 to 36in. bust. See lines under the picture for further details and how to order.

"WILL you please recommend a smart type of hat to wear with a black wool frock? The frock is very plain and has a narrow skirt."

Either a heavy-crowned sailor or a silk-print turban would be smart to wear with a slender-line dress. The latter should be worn off the brow, the former tipped towards the eyebrows.

"I INTEND buying a new coat this season, and as it is frightfully cold and blowy here I wondered if you had any ideas about a style designed for extra warmth."

For bitter cold and windy weather there is nothing more comfortable or flattering than a coat with a hood. For extra warmth the hood, and the coat, too, could be lined with a fine wool. The latter could be matched in color to the coat, or it could be in contrast; it is really a matter for your own personal taste.

"I HAVE 4½ yards of grey flannel and 1½ yards of yellow jersey to combine for a winter dress. Could you advise as to style? My figure is not the best. I seem to have a bulge above the waist. I am in my early forties."

My suggestion for the design is a shirt frock made with a set-in long sleeve and definitely bloused above the natural waistline. The latter will disguise your figure fault. Use the yellow jersey for collar and cuffs. Have the dress belted at the natural waistline with a narrow self-material belt.

"WOULD you please advise me, as soon as possible, what you consider the best corset to wear under a sheath frock? My figure is a bit bulgy."



D.S.195.—One-piece dress and matching jacket. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. plain material, 2½yds. 36in. striped material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney.

A one-piece corselet will solve any bosom, waist, and hipline bulges in a single garment. Try to find one with convertible straps to adjust to various widths of décolletage or straplessness.

"I AM being married in September, and, as I am busy planning dresses for my trousseau, I have a problem I would like you to answer. I want a blue going-away suit, but wondered if this color will be in fashion for spring."

The answer is "Yes." Blue is one of the strongest colors in spring fashion. It can be light, bright, or dark, or even several shades worn together.

"I ALWAYS wear my clothes very tailored and plain, and my favorite style is a coat-dress. I now feel I would like a change. Would separates be suitable? The outfit is for fairly casual day-wear."

Yes, separates would be suitable. Actually the feeling

of coat-dress styling could be transmitted to the separates. For example, a front-buttoned, full skirt and matching shirt finished with an arched wing collar. The shirt top could be made to wrap round outside the skirt; or if you prefer, it could be worn tucked in.

"AS I am only five feet in height and very thin, I am writing for your advice on the style of clothes most suited to my figure."

The princess line is for you because it is straight and unbroken, and will add to your height. A suit with a short jacket or bolero is good, but always wear the jacket and skirt in the same color. A skirt that is too full will cause you to look weighed down. Pleated, slightly flared, or gathered skirts are all becoming to the petite figure. Wear small prints rather than large prints. Avoid excessive shirring, gathering, or trimming.

AGING  
LECTOR



### Too old at forty!

THE ADVENT Bill Evans saw Mr. Crowther's face he knew he hadn't got the promotion.

"Nothing's been decided, Bill," said Crowther, "but there was a lot of opposition when your name was proposed as Sales Manager. Er... several Directors said we need a younger man for the job."

"Younger?" roared Bill. "Do you mean to say a man's too old at forty, these days?"

"Bill, believe me, I speak as your friend... you've been irritable and nervy lately. Your work has been erratic! Why not see your doctor—maybe he can help you."

Bill felt sick with disappointment as he drove home. "It's true, he thought, 'I can't do anything right, these days... always so darn tired, even wake up tired... suppose I should see the doc.'"

Bill's doctor said there was nothing organically wrong. "But," he added, "your constant tiredness and nerviness could be due to 'Night Starvation'! While you sleep your heart and lungs go on demanding energy from your body. Your sleep is probably not truly restoring and refreshing; therefore you wake tired and become nervy. Drink a cup of hot Horlicks at bedtime, every night!"

Mr. Crowther soon noticed the difference in Bill. One morning Bill found a memorandum from Crowther on his desk. It was addressed to "Mr. Evans, Sales Manager" and read "I couldn't tell you at the time, but the Board left the final decision to me... Congratulations!"

What's so good about Horlicks? It's made with full-cream milk, malted barley and wheat. When mixed as directed on the tin, Horlicks contains protein — essential to the growth of the body... carbohydrate — probably our best source of energy... mineral salts to help build tissue and regulate body activities... calcium, to build sound bone and good teeth... Vitamins A, B1, B2 and D. Not only delicious and nourishing, Horlicks is a tonic food drink for all the family.

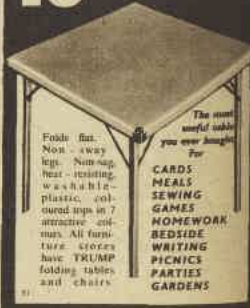
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"NIGHT STARVATION"

**TRUMP**  
the table with  
10 USES...



TEST PROVES  
**"STOPPERS"**  
STOP ODOURS

Put a piece of onion on your hand. Moisten a Stopper. Rub it over the spot. Onion odour disappears at once. Swallow one and all odours disappear from your breath the same way.





**COLLEGE FORMAL DANCE.** Marion Meyer (left), Arthur Bernard, John Pidcock, and Agnes Maloney at the St. John's College formal dance. Both girls chose short-skirted organza dresses—Marion tangerine and Agnes Nile-green.



**LEAVING** for reception at Royal Sydney Golf Club are Bill Dovey and his bride, who were married at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Bride was Susan de Salis, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George de Salis, of "Longfield," Dalgely.



**ENGAGEMENT.** Jacklyn Kelleher and Ray Lawler have announced their engagement. Ray is the author of "The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," which opens in London early next year. Jacklyn has leading role in the play.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**SYDNEY** polo enthusiasts will have their first opportunity of seeing the Countess of Dudley Cup Polo Tournament played at Warwick Farm, when the three-day tournament is held there on July 13, 14, and 15.

The State Governor, Lieut.-General Sir John Northcott, will drive up to attend the final day's play.

Eight teams — Wellington A and B, Wirragulla, Goulburn, County, Mudgee, Moolonglo, and Toompang—will compete for the Cup, and four matches will be played each day.

After the final day's play the usual party will be held this year in the Members' Stand at the racecourse.

**MAKING** plans for wedding next March are Judy Campbell and her fiancé, David Patten, of Gordon. The young couple announced their engagement on the day after David was admitted as a solicitor. Judy is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rodolphe Campbell.

**LOTS** of interesting letters have been arriving at the Leverrier household at Vaucluse . . . they are from Ann Leverrier, who is now touring Scotland with another Sydney lass, Janice Burchall. Ann was very thrilled to meet two friends from her schooldays at Kambala — Anne Terdre, who is studying at Cambridge, and Katherine Vine at Oxford.

**GUESTS** from New South Wales and Queensland travelled to Grafton for Rosemary Holland's wedding in Christ Church Cathedral. Rosemary married Kevin Copeland, of Cunnamulla. And after the wedding the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Holland, gave a reception for the 200 guests at their home, "Strathroy."

**A DATE** for your diary . . . July 20, for the Palm Beach Club annual winter ball, to be held at Prince's.



**PIED PIPER BALL.** Mrs. Frank Eagle (left) with Mrs. Michael Read at the Pied Piper ball at Prince's. Mrs. Eagle chose a mushroom-pink delustrated satin dress and Mrs. Read wore white tulle with blue satin flower applique.

**I LIKE** the way Rosemary Ashton looks warm and cosy in spite of winter's chill winds . . . she wears a bright pumpkin-yellow topcoat of softest velour.

**THERE** will be a very special welcome awaiting Mrs. Geoffrey Fairbairn when she arrives home in Singapore with her two sons—three-year-old Andrew and tiny David Geoffrey, who was born recently at St. Luke's. Waiting to greet his family will be Mr. Fairbairn . . . and he will meet David Geoffrey for the first time. Mrs. Fairbairn (formerly Rosemary Parker) is staying with her mother, Mrs. T. J. Parker, of Bellevue Hill, until she leaves with the boys at the end of July.

**RECENTLY** engaged Margaret Horton, of St. Ives, and John Goldrick, of Roseville, were guests of honor at the small dinner-party which Margaret Reed gave at her Vaucluse home. Margaret, who is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Horton, announced her engagement when she arrived home from a six months' trip to England.

**BRIEFLY** . . . Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Walker, of Windsor, will holiday on the Barrier Reef while their daughter Pam plans to spend her week-ends at Kosciusko . . . Newlyweds Lurline and Neil Garling have left Sydney for a honeymoon tour of England.

Anne



**KARITANE KAROUSEL.** Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Sutton with Mrs. Ben Wall (right) at the Karitane Karousel held at the Pickwick Club in aid of the Kuring-gai, Karitane Mobile Clinic. Mrs. Wall chose a princess-line dress of pale blue delustrated satin.



## GARDENING

# Camellias Old and new varieties of this romantic flower

Skilful propagation of imported and more hardy varieties of camellias has increased home gardeners' enthusiasm for this lovely flower.

**W**HILE camellia japonica has been popular on the market for many years, camellia sasanqua has lagged.

Camellia sasanqua flowers in autumn, when there is a scarcity of color and other flowers in the garden. It has smaller leaves than camellia japonica and has a sweet perfume.

There are a dozen or more beautiful sasanqua varieties on offer in Australia.

Two of the newer ones are Exquisite and Plantation Pink: the latter is pictured on our cover this week. They are both a delicate shade of pink.

Plantation Pink is a large, showy, saucer-shaped single of good upright growth.

Exquisite is of similar upright growth and has single blooms of an even more delicate shade than Plantation. Training sasanquas along walls and trellises is becoming increasingly popular.

This espalier work requires patience from the gardener, who must give the plant much attention.

If the camellias are grown against a wall, the bricks or masonry should be plugged at intervals and dowels (wooden or iron pins) and horizontal stakes inserted so that the plant can be held upright and the espaliered branches tied and trained.

When the camellias are grown against a paling fence, a trellis can be erected and fixed securely to the rails.

Sasanquas are more sun-hardy than the camellia japonicas, which like a semi-shady position.

Some sunshine is essential, however, for normal growth and flowering.

Camellias that stand still for years without making much growth are invariably over-shaded.

Camellias vary considerably in habit. Some grow tall and erect and others bushy and dense. They are all long-lived.

One of their defects is the balling and browning of buds which do not open.

This can be caused by dry conditions in the soil, sun damage when the buds first appear, heavy drip from the trees, or late emergence of buds due to adverse weather.

When selecting a position for planting, bear in mind that ideal spots are south, south-east, or south-west of a building, high fence, or wall, or in the shade of distant trees sufficient to block winter sun.

Fall evergreens, that will afford the right shade in winter and block the afternoon summer sun, will also prove helpful.

Positions that allow roots of big trees to rob camellias of moisture and nourishment, strong winds, and limed or very alkaline soil should be carefully avoided.

Provide a rich light to medium loam containing ample humus, and the future of the camellias will be bright.

For camellia lovers in Sydney a show, "Camellia Grove at David Jones," will be held on the fourth floor of David Jones' Market Street store.

The show will open at 4.30 p.m. on July 10 and close at 6.45 that evening. It will be open daily at normal store hours, ending Saturday, July 14.

Proceeds of the camellia show will go to The Bush Book Club.



**ESPALIERED** sasanqua, *Shishi Gashira*, shows this attractive method of growing camellias.



**MIXED FLOWER ARRANGEMENT** by Mrs. Dundas Allen, of Bellevue Hill, N.S.W. Mrs. Allen will be among those doing camellia arrangements at the Camellia Grove at David Jones' show in Sydney opening July 10.

### FOUR OF THE NEWER VARIETIES



**WAVY WHITE**  
A large and beautiful single sasanqua.



**SHELL PINK**  
Single sasanqua delicately shaded pink.



**DEBUTANTE**  
First American variety introduced here.



**MRS. A. M. HOVEY**  
Formal rose-pink double, marbled white.





*FIMBRIATA*, a Chinese camellia arranged by Mrs. E. C. Waterhouse, of Gordon, N.S.W., wife of camellia authority Professor Waterhouse. The vase, which hangs with replicas of the three wise monkeys, was brought as a gift from Korea by Rev. and Mrs. Frank Borland.



*SPENCER'S PINK* camellia (above) arranged by Mrs. Gordon Russell. Pictures are by staff photographer Frank Gardner.

*MINE NO YUKI* sasanquas (below) with driftwood was arranged by Mrs. Gordon Russell, of Rose Bay, N.S.W.



*CAMELLIA ARRANGEMENT* by Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, of Woollahra, N.S.W. The varieties of camellias used to such effect include Mrs. A. M. Hovey, *Aspasia*, *Elegans*, *Lady Loch*, and *Hiryu*.





# AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard  
For week beginning July 9

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p><b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Someone's loss will be your gain.</p>	<p>★ Don't expect too much praise when you are just managing to get by through using every trick. Will last-minute efforts prove you have not kept good resolutions.</p>	<p>★ Your job may take a lot out of you. As long as you are running a satisfactory home and keeping the household healthy you feel that the reward is worth while.</p>	<p>★ If you've come to the parting of the ways, if the thrill is gone, why keep crying? Snap out of it. A mournful attitude and deep gloom won't attract new friends.</p>	<p>★ Most of you won't stray far from home; even teenagers are inclined to prefer a friends story to rushing off to some entertainment. Hobbies to the fore.</p>
<p><b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, navy. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Lucky whisperer in your ear.</p>	<p>★ People will knock the chip off your shoulder if you ask for it, but that won't make you feel better. Gossip is a two-edged sword also, liable to injure users.</p>	<p>★ You are all set for big decisions, arguments, related to neighborhood, family, or emotional matters. Use your head rather than personal prejudices.</p>	<p>★ Jumping to conclusions, based on silly rumor, has broken many a heart. You may have the wrong angle on a trifling incident and be working up to a fit of temper.</p>	<p>★ A telephone conversation or a letter may result in changed plans, new ideas, and a good deal of fussing over clothes for an important occasion.</p>
<p><b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, hyacinths. Gambling colors, hyacinths, orange. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Lucky for your pocketbook.</p>	<p>★ Some of your associates are far from congenial with the others. You will do your utmost to reconcile conflicting parties. There is a limit to what you can accomplish.</p>	<p>★ Domestic friction may arise through what appears to others as carelessness or impetuosity over social or money matters. Explain your position.</p>	<p>★ Preoccupied with business or social matters, you are likely to be irritated by sudden emotional demands. A dislike of sentiment can be interpreted as coldness.</p>	<p>★ Money will influence your social activities. In some cases you will elect for a presentation or help to choose a gift on behalf of an organization. Your ideas carry.</p>
<p><b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in being a sturdy oak.</p>	<p>★ Better not to venture at all than to be half-hearted. Abandoning an idea which is too ambitious, you may feel inclined to settle for the reasonably attainable.</p>	<p>★ Contact with people, and pleasurable pursuits are an excellent antidote. When you change your attitude and outlook you change the atmosphere in the home.</p>	<p>★ This is your time for love, but it may arrive disguised in quite ordinary conditions. You do not require a Hollywood stage setting in order to discover romance.</p>	<p>★ If you can make the right impression among critical people you are in for several bits of good luck, which lead to interesting social and practical gains.</p>
<p><b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Dig for your luck.</p>	<p>★ Maybe the rules laid down by those in authority seem hard and cramp your style, but after blowing off steam in secret you find a way to lessen the impact.</p>	<p>★ If you've run into opposition to your plans, lack of sympathy from elders, failure to understand your viewpoint, drop the subject. Approach it later from another angle.</p>	<p>★ Do not, if you are a girl, take the initiative. Your best beloved may not be so quick to realize that romance is in bud. He will resent the idea of being pushed.</p>	<p>★ You can be the power behind the throne, sought out for advice, and flattered to be of service. Don't expect any public acknowledgment of indebtedness to you.</p>
<p><b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in being a leader.</p>	<p>★ It may be a slow, steady pull, but playing safe financially will take you quite a way. Gambling through the urging of friends will bring a deficit.</p>	<p>★ If the mornings and even afternoons bring an unfair quota of work, take a break in the evenings. A lively evening will help you to face the tasks of tomorrow.</p>	<p>★ The slow and steady growth from friendship to love is especially suited to your sign. Similar tastes, friends, and common activities indicate future happiness.</p>	<p>★ If the novelty of recent friends and activities has worn off, don't drop out now when you are forming closer ties and learning new skills. You'll soon be expert.</p>
<p><b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, light blue. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in an opportunity.</p>	<p>★ If you precipitate matters when there are danger signals set against you, you are going to get more than you bargained for. Postpone decisions, go along with associates.</p>	<p>★ Neighbors or relatives may be keen to visit you. They take up your time and energy over matters which hold no interest for you. Tactfully give them the brush-off.</p>	<p>★ The one you love may need your social or moral support this week. Give it generously and tactfully. Remember, the success of your partner is also your success.</p>	<p>★ If you really want to be popular take an interest in other people. Show sympathy and consideration to the wallflowers, help strangers in your group to feel welcome.</p>
<p><b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck will be found in drink.</p>	<p>★ You do not like to lose friends, so don't lend them money or provoke scenes. Be realistic yourself. See that others do the same, then you won't be left out on a limb.</p>	<p>★ Little journeys in search of bargains, information in regard to methods, demonstrations of utensils, gadgets, are certain to be rewarded by a more expert attitude.</p>	<p>★ If you are better informed on a subject than the beloved, whatever you do don't act superior. Pride is natural. Protect it in others. Be tactful, not hurtful.</p>	<p>★ You're inclined to keep to yourself and thus you make people fear you will rebuff social advances. There may be a fund of valuable experiences you are missing.</p>
<p><b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in keeping disentangled.</p>	<p>★ Try to foresee possible upsets, either on the job or at home. Institute preventive measures. You may lay down the law in what you regard as a real emergency.</p>	<p>★ Economy supported by the entire household will be more effective and more pleasant than when enforced sternly by a parent. Hold out future advantages.</p>	<p>★ A minor illness experienced by the one you love could give you the chance to show sympathy and little attentions which will be appreciated.</p>	<p>★ Any social activity at present may be connected with welfare work, visiting the sick, helping a good cause. This will give you a pleasure and earn appreciation.</p>
<p><b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, white. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in a romantic attitude.</p>	<p>★ Allies are always an asset and worth cultivating. Help from an unexpected quarter at the right moment could be of immense value. It will cheer many of you.</p>	<p>★ Break off contacts with people who depress you or lecture you when they should sympathize. Your loved ones are behind you and are prepared to do their best.</p>	<p>★ A love affair may start through someone else's romance. You are asked to make up a foursome and find that your opposite number has a strong magnetic attraction.</p>	<p>★ There is likely to be a glamorous party at which you will hope to shine. You may set out to borrow one or two articles to supplement your own collection.</p>
<p><b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in a quick decision.</p>	<p>★ System is fine, but sometimes burdensome. Make your schedules sufficiently elastic to allow for variety, which adds zest to the job. Don't despise a brainwave.</p>	<p>★ You are determined to finish a job. If everything else goes by the board temporarily you just couldn't care less. The family will walk softly during the storm.</p>	<p>★ As a member of a group you may be brought into contact with a member of the opposite sex. Working together on a committee should be a thrill.</p>	<p>★ This is going to be a case of Cinderella, come out of the kitchen. You'll be pulling that apron off in a hurry and can be on the way to intriguing amusement.</p>
<p><b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tri-colors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a loving heart.</p>	<p>★ Your job ought to be fun just now, because everything clicks. This smooth running should enable you to catch up with, and even get ahead of, your plans.</p>	<p>★ Home can be fun, too, on winter evenings. Whether it is a new game or a new interest you will find it engrossing. Attractive ideas may keep the family home.</p>	<p>★ Be careful how you play fast and loose, stringing along two friends to flatter your vanity. Jealousy can wreck almost any situation and you, your prestige, too.</p>	<p>★ Make the most of such happy stellar influences; they cannot last forever. Give and accept invitations, join in impromptu social affairs with zest. You sparkle.</p>

## Tape a feather to his finger...

He will stay enchanted! There is no limit to the ways you can use "SCOTCH" Tape, the original transparent, adhesive tape, and the world's largest seller. "SCOTCH" Brand Cellulose Tape sticks six times tighter—unrolls easier. Keep "SCOTCH" Tape in every room. In the gay plaid metal dispenser, 1/6. Handy refills, 1/-, Buy them by the dozen!



### EMERGENCY CLOTHES BRUSH

Wrap "SCOTCH" Tape around and around your fingers, sticky side out. It will remove particles no clothes brush can shift.

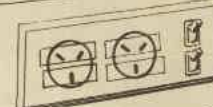
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"SCOTCH" Tape that broken stem and it will heal. "SCOTCH" Tape certainly is your handiest household helper!!

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## COVER ELECTRIC OUTLETS

"SCOTCH" Tape them when not in use, to keep out baby's inquisitive fingers.



### TRAIN IVY

Make it grow where you want it to by "SCOTCH" Taping it. Tight-sticking "SCOTCH" Tape will stay there indefinitely!

Manufactured by Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing (Australia) Pty. Limited, St. Marys, New South Wales.



## Onion Capers

Mike twirled the doorknob and beat a lively tattoo on the panels. "Ho there, within!" he roared. "Your husband is without!"

Almost immediately the door was flung open and he bounded in, seized the pert little redhead who stood there and kissed her soundly. She endured it for a moment then sent him staggering back with a vigorous thrust in the chest. "Onions! Oh, no!" She glared at him and fluttered her hands. "You've been eating onions! Fudge!" She backed away and wrinkled her cute little nose. "I can smell them from here."

He regarded her narrowly. "Now wait a minute, Lindy," he said slowly. "Have you gone nuts or something?"

"And you've been smoking that old pipe, too!" she wailed. "Oh, what will Uncle Ezra do now!"

"Uncle Ezra?" He gulped and took a step forward. "Did you say Uncle Ezra?" He looked cautiously around the corner of the living room and lowered his voice. "Is he here?"

"No," Lindy moaned, "but he's coming at eight. He rang half an hour ago from the airport!"

"Well," said Mike firmly, "let's don't panic. I'll see what I can do. In the meantime, get rid of all the ashtrays and open all the windows—"

"I have already," breathed Lindy tragically. "That's the first thing I thought of. But, oh, Mike—onions!"

"Now don't worry," said Mike, disappearing into the bathroom. There were loud gurgling noises and then he came out again. "Here," he said, "how's this?" and kissed her.

"Ah," she sighed, "that's wonderful—but the onions! They're as strong as ever!"

"Wait," said Mike, snapping his fingers. "Sweets! Have you got any?"

"Not a thing," Lindy said. Then she brightened. "I'll ring Nancy! She'll have something!" She dashed to the phone and dialled.

"Nancy? This is Lindy. Fine thanks—oh, Nancy, have you any lollies or things up there? Eh? Oh, it's Uncle Ezra. Well, you see... Mike's been eating onions and... Uncle Ezra... yes, yes, that's the one I've been telling you about—from New Zealand... Yes, pots and pots of money... that's right, an absolute crank... Nancy, I tell you he's capable of storming out of here in a terrible rage if he smells onions and tobacco on Mike... what? Chasers?" She listened intently. "Nancy, you've saved our lives—Mike will be right up!"

She put the phone down and clasped her hands. "Mike! Quickly—run up to Nancy's! She's got some tablets called 'Chasers'—she says they're specially for onions, garlic and tobacco and drinks and oh, everything! Quickly—it's a quarter to eight!"

Within minutes Mike was back again. "Here," he said, "how's this," and kissed her.

"Wonderful!" sighed Lindy. She opened her eyes and sniffed. "And they've worked! I can't smell the onions—nor that pipey smell!"

"Hm, I've only had two. Chewed 'em up on the way," said Mike, looking at the flat red packet in his hand. "Chasers, eh! You know what Nancy said? 'When an onion offends, Chasers are friends and nobody's nose knows.' Nancy says you can get 'em anywhere for sevenpence a packet. I'll get some at the kiosk in the morning. Very handy to carry about—look... I can slip 'em in my fob pocket!"

He gazed fondly at Lindy. "Like to see whether the onion smell has really gone?" he said.

The doorknob gave three imperious peals and they looked at each other. "Uncle Ezra!" breathed Lindy, and smoothed her hair.

"Bless his twitching nose," said Mike, "but this is one time nobody's nose knows. Forward, me girl, and do your duty!"



## Everything agrees—with

# QUICK-EZE!

Now eating can be fun again!

If you like rich food—eat it—and leave the rest to "Quick-Eze." Follow your favourite food with "Quick-Eze"—to neutralise the excess stomach acidity which gives you the pangs of indigestion and heartburn. The five-fold action of "Quick-Eze" can stop pain before it starts!

"Quick-Eze" Antacid Tablets are a combination of five active prescriptions for fast relief from indigestion, flatulence, dyspepsia, heartburn and acidity.

Keep a packet with you always—thousands of Australian sufferers can testify to their effectiveness.

Remember—the best meals end with "Quick-Eze"—eat what you like and make sure of your enjoyment with a quick-acting peppermint-flavoured "Quick-Eze" Antacid Tablet.

"Quick-Eze" acts in seconds to relieve INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, FLATULENCE, DYSPEPSIA, ACID AND NERVOUS STOMACH.



Famous formula gives 5-fold protection:

1. Magnesium Trisilicate, helps restore correct acid-alkaline balance.
2. Calcium Carbonate, gives rapid relief of pain and heartburn.
3. Magnesium Carbonate, relieves congestion in digestive tracts.
4. Pure Oil of Peppermint, has a sedative effect and relieves gastric and intestinal flatulence.
5. Glucose assists in the prevention of acidosis by raising the glycogen content of the liver.

Also makers of LARYNOIDS Throat Pastilles—2/- at all chemists

## You're well protected—or are you?

Umbrellas and raincoats can't stop infection! Coughs, colds and 'flu start in the throat—and that's where you need the protection that only a highly effective preparation like Larynoids can give you. Carry a packet in your pocket or purse and suck them constantly; their positive action may save you weeks of weary suffering should you be infected. If you already have a cold, relieve your throat and constant coughing with Larynoids. As the first Larynoids pastille melts in your mouth, it quickly soothes the sensitive throatal nerve endings that aggravate coughing. At the same time Larynoids penetrate deep into the bronchial tubes to relieve rawness, loosen hard mucus and prevent further coughing. Buy a packet to-day.

For protection and amazingly quick relief from

# COUGHS, COLDS AND 'FLU

take



buy a packet from your nearest chemist NOW! Suck them constantly. Their protective action may save you weeks of sickness should you be infected. Always keep a spare packet in the family medicine chest.

## WHERE LARYNOIDS ACT

1. THROAT: A cold results from millions of infectious germs multiplying in your throat. Larynoids kill their activity and prevent them spreading to the—
2. PHARYNX: This area, when infected by disease-spreading germs, becomes acutely sensitive and sore. Larynoids' healing, soothing influence penetrates to this part and prevents infection spreading to you—
3. LARYNX: This is the seat of hoarseness, dryness, pain when swallowing. Unless relieved in time by Larynoids, infection may spread to you—
4. BRONCHIAL TUBES: Here is the home of bronchitis and other such stubborn infections. Neglect to take Larynoids in time may affect your health.

Larynoids' healing, soothing influence penetrates to this part and prevents infection spreading to you—

Manufactured by  
THE WALCOT PTY. LTD.  
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Also manufacturers of "QUICK-EZE" Antacid Tablets

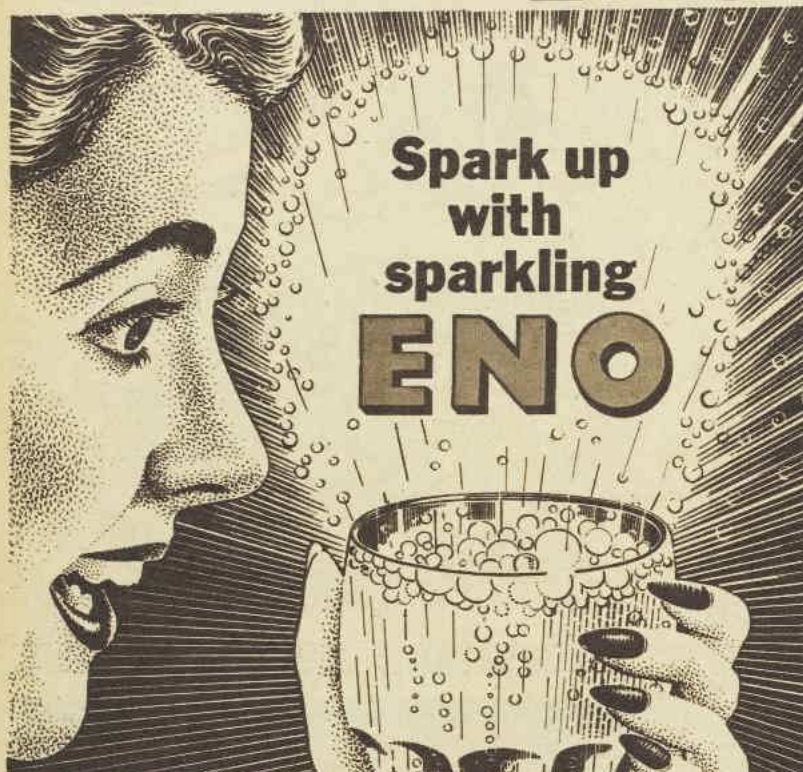
The Australian Women's Weekly—July 11, 1956





One single product overcomes these  
3 everyday problems

End upset stomach...  
'jaded' feeling...  
sluggish system...  
with sparkling **ENO**



**ENO acts in seconds... it's so refreshing**

Is your medicine chest a chemist shop in miniature—stocked full of antacids, laxatives and various tonics? Or, does your home have Eno—the sparkling antacid that actually works more effectively than all those other remedies put together?

Pleasant tasting, refreshing Eno has a world-renowned formula which enables this product to effectively counter upset stomach, jaded feeling and sluggish system—distressing problems of today's hurried, flurried living.

**End stomach upset**—eat, drink and be merry. At the first hint of indigestion, heartburn or flatulence, let effervescent Eno go to work in your stomach. It neutralizes excess acid in 8 seconds—yet leaves just the right amount of acid required for normal digestion to take place.

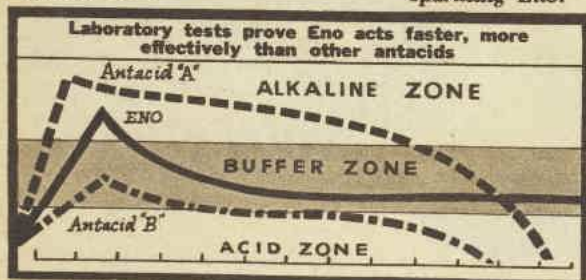
So suitable for children, too—their tender stomachs can be put right by this pure, quick corrective.

**End 'jaded' feeling**—be alive again. To get the reviving tonic effect of Eno just add one teaspoonful of this economical product to a glass of water. Watch it bubble—cheers you up just to look at it. Enjoy its lively flavour first thing in the morning, last thing at night, during the day, anytime! You'll spark up right away.

**End sluggish system**—irregularity. Eno is a gentle but quick corrective. The bland salts in Eno—no sulphates or harsh purgatives—absorb water from your digestive system. This keeps food moist and helps ease waste matter gently through your system.

Your chemist and food stores have Eno. Packed in an airtight glass bottle to keep that effectiveness right down to the last sparkling spoonful.

**Start today on the way to happy, healthy living—spark up with sparkling Eno.**



Graph above illustrates results of actual laboratory tests. It shows how Antacid "A" neutralizes all stomach acid—this stops digestion completely. Antacid "B" gives temporary relief but then rebounds into the "acid danger zone" within one hour—causes more pain. "A" and "B" are typical

of most antacid remedies. But, see how Eno works. It gives quick relief, in 8 seconds, by ridding your stomach of excess acid. Then, Eno keeps stomach acid at correct level for normal digestion to take place. Eno gives lasting relief from upset stomach.



**NO HOME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT ENO** S.AUST. 11/54

## His mother ran our marriage



● George's mother was wonderful to them, but she tried to run their lives. How could Dorothy make her husband, blinded by his affection for his mother, see she could not go on this way?

**G**EORGE pushed the front door open and stepped into the hall.

"Hi, Mom!"

The elderly lady looked at him with warm approval.

"Glad you're home, George. Had a good day?"

"Busy. Where's Dorothy?"

"She's in bed, George. She didn't feel well today. The doctor is upstairs seeing her now. He said he would stop by to give Dorothy her monthly check-up at home."

George turned back towards the hall as the doctor came downstairs.

"Hello, Doc," he said. "How did you find Dorothy?"

"Physically, fine. Nothing to worry about."

"Physically? Is there something else?"

"Yes, George. Emotionally she's far from well."

"Emotionally? What do you mean?"

George's mother appeared at the living-room door inquiringly.

"I'm afraid we can't discuss it properly now."

May I call you tomorrow at your office, George?"

"Of course, Doctor."

When the doctor left, George sat down in the living-room with his mother.

"What do you think is the matter with Dorothy?" he asked.

"Well, it's hard to say. She just isn't looking well. She's so pale. And she seems so quiet and listless."

"Couldn't that be because—"

"The baby? Perhaps. Now come and have supper. I'm getting it for you tonight."

"But first I'll run up and see Dorothy."

"No, dear. We'll take something up to her later."

Later in the evening, when his mother had taken down the tray and they were alone, Dorothy said, "I wish your mother hadn't called the doctor."

"Didn't you tell Mother it was all right?"

"Yes, but it's so hard for me to contradict her. I just wish she hadn't called him."

The doctor called George the next day, and as a result George and Dorothy arrived

at my office together. I saw George first.

"Dorothy and I met a couple of years back, in college in the middle west," he told me. "The minister of a church near the campus used to invite some of the boys home Sunday evenings. Dorothy was a member of his church. He told me that she was a shy girl who didn't mix much socially, and he'd asked her if she would help serve coffee and doughnuts Sunday evenings, so she could meet some of us."

"Pretty soon we were in love and we planned to marry as soon as I graduated. I took her home one weekend so mother could meet her. She took to Dorothy right away."

"Did you get on just as well with her family?" I asked.

"Unfortunately, Dorothy has no family."

"She had a job?"

"Yes. She was a private

**By Dr. DAVID MACE**

secretary. It was a good job. She'd taken business training."

"Did you move straight to your mother's home when you got married?"

"Yes. Mother's a widow."

"When father died three years ago, mother wouldn't leave the old house. It was her suggestion when I married that we should have the second floor made into an apartment—rent free."

"This apartment is quite separate from your mother's part of the house?"

"Oh, yes. Mother was very particular about it. She said she wasn't going to play the interfering mother-in-law."

"Now tell me about your relationship with Dorothy. Have there been any difficulties?"

"I would say we've been getting along fine."

"What about Dorothy and your mother?"

"They are good friends."

"Has Dorothy seemed unhappy lately?"

"Not that I've noticed."

"Has she made friends in your community?"

"Not many." George spoke sharply. "I told you she was the shy type. Mother has taken her around a bit."

"How long did you say you'd been married?"

"Eight months, almost exactly. I really don't understand this," he added.

It was clear that for George no problem existed.

I now talked to Dorothy.

"Dorothy," I said, "I want to ask you a very direct question."

"I'll be glad to answer any question you ask, Dr. Mace."

"You have been married for eight months. They have meant a great change in your way of life. Dorothy, are you truly happy?"

"I—I think so, Dr. Mace."

"I know it's a difficult question to be faced with, Dorothy. But unless you can bring yourself to answer it squarely whatever trouble your doctor has discovered in your life will not right itself. It will get worse."

As I was speaking she burst into tears.

After a few moments she dried her eyes. She seemed composed once again, but more relaxed than before.

"Well, now I hope that you'll feel able to tell me all about it. George's mother is the trouble, isn't she?"

"You feel she's done so much for you that you ought to be grateful. Yet in your heart of hearts you're angry and resentful, aren't you?"

"How did you know that?"

"Dorothy, you've been bottling up bucketfuls of resentment, haven't you?"

"What else could I do?"

"Have you tried to tell George how you felt?"

"Once or twice. But he wouldn't let me explain. He'd remind me of all his mother had done for us. Then I'd feel awful."

"So you just decided that you were an ungrateful girl. Was there no one else you could talk to?"

"Nobody. George's mother's friends all kept telling me what a charming lady she was. They were right. She can be charming."

"Try to tell me about it, Dorothy."

Dorothy explained how her mother-in-law had begun to "advise" her on what to wear, how to plan her housework, the sort of meals to cook for George.





DR. MACE

● Season tickets are available now for Dr. Mace's Sydney lectures at the Assembly Hall. They cost £1 for six lectures and preferential bookings are available for season ticketholders only.

The Mace lectures in Sydney are: Aug. 9: Marriage in the modern world. Aug. 15: Marriage as a sex relationship. Sept. 7: Marriage as a personal relationship. Sept. 14: Marriage and parenthood. Nov. 20: Marriage and the worker. Nov. 27: Marriage and society.

Applications for season tickets should be made by letter to the Marriage Guidance Council, 44 Margaret Street, Sydney. Enclose £1 and endorse the envelope "Season Ticket." Readers living outside Sydney should contact the National Marriage Guidance Council in their capital city about bookings.

Funds of the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia with whom we have joined in sponsoring Dr. Mace's Commonwealth-wide tour will benefit from any profit on tickets.

"Gradually I realised that I wasn't running my own life any more," she said. "I couldn't even make a decision by myself. George's mother has always been very pleasant to me. But when she makes a suggestion it's the nearest thing to a command. When once or twice I didn't do things the way she advised me I felt she was looking down at me with cold disapproval and I wanted to shrivel up and die."

"She treats George about the same. He doesn't seem to mind. I suppose he's used to it."

George began our next talk with the same defensive manner I had noticed in him before.

"It's a bit embarrassing going to a marriage counsellor—especially when there's nothing wrong with your marriage," he said.

"Why is it embarrassing, George? Your doctor feels it's good for Dorothy."

"Mother doesn't see why it's necessary."

"Do you fear your mother's opinion? Is that it?"

George was silent. Finally he said, "I just don't know how I'm going to explain it to her, that's all."

"George, I'll agree with you that there's nothing seriously wrong with your marriage—deep down. I'm convinced that you and Dorothy do love each other. But that doesn't mean you have no problems, or that Dorothy is happy. She's had to face a lot of changes recently. She's left her own community, given up her job, taken over the running of a home, had to adjust to entirely new surroundings, and now she's going to have a baby. That's a pretty formidable list, and these adjustments have not been easy for Dorothy."

"I certainly want Dorothy to have all the help she needs, Dr. Mace."

When George left my office I felt hopeful.

But I was confronted with a very delicate situation. Dorothy described it herself.

"It's been a tremendous relief to talk this over," she said, "but the situation isn't any different at home. In fact, it's worse. George's mother keeps asking me what you and I talked about. George is curious, too. It's awkward."

"I know. This is hard for you. How much do you feel able to explain to George?"

"I can't talk to him about it."

"You're afraid?"

"I guess I must be. But I don't know what or whom I'm afraid of."

"George told me you and he had never quarrelled."

"I always give in and let him have his way. Is that bad?"

"It isn't good. It means that your marriage isn't a real partnership. Nor can it be, so long as you're dominated by your fears."

"I don't mind giving in to George. What I can't take is giving in to his mother."

"Do you see any way out?"

"If only we could be by ourselves, George and I, we'd be all right. When his mother starts telling me how to look after my baby, I just don't know what I'll do."

"Dorothy, if you can't talk to George about all this, would you let me try?"

Dorothy hesitated. Finally she agreed.

When George came to see me he seemed more amenable.

"I've been thinking over what you said about the adjustments Dorothy's had to make," he said. "I think you're right."

"You're worried that Dorothy doesn't seem to feel at home in your community?"

"Yes. I'll admit that she doesn't seem entirely happy. I don't know why not."

"You said you and Dorothy never quarrel."

"Never. Isn't that proof there's no real problem between me and Dorothy?"

"No, it isn't, George. If two people never quarrel it's quite apt to mean that one of them is in the habit of having his way all the time."

● George and Dorothy's problem is paralleled in many homes. Do you agree with Dr. Mace's summing up? You will find his analysis of the situation on page 49. Next week Dr. Mace, who arrives in Australia soon on a lecture tour, will give another true case history from his files: "Why was I unfaithful?"

"I see what you mean. Dorothy always gives in to my wishes—I've always assumed she just didn't feel very strongly about her own."

"That was assuming a lot, George. Shy, insecure people like Dorothy often bury their real feelings deep inside of them and this increases the tensions in a young wife who is forced to live with her mother-in-law in the older woman's home."

"Forced?"

"It amounts to that, doesn't it?"

George sat silently.

"It isn't anyone's fault," I explained. "It's just that two women are being placed under emotional tensions they can't handle."

"But they got on so well at first."

"That was before the real emotions came into play. Your mother had probably dreaded the day when you would get married and present her with a rival."

"When she met Dorothy she

was reassured. There was nothing positive about Dorothy. That was because she was insecure and anxious to please at all costs. Even when your mother began to tell Dorothy what to do, still there was no conscious rivalry. Your mother has no idea, I'm sure, that Dorothy has been feeling resentful. But the peace has been preserved only because Dorothy has been concealing her own feelings."

"Why has she?"

"Because she loves you so much, George, that she would endure anything rather than risk losing you. Her fear of offending you hasn't helped her gain confidence, either."

"I'm beginning to understand, Dr. Mace, what Dorothy's been up against. And now I see, too, that the whole thing will be even worse when the baby arrives."

However, it proved as hard for George to take a stand as it was for Dorothy to risk offending him. As time passed she was increasingly restless and he remained irresolute.

In this kind of situation it often takes a crisis to clear the air. The crisis came soon after the baby was born. Dorothy had been studying modern methods of child care and trying to put them into practice. One day, when her mother-in-law was particularly insistent on winning some point, Dorothy blew up. George arrived home to find both of them very distressed. He took Dorothy and the baby off to a hotel immediately.

His mother was so shocked that she made no protest. Later on, when George rented an apartment in town and he and Dorothy moved in, his mother offered no resistance. Eventually a reconciliation came about.

Dorothy's outburst proved to be a significant step towards maturity. Never before had she asserted herself in her marriage. But, driven to express her true feelings in her new role of mother, she took her first step towards independence and self-respect. Since then she has made friends of her own and is participating in community activities.

"We still have a lot to learn," as Dorothy put it the last time I talked with her, "but we are certainly much happier than ever before. I can say truthfully that I know myself better now. And I find I no longer resent George's mother the way I did. I could never relax with her before. Now we have good times together."

"My marriage—with your help, Dr. Mace—has given me a new confidence and a very much deeper enjoyment of life than I dreamed possible a few short months ago."

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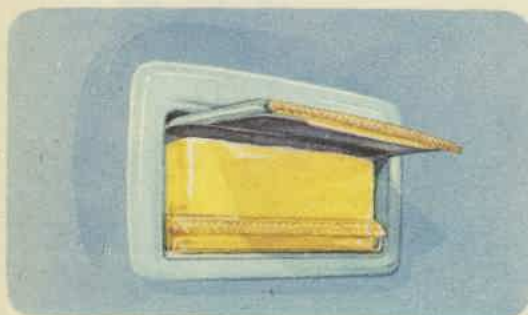
## FULL-WIDTH FROZEN FOOD CHEST

Big frozen food space that is refrigerated on five sides to keep meat, fish and packaged frozen foods fresh for weeks. Meal planning is easy. Food's on hand, whenever needed.



## SPECIAL ICE TRAYS

Easy-release handles free ice trays without tugging or prising with a knife. Ice cubes pop up and can be taken out singly or together. No need to melt trays to release ice cubes.



## SPECIAL BUTTER CHEST

Butter too hard or too soft? This special chest keeps 1 lb. of butter at a s-p-r-e-a-d-able temperature. Chest is set in door and contains a plastic dish for table use.



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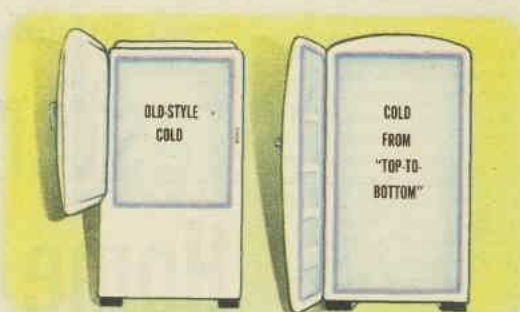
## TWIN FRUIT AND VEGETABLE CRISPERS

Extra large sliding crispers give fully refrigerated moist-cold storage for fruit, vegetables and salad greens. Extra deep Crispers mean you can store complete produce, without chopping to size.



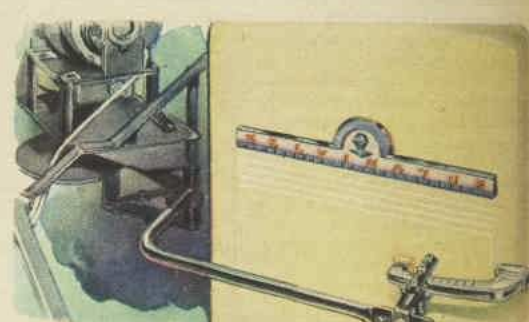
## NEW AMAZING "POLARSPIHERE" SEALED UNIT

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This space-saving design gives up to twice the storage area of old-style refrigerators—in the same floor space. Every fraction of space inside every Kelvinator gives true, cold storage.



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## Plus... "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting



Page 34

Nothing to turn on or off — with Kelvinator's "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrost! No need to remove food. No defrost water to empty — it is evaporated for you! This is the greatest de-frosting system of all time. There are no electric elements of any kind to go wrong. It's revolutionary! The refrigerant which makes the refrigerator cold is simply reversed—automatically. "Cold-making" refrigerant becomes "Warm-making". "Magic Cycle" acts in a matter of minutes — so that even quick-melting ice-cream stays



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 11, 1956



# Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Gossip kills more friendships than perhaps any other single thing. It is both cruel and wicked and it is hard to find any reason or occasion to justify it.

FIRST letter this week is from a girl who, without question, accepts the gossip of her girlfriends.

Here is her letter.

"I AM very much in love with a boy I have known for about four months. I am 17 years old and he is 19. He has been asking me for dates ever since I have known him. I have always said no because all my girl-friends say he isn't very nice. They say it all starts when you are on your way home and he gets rather nasty. As I haven't had much experience with boys of this type, I do not want to cause any embarrassment. I would be pleased if you could help me in this serious matter."

P.K., Victoria.

You no doubt did fractions at school and neatly cancelled one thing out after another. I felt as if I was doing fractions when I read your letter. "I am very much in love," you say, and promptly cancel it out with "I always say 'no' to his invitations because my girl-friends say he is nasty." Later on you say "I do not want to cause any embarrassment," and cancel that out with "help me in this serious matter." I don't think you have any really deep feelings at all for this young man or you would not accept his trial and condemnation by your girl-friends. Instead, you would have gone out with him and found out for yourself. If he ever asks you out again, accept and go out with him, remembering that the girl sets the standard of behaviour. If she is nasty, naturally he is nasty, if she is lovable, he is lovable. If you behave properly you will find he does, too—but if he is an exception to the rule and doesn't, you can speak firmly, without any embarrassment at all, and beat a dignified retreat home. You describe this as a serious matter. I cannot see anything serious about it except the fact that you believe what other people tell you without proving it for yourself. Fall-



## A word from Debbie...

● Make a date nut loaf, it's good to eat and easy enough for the amateur cook to make confidently. Here it is: Dissolve 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda in 1 cup boiling water, pour over 1 breakfast cup chopped dates, and cool. Then cream 2oz. butter with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of brown sugar, beat in one egg. Add half a cup of chopped walnuts and the cup of soaked, softened dates. Fold in two cups self-raising flour sifted with a pinch of salt and fill into two greased nut-loaf tins. Bake 30 to 35 minutes in a moderate oven.

● Have a stocking party. Gather up all your good odd stockings and boil them to the same color. To do this put all your odd nylons in a saucepan, cover with cold water, bring the saucepan to the boil, and boil for 15 minutes. At the end of the boiling all the stockings are the same color.

● Clean your handbags. Leather ones can be made to look like new by sponging lightly with a damp cloth and polishing with colorless shoe cream. For plastic handbags use warm soapy water and dry with a soft cloth.

ing in and out of love is at times hurtful, but it's not serious—it is good fun and wonderful if the love turns out to be real and lasting.

"COULD you please tell me if teachers can stop girls and boys going out together or sitting at the pictures together, if the parents have given their consent? We have been told that if we do any of these things we will be asked to leave the school. Also we have been told that we are not to wear any make-up to dances, pictures, etc., or the same thing will happen. I would like to go out with a boy, but I am worried about what will happen at school if I do so. Have teachers any right to talk about sex in the classroom?"

"Worried Fifteen-year-old," W.A.

Your schoolteacher has the right to discipline you and make rules by which you must abide during school hours, but outside those hours your parents are the authority, and what they say goes. There may, of course, be a specific school rule of which your parents are not aware. Unless there is, it is absurd to say that you will be asked to leave

school if you use make-up or sit with boys in pictures, etc. Your parents' permission overrides all other authorities outside school hours. The teacher, I imagine, would have a case against you if out of school hours your conduct was so bad that it brought disgrace not only on your family but your school, but wearing make-up and going to the pictures with a boy is normal, not disgraceful. About sex in the classroom, Teachers have a right to talk about anything listed on the school's curriculum. This varies from State to State.

"WE are two schoolgirls aged 15. We are continually being followed by a girl at school whose company we do not wish to encourage. She waits for us at the bus stop and we can't avoid her. Please, how can we discourage her without hurting her feelings?"

"Teeners," Tasmania.

Be formal with her and just greet her and say goodbye, as is necessary. She'll realise soon, poor girl, that you don't want her friendship. But on no account be rude to her or giggle at her. You'll be sorry if you do.

with a film coming up of "The Vagabond King," it was a wise move for him to star on an LP of Friml's evergreen operetta (L.218). Lucille Norman sings the role of the fair lady who is wooed and won by the swashbuckling poet-vagabond. In addition to the overture and finale, the disc introduces "Song of the Vagabonds," "Someday," "Only a Rose," "Love Me Tonight," "Tomorrow," "Nocturne," and the haunting "Huguette Waltz." The chorus and orchestra are conducted by Paul Weston.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

I sleep so much better when I drink BOURN-VITA



At some stage in life every normal healthy person has trouble in sleeping. To help promote that deep, restful sleep which is all-important in maintaining good health and a friendly disposition, drink a cup of delicious hot Bourn-vita at bedtime every night. Made from malt, eggs, milk and chocolate, Bourn-vita is a tonic food drink suitable for all the family. You'll find they will enjoy its distinctive flavour.

Sleep Sweeter  
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## \*\*\*\*\*DISC DIGEST\*\*\*\*\*

RECITAL records are the problem discs in the gramophone world. Collectors of complete operas sidestep these LPs in which one artist sings arias from a number of different operas, and people who want just one or two songs prefer to purchase them on a 45 r.p.m. record.

METROPOLITAN opera tenor, Richard Tucker, may now be heard on KLC.519, and its greatest attraction is that his songs are comparatively rare. How many opera fans have, for instance, an aria from Mas-

cagni's Japanese opera, "Iris"? Verdi is well represented with extracts from "Un Ballo In Maschera," "Luisa Miller," "Il Trovatore," and "Ingemisco tamquam reus," from his Requiem. Another seldom-heard piece comes from the first act of Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," and finally there are arias from the two Manons — "Manon Lescaut," by Puccini, and "Manon," by Massenet. Tucker is in magnificent voice throughout.

SINCE he made such a hit in "Carousel," Gordon MacRae is in the news, and



# Gary Herdman



● Hermes designed the navy-blue-and-red reversible cardigan (left). Loosely fitting, the cardigan is worn over a polo-necked sweater of matching red.

● Kerul shows a workmanlike overall design (above) for a black skiing outfit, teamed with a trim buttoned shirt knitted in turquoise-blue wool.

● Straight, windproof jacket (above, right) is made from waterproofed yellow poplin. The black yoke and warm hood are knitted in a ribbed stitch.



# Paris Notes



- Of white sheepskin or nylon fur, the cosy jacket (left) is wonderfully becoming for the snow. The bulky jacket is worn over a cowl-hooded sweater in glowing orange.
- An enormous roll collar of porcelain-blue jersey shows above the boat-shaped neckline of a black poplin sailor jacket (above) made by Marcel Pepin.
- White poplin allied with elasticised woollen knitting makes a smart and practical new silhouette for the snow (above, right). The sweater neckline is worthy of note.

*Dorothea Johnston*



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- Leaves hair shining easy to comb
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Does every move you make cause agonizing backache? Do legs throb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headache, etc., because they are neglecting their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get Doan's today!

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## Continuing . . . Never Give Up

from page 5

up all the whackiest things a girl can do—like the first girl to go to the South Pole or trying for the world's non-stop knitting record or the first girl to climb Mount Everest.

"None of those," said Prudence with delicate sarcasm, "sounds quite like me."

"Who said they did? I'm merely exploring avenues and upturning stones. It brings me back to my first idea . . . the intellectual approach."

"That hardly sounds like me, either," Prudence gave a deep, heartfelt sigh.

"I saw Polly with him last night," said Carol ruminatively. "They seemed to be too busy looking in each other's eyes to notice me."

"All right, then," Prudence gritted her teeth. "But what?"

"What I just said. The intellectual approach." She looked thoughtfully for a moment and then brightened. "I've got it. You know the old gag . . . 'Read any good books lately?'"

Prudence, faced with the rows and rows of books in the library, immediately forgot all the names of authors she had meant to catch up on and her mind went a complete blank.

She was looking indecisively at the shelves when the librarian came over to help her. "Here's one that might interest you," she said after a few abortive suggestions about thrillers and romances which were quite unsuitable for an "intellectual approach." "East Meets West." It's about Germany under the Occupation. One of your 'Echo' reporters had it last."

"Not . . . David Armstrong?" asked Prudence, wondering if this were her lucky day at last.

"Yes. He said it was ever so good."

Prudence grabbed it. "Thank you, I'll take it."

As soon as she was out of the library she opened the book and started to read. This was indeed a bit of luck. When and if she and David met again, she would be able to hold her own.

The sudden honking of a car, a nerve-shattering squealing of tyres, and a grinding crash as a car skidded across the road and went headlong into a fence suddenly jolted her back to reality. She was so frightened that the book fell from her fingers, her heart thudded, and she felt her knees trembling.

She realised that she had been so absorbed in the book that she had stepped off the kerb to cross the road without looking up. She might have been killed but for the quick reactions of an alert driver, and his good brakes.

Then she recognised the back of the driver's head and the car, and hurried towards it.

David was sitting there, his hands in his lap, looking rather woefully at his crumpled mudguard. "Hello," he said bitterly as she approached. "I see you've been to the library. Read any good books lately? I was just going there myself."

"Oh, dear," she gasped, "are you hurt? Oh, I am so sorry. Is there much damage? It was most dreadfully careless of me, I know."

"Think nothing of it. I save a pedestrian's life practically every time I take the car out."

"I shall never forgive myself," she said unhappily, "and your car is almost ruined."

"Not quite." He had got out and was examining it. "The engine is still running. There's a bit of buckled tin which the panel-beaters will fix in a few days. It will give me a chance to travel in buses and see how the poor live. Very instructive."

"Is there anything I can do?" she asked, her troubled eyes surveying the damaged car. She could not bring herself to look at him.

"Not a thing." He gave a tug at the steering-wheel. "The mudguard seems to have jammed the steering. You'll have to excuse me while I get a break-down car."

"Of course." She knew that the last thing a man wants when he has a broken-down car on his hands is any sort of broken-down female. She wandered off disconsolately, and retrieved "East Meets West."

The intellectual appeal might have been a good idea, but it hadn't had a very good start. How long would it take to recover from such a beginning, she wondered. Probably forever.

"It's your last chance," said Carol after Prudence had told her all about it. "We've tried tummy appeal and brain appeal. Now it will have to be eye appeal."

"But I've got only about thirty pounds in the bank between me and starving spinsterhood," Prudence objected.

meet the opposition on equal terms.

But when the car honked outside the flat and Prudence shyly made her "entrance" David did not seem to notice anything different about her.

Never mind, she thought, there was plenty of time—a whole afternoon, in fact!

When they arrived at the selected spot Prudence caught her breath at the beauty of it all. There was a placid stream flowing towards an old mill, where the containing wall caught the gleaming water, and it tumbled in a mighty splash of sunlit spray.

Then it broadened out and became smoother and was edged with rushes and swaying, fascinating water-weeds. There was even a moorhen taking off with startled flurry and hurry. There were willow trees drooping over the shining water and grassy banks just made for lolling about and eating lunch and tossing badinage to and fro . . . and, of course, wearing one's pretty new dress . . .

When they had unpacked the car Prudence was so fascinated by the spillway that

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



"Cast your bread on the waters, my dear," said Carol solemnly, "and then there won't be any starving spinsterhood."

They got pencil and paper and a pile of magazines and after an hour of concentrated thought they made their choice.

The outfit must be summery, they decided, and full of the sunshine and gaiety of the season. They settled for a halter-neck sun-frock in an exciting pink cotton with giraffes printed on it.

That took eight precious pounds. Well-cut sandals were, of course, a "must." And a snappy black bathing-suit because, they solemnly agreed, there was a lot in what Carol had said about figures. And a new bathing-cap and a new "shortie" jacket in case the evening grew cold. And, insisted Carol, a new hair-cut and a new perm.

Prudence watched the figures grow in alarm, but the girls on the glossy pages in the magazines looked so entrancing that she almost convinced herself she would look the same. So she did not even blench when Carol added new lipstick, foundation cream, and face-powder to the list.

Carol never did anything by halves. After everything was bought and tried on and pronounced perfect, she manufactured the right occasion for the right clothes. It was to be a picnic by a river where Tom had once caught a trout when he was so high.

Polly and the other man were included, as before, and although this cast a slight shadow over the sunshine Prudence faced it with equanimity because her new clothes would enable her to

she stood leaning on the rail watching the turmoil below her and thinking how exactly it was like her own confused emotions . . . with David being so sweet and entertaining to everybody and hardly noticing her.

She looked down at the water again and suddenly she found David beside her. "Contemplating suicide?" he asked teasingly, "or just want to be alone?"

"I'm just drinking it all in," she said.

"Yes, it's even worth listening to Tom's fish stories!" he agreed.

"It looks nicer on the other side," she said. "I'm going to poke round there." She climbed over the rail.

"It's always better on the other side, isn't it?" he said, smiling.

The wall was above the waterline, but the fine spray had made it wet and slippery. The new, smooth-soled sandals failed to grip, and, after a few moments' agonising and ungainly contortions to keep her balance, she fell into the seething mill-stream.

It was terrifying. The water rushed and roared all round her and she had the feeling of being dragged down by some irresistible, elemental force. Then she was aware of David beside her and heard him bellying, "Hang on to me, tight!"

She did so and they both disappeared under the surface and she swallowed pints of water. When they came up the water seemed less turbulent and then Prudence got the idea.

The only thing to do—now and always in this life—was to drift with the tide and not

wear yourself to a frazzle fighting against overwhelming odds. And then they were both floating peacefully and gently and soon found themselves sitting comfortably on a mudbank among the water-weeds.

"I—I—I—s-said—I—was—d-drinking—it all in," she spluttered with her teeth chattering.

They were able to wade to the bank. With the breeze blowing through their wet clothes they rejoined the others, chilled and shivering.

When Polly saw them she broke into hoots of laughter. "You do look a sight," she shrieked at Prudence. "What happened?"

"I pushed her in," said David shortly.

Prudence stopped and looked at herself in the mirror of her compact. "A sight" was an understatement, she decided.

She had never felt quite so miserable in her life. Practically all her savings wasted and here she was making a spectacle of herself that she would just never live down! And then to ruin David's precious day off!

"We'll have to scoot off home and change," he said to the others. "We'll be back . . . some time."

"Don't be long," commanded Polly. "We don't want to be stranded here for ever."

"You can always start walking," David's voice was terse. He really was angry . . .

She felt even guiltier in the car because David kept frowning and fidgeting and his usual sure touch at the wheel was lacking.

"I'm most terribly sorry I've been such a nuisance," she burst out suddenly. "But please don't be too angry about it. I don't suppose . . ."

"Angry?" he said. "I'm not angry . . . merely nervous."

"Nervous. Why?"

For answer he jammed his brakes on and skidded round into a lane and pulled up.

"Look here," he said, turning to face her, "when you went headlong into that mill-stream I had an agonising moment imagining you bashing out your brains on the wall or at least being drowned. The fact that we merely finished on a mudbank is practically no comfort at all."

"No comfort for what?"

"Well, I mean, it's too nerve-racking for words being in love with a girl who is liable to poison herself, get run over, or drown herself, or do something equally mad, while you just have to pretend that it doesn't matter. I simply can't stand it any longer."

"You mean . . . you're in love with me?" Prudence raised her eyes from her hands, which were tightly clasped in her lap, and looked at him incredulously.

"Always have been ever since you mucked up my copy. So although this may seem a bit premature and sound a bit screwy to you—I've been trying to pluck up courage—anyway, I meant to wait until I'd done a spot of courting like they used to in the old novels, but today has just got me all mused up—and I've been wanting to ask you—tell you—so that I could have an excuse for keeping an eye on you, so to speak, in case you fall out of a bus or something and break your neck—and now you're laughing. Please don't laugh—it's no joke, really it isn't," he finished earnestly.

The sudden shock of happiness was too much for Prudence and she had covered her face in her hands while the tears dripped down her cheeks.

"I'm not laughing," she said weakly. "I'm just crying because I'm so happy."

"Typical," he said, and he grabbed her and held her close—so close and so long that some of the water was squeezed from their dripping clothes and a new warmth was kindled in their shivering bodies.

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# New hair beauty for Mother and daughter with

# Twink

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- **How Long Will A Twink Wave Last?** Depending on how short you cut your hair and how quickly it grows, your Twink wave will last as long as a £4 permanent at a hairdressing salon.

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Continuing . . . .

what would happen then to Tab and the kittens?

In the anguish of her uncertainty Juli did not cry as a more civilised child might have done. While her heart mourned over Tab's problems, her mind was at work sifting ways of telling Rita, trying to find some words that would lessen the quick anger of the woman which she had known often before.

Breakfast was a dreary meal—it was always like that when her father was away. This morning excitement and anxiety made it impossible for Juli to eat. She sat opposite Rita and glanced apprehensively at the woman's white face, the pale golden hair that had faded already in the intense heat. Her light-blue eyes looked crossly at Juli.

"Oh, for heaven's sake eat your breakfast! You're as thin as a spider as it is—" Rita spoke querulously, then sighed impatiently and added, "And no wonder, living in this filthy climate—"

Juli took a big breath and told her about Tab. She blamed herself for leaving the door open. When what she said sank in it was worse than she expected. She sat there, grey eyes wide, arms stiffly at her sides, her hands gripping the edge of her hard chair.

Rita's rages brought to Juli the nearest thing to fear that she knew. Her eyes had pity in them as she looked across at the face of the woman opposite. The pretty skin, of which Rita was so proud, was pale and spotted with the red lumps of mosquito bites; the lips trembled angrily in the weak face.

It was Juli who was the adult as she sat looking with wise, understanding eyes at what seemed a querulous, angry child opposite her.

In Rita's opinion Juli should have cried, been contrite, begged, and then she might have forgiven her. But this unshakable calm, so like the father's, added to her helpless fury. She had so few things that she had expected to gain by marriage. Her pink dress was her most cherished possession, the one thing left to her that remained a symbol of the life she wanted.

She had enjoyed the companionship of her fellow typists. She liked a cosy life where women dropped in to gossip, and evenings spent in the warm atmosphere of bar parlors or dancing with her boy-friends.

What had she gained by marriage? A cocky-farmer's stark little wooden house baked to oven-heat by the fierce sunshine; for more than half the year an arid brownness stretched away from the house as far as she could see. There were mosquitoes and flies in great clouds; a husband who worked so hard that he was more like an exhausted animal than a man when he came home, which was usually long after dark.

Then there was the kid, a kid that seemed older than she was herself, who accepted as normal all the conditions that she hated so bitterly.

"I'll show them! I've lost my dress; they'll lose their cat—nasty howling things, cats. Serve the kid right, just sitting there and staring at me—" Rita pushed her chair back and Juli dropped her eyes, unable to watch the twisting white face before her. Rita rushed out of the door, shouting: "Tom! Tom! Hurry! Bring your gun—"

Instantly Juli was on her feet and out of the door, flying along the wooden verandah and across the ramp. She heard Tom's answering shout from somewhere among the out-buildings.

Juli had an instinctive fear of Tom. Tom was big and handsome in a lost, dark way,

# Cry of the Heart

from page 9

To Juli he was a man who enjoyed pain and killing.

Her father didn't like Tom, either, but he was a good worker and Rock Duncan could only afford to hire one man.

Rock told Juli she must not judge Tom, he had never had much of a chance. He had suffered from his streak of aboriginal blood, and because of its unfairness, it had made him bitter. He could only think of cruel ways in which to show his superiority to other men. In a way Juli understood, but she disliked and feared Tom.

She squatted beside the bed in the spare room, wondering what to do to help Tab and her babies. She heard voices—footsteps—there was no time. In a panic she picked up the box with the cat and her kittens in it.

Tab scarcely moved. She trusted Juli and merely adjusted her relaxed body to the sag of the box, licking her kittens with extra fervor as though, going into the light, she wanted to present them at their best. A box full of cat is a heavy load for a six-year-old, even one as wiry as Juli, and she was frantic with haste into the bargain.

She managed to get the wire door open with her foot, but the box sagged more and more; she clutched it despairingly. The shadows of the two grown people fell across her as she staggered through the door and tried to run. The box collapsed in the middle, Tab scrambled out and Juli lowered it quickly so that the kittens should not fall. She felt Tom grip her arm and heard his voice.

"Ere—let go, yer little devil—I'm drownin' them kittens an' th' missus says I'm ter shoot—"

Juli's desperate eyes noticed the gun in his hand, noticed Tab, alarmed now, and crouching over her kittens.

Tom bent and put his hand down to pick up a kitten. Like a fury Tab sprang at his hand; teeth and claws bit into it. Tom yelled and snatched his hand away. Tab, growling in her throat, terror in her round eyes, crouched above her babies, her fur fluffed out, her body quivering and taut.

Panic-stricken, Juli had no time to think. She lowered her hard little head and butted Tom, and as she stooped she seized a kitten and shrieked at Tab. "Go! Oh, Tab, go!"

Rita went to join in the fray, putting out her hand to drag the box towards her. Tab's lightning-swift paw flicked out and raked the thin white hand, leaving a pattern of springing red lines behind it.

Tom stood upright, surprised at Juli's attack. Tab seized a kitten in her teeth and sprang off the verandah, and Juli, clutching another one, dared not wait to gather up the rest of the kindle, but ran after Tab.

Tom, his dark face ugly, put his gun to his shoulder. The cat clawed her way to the top of the netting fence as he pulled the trigger. Tab screeched and fell to the ground outside the fence and the tiny dark bundle dropped from her mouth. She went on alone, dragging her hind leg, leaving a trail of dark drops.

Tom swore and lowered his gun. Cat and child disappeared behind the stable. He glanced down at the woman crouching before him over the box that held her ruined fiery. Contempt was in his eyes, and something else as well.

"C'm orn, th' cat's gone," he said. "I'll get 'er later, an' drown these. Better stick yer

'and under the tap." He strolled away.

Breathless, but holding the kitten carefully, Juli followed the dark trail that Tab left in her terrified flight. She slowed up and began talking softly, moving slowly and quietly. She could see Tab's round, frightened eyes like golden berries, hidden in a bush, but Tab moved away as she neared her.

Patiently the child followed the cat from hiding-place to hiding-place until at last Tab stayed still. Juli found her licking the blood from the wound in her hind leg. It was not a bad wound, although she had lost a good deal of blood.

Juli smoothed the ground around her and put the tiny kitten against its mother's soft underside, and Tab went into transports of delight and forgot her own pain. She purred and licked her kitten, nosing it gently, with happily little or no memory of the four other small ones that were no longer there.

Juli stayed for a while. She pulled off her frock and her little cotton singlet and put the singlet on the ground. Then she moved Tab gently so that she lay on it.

The child knew that the house-cat Tab must now learn to live wild, and she determined to soften the process. Tab would stay on some garment of hers until she could return and make better arrangements about food and a home. Tab, in the past, often went out in the paddocks hunting, or calling for a mate, and since Rita's arrival she had become semi-wild, anyhow. Now she must become wholly so.

Never must Tab be allowed back in the house, although Juli knew that when she had forgotten her fears she would try to return. In some way Tab must be kept away from Rita and Tom. The next time Tom fired at Tab he would not miss.

Juli knew that her father would help her, but, young as she was, she knew that Tab would have no chance if her father was away. She touched the squirming, hungry baby with a gentle fingertip. She was the only friend mother and baby had. Tab would not be alone. There were dozens of wild cats about; cats that, like Tab, had been driven from their homes by acts of cruelty to become the small, ferocious tigers of the bush.

This little kitten would become one of them; it must be very quick to learn and swift to act. It must also have a name. She thought for a little while and remembered one of the stories an old "abo" on "walk-about" had told her when he camped for a little while near Booramby.

He told of a tribal ghost so wise and clever that, while it was sometimes injured, it was never destroyed by the evil powers about it. Of course, that was it; she would call her kitten after this ghost and hope that it would acquire the wraith's power of warding off evil.

So Tab's only remaining kitten was called Ma'amau.

Ma'amau flourished mightily and, to Juli's relief, soon showed signs of tabby markings. A white cat, lacking protective coloring, would have little chance of survival in the bush. The kitten was a female. While it was small Juli had no trouble keeping the mother away from the homestead. She fed her daily, and the river flowed right below the dry, sandy cave that Juli found for them to live in. The cave was sheltered by a bush and the grass sloped away gently for a few feet in front of it so that the fat little

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Ma'am did not roll down into the river.

Because of the continual coming and going of a human animal, the scent of the child's hands, the sound of her voice talking to the cats, Tab was unusually free from the menace of other tame cats gone wild, and from the enmity of the native cats and other creatures.

Sometimes Rock Duncan went with his daughter to visit her two treasures. He never suggested that they should come back into the house, and Juli was glad. Often Juli lay in the speckled shade of a tree with the kitten playing on her chest and Tab washing her face nearby. Then she would gaze up at the shining spaces between the clouds and sometimes think over a certain conversation she had overheard between her father and Rita the night Tab had been driven out.

Juli knew that her mother had been killed riding a young horse, when Juli was scarcely two, so she could not remember her. Her father had done everything for Juli and she adored him. After a couple of good years her father took her away for the two hottest months of the year, and they stayed near Bondi Beach, at Sydney.

The little bush child, thin from the fierce summers, revelled in the surf and the games with other children she found on the beach. Kindly mothers took the little girl off Rock's hands, looking after her with their own youngsters.

That was how Rock came to meet Rita Hobson, an English-woman who had been a typist in a London office until, with her father's help, she migrated to Australia. In Sydney she made a living working as waitress, shopgirl, or typist, sticking at nothing.

Rita Hobson was a rather pretty, frail-looking woman of about twenty-eight when she met Rock Duncan. Rock had

Continuing . . .

## Cry of the Heart

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Rock and Rita were married soon after that meeting, and the three returned to Boorabmy.

At first Rita made a point of being nice to Juli. But soon the constant irritations inseparable from life in the bush without the luxuries money brings became too much for her. She was bored with having the child always around her. In some obscure way she blamed all her disappointments on Juli.

Rita knew nothing about housekeeping, and such problems in the outback were completely beyond her. She could not get used to the fact that

Common sense is instinct, and enough of it is genius.  
— G. B. Shaw.

there was no grocer, no butcher just around the corner. She hated cooking, and resented using the hot, wood-burning stove.

She had to learn all the things that are second nature to bush women. She never could remember that fresh meat, as well as being a luxury, would not keep more than a few hours if left on a plate. Rock explained this to her patiently, again and again.

"Rita, try to remember you must hang meat—that's why there are hooks in the meat-safe."

She never remembered. Consequently, whenever she went to the safe she shuddered at the nauseating smell of meat that was just turning, and she loathed the flies always buzzing about it . . .

physical effort was too much for her.

Juli studied each lesson solemnly, and with the few minutes that Rita gave her, and an hour now and again when she sprawled beside her father on the hard earth of the river bank, and questioned him, sucking the end of a pencil and making curious alphabetical signs, she gradually learned to read and write.

Most of Juli's happiness was bound up in Tab and Ma'am, whose name she shortened to "Mu." Ma'am was growing into a fine tabby and gradually a sort of truce came into being between Rita and Juli over Tab and her kitten. Rita knew the child had the two cats hidden somewhere, but she was too lethargic to do anything about it.

Tom was camping out, mending fences some miles away. Tom would be there for some time, trapping rabbits and fencing, so Juli had no very pressing worries over her darlings.

She spent long hours watching Mu. Tab seemed more inclined for the sport of hunting now that her kitten was growing up, and she often brought home small game for them both. Mu flourished. As an only child she had been plentifully fed and well cared for. Tab carried on feeding her for a full eight weeks, by which time Mu was clever at stalking field mice and small lizards, and could have looked after herself.

She sprawled sleepily beside Juli one afternoon, and the little girl gazed at her with loving eyes. The half-grown cat lay with her little lion face turned towards the child, and now and again opened round, green eyes to show the tiny black crescents in their luminous centres. Then she closed her eyes again and drifted into the tiny death that overtakes a sleeping cat.

Juli lifted up the small paws, one by one. Mu seemed to walk upon pink, prickly flowers, not paws in the ordinary sense. The claws had lost the opalescence of a kitten, they rested in Juli's hands like rose leaves, the four oval leaves springing from the heart-shaped pad. On one of her back feet the pads were black.

This reminded Juli of her great friend, Dr. Russ Farrar, who practised in Koonkoo. He had called to see them one afternoon when he was returning from a case. She was walking along the river bank, on her way to visit Tab and Ma'am, when she heard Dr. Russ' car in the distance. She stopped and watched him turn the car in through the gate of the home paddock.

Juli turned and ran back, waving until he stopped his car outside the garden. She adored Dr. Russ, and the moment he stepped from his car she ran and threw her arms round him. He swung her up in the air and put her down again gently. She clutched his hand and said breathlessly: "Oh, Dr. Russ, please come with me. I do want to show you Tab's baby, Ma'am."

So they both walked back along the spine of the river bank. Juli either skipped on ahead or clutched his hand, and she talked incessantly. Juli was sure that Dr. Russ would not ask her why Tab was living in a cave instead of in the house. He did not disappoint her.

"Hi, Juli! Come back; I can't keep up with you. I'm a very old gentleman," Dr. Russ protested as she let go his hand and ran on impatiently, a thin child in a shabby holland frock, her eyes alight with pleasure.

Tab and the kitten were lying on the bank in the shade of a stunted tree, and she did

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## The more often you sip...the more quickly that dangerous congestion disappears

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not run away, for Dr. Russ was an old friend of Tab's. Juli picked up the fat little Ma'amau and held her out.

"Isn't she lovely?" she said, anxious pride in her voice. Dr. Russ looked at the little creature as he held it in one big palm.

"I don't know when I've seen a finer kitten."

Together they sat on a fallen log. Ma'amau yawned and rolled squirming on to her back in Dr. Russ' palm, stretching her legs. He looked closely at the black pads on one of her tiny hind paws.

"What is it, Dr. Russ?" Juli knelt down on the hard earth, put her bony elbows on the doctor's knees, and looked up into his face.

He touched the black paw with the tip of a finger. "See that? That's a splendid marking for a kitten. It means that Tab's baby is directly descended from the sacred cats of Egypt."

Juli was delighted. Tab sprang on to the log and rubbed her purring face against the doctor's sleeve. He scratched her gently beneath her chin with his free hand. He was always very respectful to Tab. He looked from Tab to Juli.

"Tabbies are the aristocrats of cats. You know, Juli, that Tab and, of course, her daughter are descended in a straight line from the sacred Subastis cat of Egypt and the Satyr she met one day in the woods—"

"What's a 'Satyr'?"

"The Great God Pan was a Satyr. He lived in the woods and he was half-goat, half-man. Little curly horns grew above his forehead, he had hairy legs, like a goat, and his feet were cloven hoofs. He played beautiful tunes on a pipe he made from a reed—"

Juli sighed ecstatically, propping her chin on her thin, childish hands.

Dr. Russ went on talking, tickling the tip of Ma'amau's tiny ear.

"This baby'll be a tabby, too. Do you know why these cats are called 'tabbies'?"

Juli shook her head.

"Well, there are two schools of thought, so you can take your pick. Some say they were called

Continuing . . .

after Mahomet's grandson, At-tab, because they haunted the alleys of the Attaby quarter in Bagdad. But other people say they're called after another town which is near Bagdad. It's called El Tabiana, and it's where watered silks are manufactured."

Juli was very pleased. "What a lot you know, Dr. Russ—"

Dr. Russ' eyes crinkled. "It comes from having a sister who's a schoolteacher. I'll tell you what, Juli: I'll ask my sister to send you an atlas with El Tabiana marked on it, then you'll be able to show Tab where her ancestors came from."

"Oh, will you, really? I'd love that!"

Dr. Russ rose and put Ma'amau down by her mother.

"I must get back now. I want to see your father."

From then onwards Juli saw in Ma'amau the sign of the royal blood that is the heritage of all cats. She knew instinctively that Mu would take from her what she had to give; for it she would return occasional tolerance, sometimes affection. But, like all cats, Mu would become remote, untouchable except by her own wish, unapproachable, cruel, and always free.

Juli did not resent this. Mu walked by herself, made her life on her own terms, and Juli loved her with the respect that one free soul accords another.

She watched Mu with loving eyes as she sat up and began her toilet until she had patterned her young fur into a maze of darkened, twisting paths that covered her body like the dull, shining of roads after rain.

The cat stopped washing herself. Her eyes darkened from the willow-tip green of her relaxed moments to a jade-like glaze, and her fur rippled nervously. Then she made a serpent's head and her osprey whiskers were flattened backwards the way her ears pointed. Juli stayed perfectly still.

The kitten, her body low to the ground, moved into the

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grass, an intent and bloodthirsty hunter. She sprang—and the grass waved wildly about her. Juli heard a squeak and closed her eyes. Although she was not yet seven, she knew that the price of everyone's life is another's death, and that Mu must live according to her kind. She did not see Mu's paw flash out, nor the sinking of her teeth into the field mouse she had caught.

When Tom returned he certainly could not have recognised in Mu the minute kitten

nearer the homestead. Once or twice Juli heard Rita shouting at her.

After her next mating she was more satisfied. Then Tom returned, and the occasional gun-shots that resounded around the house frightened Tab back into the bush.

Tom began to set rabbit-traps in the paddock, where Tab and Mu lived, and Juli searched for them and set them off with the end of a stick whenever she could find them. But Tom hid his traps cunningly and Juli was worried. Her father was away droving, and there was no one to stop Tom.



that had escaped him once. By the time Mu was three months old, mother and daughter were independent of each other. Mu roamed about and slept in different places, and often Juli failed to find her.

Tab hissed and spat at Mu if she tried to enter the old lair, but Mu did not mind. She was absorbed by the business of learning and living, hunting and sleeping, and very often she refused to take any of the food that Juli brought her.

Then the time came when Tab yearned for human companionship, for the home she had known, and as she began to call she went nearer and

As she lay in bed at night she would imagine she heard the screaming wails of a trapped cat. Then she would get up and pad off to the paddock, searching, searching. She grew thinner and paler than ever.

Juli lay asleep one night while Tab and Mu were both out hunting, going their separate ways. With the instincts of the hunter sharpened by hunger, Tab moved across the moonlit grass. She travelled in silent, short rushes and slow, creeping movements, as if her low-hung, silken body slid across the ground on runners instead of paws. Her tail moved at the tip, the end

twisting and flickering with a life of its own.

As she crept her front legs were under her chest while her flattened, questing head moved along like the prow of a tiny ship. When she was doubtful about something she stopped, a questioning paw shot out, touching and patting.

She stopped before a piece of disturbed ground and her curious, delicate paw shot out, claws unsheathed but still narrow as a fox's pad. There was a sudden swish, and a screech of anguish scythed across the night. The steel jaws were clamped on Tab's wrist. The bone was shattered, the ligaments crushed, and in her terror she writhed and plunged and tugged, silent now except for an occasional piteous moan.

Nearby the grass rustled. She ceased her struggles for a moment, afraid that whatever moved within the grass screen might bring even greater suffering.

Mu's face pushed through the grass. At a sudden, convulsive movement from her mother, she sprang back again. The mother cat moaned and fought. She arched her body and drummed on the ground with her hind legs, but the cruel jaws of the trap only bit deeper.

Mu's eyes burned, and she switched her tail. Fortunately for her, her mother now meant no more to her than any other captive would have done. She was aware only that here was danger, something she must avoid. She came closer, sniffing delicately, registering the smell of steel above the more terrible smell, noticing the disturbed earth that was torn up by Tab's frantic struggles.

Tab, exhausted for the moment, hissed and struck out with her free paw so that her weight fell upon the mangled leg. She fell and pulled herself up again, her mouth a rictus of fear. Mu, frightened, hissed back and struck at the tortured creature before her, then she bounded off into the grass, and Tab continued to struggle.

Then she heard running feet. In her new terror she

lashed her body like a snake. She tore her hind paws into the dirt and twirled and spun her body. The footsteps came nearer, hesitant and soft. Tab's terror became a frenzy that closed her ears to the voice she knew. With the magnificent courage of her kind she wrenched herself free, then, three-legged, vanished into the grass.

Spectral dawn threw a grey light over the trap. The child stood and looked down in the dawn light on to a story that was all too clear to her. Then, in sudden rage and pity she tore at the trap, stamping, pulling, wrenching it from the ground. She hesitated a moment with the trap in her hands and looked at the smudged trail, bright with red, that led off into the bushes.

She turned the opposite way, towards the river. Poor Tab, Juli knew that if she followed her, Tab would struggle on in her awful pain. Later, she would go to find her. She went to the river and threw the trap into a place where the mud covered it.

Later she found Tab dead from terror and loss of blood, and the tears she never cried for herself fell from Juli's eyes. In the reflection of another's pain she saw a world where she and Ma'amau must walk alone.

Juli did not see much of Ma'amau after Tab's death.

Not because her mother's death meant anything to Mu, but because the young cat was growing up. Her range was wider, the practical lessons she must learn if she was to survive became more urgent.

Juli roamed about the river bank calling for Mu, and sometimes she did not see her for weeks together. But Mu saw Juli. Her protective coloring, which was such a factor in her survival, often allowed Mu to perch on the grey bark of a bough from which she could watch the small figure passing below, and hear her calling her name. Or curled up in a shallow rabbit burrow after

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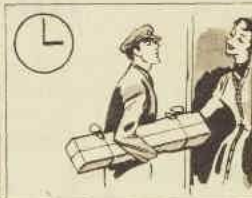
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CONTEST

3

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**Here's what you do:** Below the photograph above marked "A" is a list of 6 sentences. One has been selected by the judges as the most apt for the woman in the picture to say. Study the sentences and decide which fits the picture best. To assist you, Terry Dear will give a clue word on "Australia's Amateur Hour", "Leave It To The Girls", "Portia Faces Life" and "Dr. Paul." Be sure to have a packet of Rinso by your radio at the time, as the clue word will be on the packet.

Now look at the cartoon marked "B", drawn by Emile Mercier, and write down a few words which you think would make an appropriate title for this picture, i.e., a caption for the cartoon.

Fill in the entry form at right with your selections and mail it to "Rinso Dream Home Contest," Box 7060, G.P.O., Sydney.

**Note:** Contestants may send entries on a plain sheet of paper, which must be clearly marked with Number of Contest. Just copy out entry form given here.

### How the competition will be judged

1. The competition will last for eight weeks with a different photograph and cartoon each fortnight. There is no limit to the number of entries you may send in for each contest and you may enter each of the four contests.
2. Fifty special prizes of £5 grocery hampers of goods of your own choice will be awarded in each fortnightly contest to competitors who pick the right sentence for the photograph and write what the judges consider the best caption for the cartoon.

### REMEMBER — EVERY ENTRY WILL BE OPENED!

The Major Prize of Dream Home Worth £7,500 will be awarded to the competitor whose entry in ANY ONE of the four contests over the whole eight weeks' period is judged the best.

3. Any resident of Australia may compete except employees of Lever Brothers Pty. Limited, its associated companies, its advertising agencies and their families.
4. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Judges are Terry Dear, Emile Mercier and a director of Lever Brothers Pty. Limited. Their decision is final and legally binding and no correspondence will be entered into. All entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Lever Brothers Pty. Limited, and may be used as the Company sees fit.

### Announcement of results

The prizewinners of each fortnightly contest will be published in leading daily newspapers two weeks after the close of each contest. Winner of the £7,500 "Dream Home" will be announced on "Australia's Amateur Hour" on 23rd August. At conclusion of contest, a list of all prizewinners will be sent on request if accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope.

### ALL YOU NEED SEND IS THIS ENTRY FORM

Contest No. 4 will be published in national magazines and daily papers on sale from 19th July

### CONTEST NO. 3 ENTRY FORM

For a chance to win the RINSO Dream Home and one of the fifty £5 grocery hampers

Cut out and mail this coupon to "Rinso Dream Home Contest," Box 7060, G.P.O. Sydney. This Contest closes on 19th July and entries must be post-marked not later than midnight on this date.

The sentence I select for the photograph, marked "A" at left above is NUMBER

My caption for the cartoon, marked "B" is

Fill in name and address below in block letters

Name

Address

State

Fill in Storekeeper's name and address below

Name

Address

State

Z.402.W.F.P.E.



# 87% OF ALL ILLNESS ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH \*

(most illness develops from germs absorbed through the oral cavity)

*How safe  
are you?*

## Protect yourself and family with LISTERINE

Listerine gargled three times a day is a potent protection. Tests prove that Antiseptic Listerine reaches way back on the throat tissues to kill germs before they start their deadly work.

invaders" can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine gargle. Gargle Listerine for a few seconds three times a day and you fight 87% of all illnesses.

### Easy, safe treatment

All you do is gargle undiluted Antiseptic Listerine three times a day... it's as easy as that! And



Listerine is so pleasant tasting, too! It takes only 30 seconds but protects for hours.

The Listerine treatment is safe, too... it doesn't burn or sting. More important... for your kiddies' sake, Antiseptic Listerine is harmless if accidentally swallowed.

### Keep Listerine handy and guard against Winter Ills!

Non-antiseptic drops, aspirin or sprays often do relieve many of the symptoms, but they can't kill germs the way Listerine does—germs that cause so much wretched misery. Listerine costs you so little compared with the protection it gives.

### Antiseptic Listerine contains proven germ-killing ingredients

Listerine is made under the most hygienic conditions to a tested formula and contains only the purest medicinal ingredients. Tests over a twelve-year period clearly showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine were better protected from illness than those who did not.

### Double protection

Because Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces, it keeps your breath sweet and pleasant for hours... you don't risk offending!

BUY ANTISEPTIC LISTERINE AT ALL CHEMISTS TO-DAY!

Available in 3-oz., 7-oz. and 14-oz. bottles.

## ANTISEPTIC LISTERINE

Continuing . . . .

## Cry of the Heart

from page 42

eating the occupants. Mu heard the light footsteps overhead and the pleading young voice and she did not even open her eyes.

Then when Mu was about seven months old changes took place within her. She reflected these changes as a domesticated cat might have done. She was both wary and wild. The quickness and ferocity that is latent in the most pampered cat were highly developed in her.

Then Mu began to seek out Juli. The little girl heard the loud, clear "calling" of a queen around the house, and was afraid that it might be Mu. Rita refused to have a cat in the house, and chased away any wild ones that came mousing nearer than the stable.

Mu was temporarily holed-up in the lair in which she had grown up, and one day when Juli came along the bank she ran out purring like a spinning-wheel, rubbing her plush sides against the child's legs, standing on her own hind legs and pushing her small lion's face against Juli's dress. Then she rolled over and invited Juli to stroke her sleek stomach.

Juli was delighted by such friendliness. She hated to leave the cat when it was time to go home, but when Mu tried to follow her she hardened her heart and chased her back.

Mu hunted less and ranged farther. She was restless, unsatisfied, sleeping when she was exhausted, and then questing again. It was at the dark of the moon. When the sun went down and the swift Australian night fell like a giant curtain over the land, Ma'am's call sounded through the still air.

Male cats swarmed from everywhere and the starlight glinted from half a dozen pairs of round eyes as the toms turned and attacked each other, making the night hideous with their howling. In the darkness shapes that were still darker fluffed their fur, curved their bodies, and sidled to the attack. But Mu continued to call, turning spitefully on her would-be lovers, springing aside, leaping up a tree or running through the grass, always escaping, always resentful that she could escape.

Eventually the night was torn by the screams of a successful mating. Instantly Mu sprang at the tom and raked him with her claws, spitting and growling. He escaped with a torn ear and Mu, still growling, rolled violently and then sat up and tidied her fur.

When this night was over Juli did not see Mu for a long time. She was worried and finally mourned for her, sure that Mu had been killed.

Soon after her mating Mu became restless. All sociability vanished. She followed the river along for several miles and hid herself in a dry and comfortable hole beneath the roots of a tree, and there she made her headquarters.

She was fully grown now; gone was that peculiar immunity from attack that a young animal sometimes possesses. Much of her immunity had come from the scent of human hands that lingered about her. Now for her life was a matter of tooth and claw.

She was a well-grown tabby, beautifully marked, with the lines of a Jew's harp on her forehead. Her eyes varied from pale gold to a limpid green, which intensified and became more opaque with anger or hunger.

Other tame cats gone wild were a menace to each other, but Mu could hold her own. The savagest fighting went on between the young toms.

Mu's ancient land was full of puzzling things. In the course of time she was worsted in

battle by a native cat, but she had yet to meet her special foe.

The small, spotted-tailed native cat with its harsh fur, its pattern of creamy spots on very dark brown, its slender tail and gamy scent, was not much more than a foot long overall. But it was lightning quick and ferocious. Mu saw her first native cat as it was running along a bough one evening, and assumed that her own speed would be sufficient to catch it. She did not bother to stalk it when it dropped from the bough to the ground.

Mu sprang from the bush in which she crouched, but, however fast she leapt at the cat, flashing her claws and away again, it continued to face her, wheeling on its short legs, dodging rat-like from her claws, bouncing away when she closed in. Meanwhile it managed to give her several painful bites. Mu was angry and afraid of this new mode of attack.

Presently she retired from the battle and the native cat went on its way, unharmed except for a few scratches. Mu licked her bites and afterwards kept a healthy distance from the little fury.

With sight and scent and touch Mu set about the discovery of her homeland. When her mating occurred she had not yet lived out the full cycle

● Self-love is often rather arrogant than blind; it does not hide our faults from ourselves, but persuades us that they escape the notice of others.  
— Samuel Johnson

of a year. Born in February and mated in July, she had had a taste of winter, but the full summer was unknown to her.

When, after a long night's hunting, she opened a sleepy eye and decided it was time to move into the warmth of the sunlight and to sleep again, she emerged from her shelter into an unsubstantial world where everything was wreathed in river mist and the sun was a bright blot in a white sky.

The cat looked around, sniffing the mist through which the normal scents were less strong. She peered about, put out a paw as though to touch the filmy, bridal whiteness about her, then she gave up in disgust and returned to her hole to finish her sleep.

Cedar trees, which in their season were a mass of mauve flowers that gave place to brown, ugly bunches of what looked like varnished grapes, grew behind some of the clumps of weeping willows that had been planted to hold the crumbling soil of the banks firm against floodwaters. The bark of these trees had an especial attraction for plagues of hairy caterpillars, which cover the trunks with their massed brown bodies.

Many caterpillars fell from the trunks and phalanges of them crawled and rustled among the fallen leaves that covered the banks. Mu hated the soft-bodied things that penetrated into her root-lair and crawled on her fur as she slept. She was always leaping and twisting to shake them off, looking at the clinging things with almost hysterical disgust.

So she left the lair and went inland where there were no caterpillars. There she lived for a time in a hollow log in which there were some wood-grubs, which were more to her taste.

Her sensitive cat's ears were

tuned to the noises that sighed through the night beside the water. Inland the noises were sharper and dryer. She became thinner, more restless, and finally returned to her early home, where careful reconnaissance showed that the caterpillars had disappeared as mysteriously as they had arrived.

Next night she returned to her old lair again, full-fed, in the darkness that precedes dawn. She lay contentedly licking herself, while around her she heard the magic whispering of the wind that blew between tall banks forming a long trough to guide the waters of the river.

The wind in river trees was a sound she knew and loved. In the quiet night the new green tips of the willows drew sad music from the wind. Water music was her birthright; the harsh, distinctive noises of the inland disturbed her.

Lazy contentment filled her as the birth of her kittens drew nearer. She hunted to cat, and she instinctively avoided trouble. But trouble came to meet her. She who had so many times watched life come full circle on moonlit nights was to find that the moonlight in which she loved to play and hunt was the betrayer of all life, including her own.

Full-fed and slipping contentedly through the undergrowth, her striped body almost invisible in the colorless mat of bush and grass, Mu, for the first time, came face to face with Chilperla, the Tiger Cat.

Chil was a very different proposition from the small native cat she had fought before. Chil was a marsupial native cat, too, but he was of the large variety, his ferocity had earned him the name of "Tiger Cat." Chil had killed tom-cats, large dogs and big goannas. He preyed on small wallabies as well as on birds and their eggs, rabbits, lizards and other life.

From nose-tip to tail-tip Chil was three and a half feet long. Only in one way did Mu have the advantage. Tiger cats' legs are too short for them to be speedy runners.

It was fortunate for Ma'am, who had just fed, that Chil had killed that night also, and that he was a gross feeder. He, who was sly, secretive and deadly, was as much surprised to face her as she was to face him.

Immediately Mu fluffed her fur and growled deep in her throat. She would have been willing to give way to Chil, but he was startled and that infuriated him; he sprang at her and slashed her shoulder. Mu leapt to one side but Chil turned to face her, his small eyes glowing red in the milky light.

Mu sprang hissing at her enemy, and the pointed snout threw her back, though not before her claws had raked along the side of the rat-like head.

Snarling and growling, the big native cat sprang again, snapping and tearing Mu's side and springing back to face her. A cloud scudded across the moon and in the dull light Mu rushed in, stung by the wounds her elastic skin had so far kept superficial. Then she gave a screech of pain and rolled on her back to meet her foul-smelling adversary with her last line of defence, all four paws with their raking claws at the ready. To her surprise, Chil failed to attack. Instead he melted back into the night.

Puzzled and wary and in considerable pain, Mu rolled on to her front, her tail twitching, her throat growling, and waited. To her mind the all-important thing was that her

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 11, 1956

### Antiseptic Listerine kills germs by millions instantly!

Tests conducted under the strict supervision of skilled bacteriologists show that Antiseptic Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces by as much as 96.7% 15 minutes after gargling... as much as 80% even an hour later. Pneumococcus Type III, Hemophilus influenzae, Streptococcus pyogenes, Pneumococcus Type II, Streptococcus salivarius and other "secondary

### \* 87% OF ALL INFECTIONS INITIALLY ATTACK THE BODY ORALLY.

Medical science believes that nearly all illnesses start their dangerous work in the mouth. Among the many germs that enter the body in this way are:

- Hepatitis
- Pneumonia
- Poliomyelitis
- Influenza
- Scarlet Fever
- Common Cold



## FRENCH ROMANCE IN GARRISON TOWN

● Two top personalities of the French cinema, Gerard Philipe and Michele Morgan, share the limelight in "Summer Manoeuvres," Rene Clair's suave comedy-drama of lost love. Vivacious young Brigitte Bardot, already well known through her work in Britain and on the Continent, plays a feature role in the story. On this page are some scenes from the film, which is set against elegant backgrounds in a French provincial garrison town in the 1900s.



ENCHANTING Brigitte Bardot as Lucie, a local belle, who captivates Felix (Yves Robert), an officer of the 33rd Dragoons billeted in the town. "Summer Manoeuvres" is filmed in color and sub-titled in English. Bright costumes and settings are a feature of the production.

**Film Fun-Fare**

CONDUCTED BY  
M. J.  
McMAHON

MARIE-LOUISE (Michele Morgan) is a divorcee of great charm recently arrived in town to open a hat-shop. Local women suspect her. Here wealthy socialite Victor Duverger (Jean Desailly) pays court to her.



THE LOVERS. Armand de la Verne (Gerard Philipe), a military Don Juan, and Marie-Louise. An affair started as a wager becomes serious for them both. It ends on a bitter-sweet note.



**EVEN WHEN YOU HAVE TO DRY YOUR HEAVY WASH  
INDOORS IT'S NO TROUBLE WITH A MALLEYS!**



## MALLEYS Automatic

**Only fully automatic washer that  
does not need a hot water system**

No more weather worries! Your Malleys-clean clothes don't need a fine day to dry — they're *spun-dried* before you take them out of the machine. Hang them up, and there won't be one drip of water to mess your kitchen floor. And washing them is the easiest thing in the world — the Malleys does all the work for you. Just drop in the clothes, press the button, and let the Malleys take over!

**NEEDS NO HOT WATER SYSTEM** — Malleys Automatic can be installed in any home. Heats its own water, right up to boiling point if you wish—doesn't use a drop of precious hot water you need for baths, washing up, etc.

**12-LB. CAPACITY** — The Malleys does a bigger wash than any other washing machine in Australia.

**PRESS-BUTTON WASHING** — Just drop in the

clothes, turn on the cold water tap, set the automatic dials, press the button, and GO! The Malleys washes thoroughly because it pre-soaks, boils, rinses in warm and cold "live water", spin-dries — all automatically.

**OTHER FEATURES** — The Malleys has no clutch or gear-box to wear out. Safe top loading. Costs pounds less than any comparable machine: 171 guineas, or 142 guineas as a SEMI-Automatic with single dial control. Prices slightly higher in country areas. Both models available on easy terms.



**TALENTED** Mitsi Gaynor, currently one of Hollywood's hottest musical stars, steps out with her husband, Jack Bean, in a gown that looks like gold metal.

## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★ Glory

SOME day Hollywood will make a film about the blue-grass country of Kentucky and its racing thoroughbreds that is not dewy-eyed or sentimental.

R.K.O.'s "Glory," a track melodrama that is principally concerned with getting an unlikely filly first over the finishing line in the Kentucky Derby, is not that picture.

As a comeback vehicle for Margaret O'Brien, a talented moppet a few years ago and now a pleasant 18-year-old with an unaffected manner, "Glory"—it's the name of the horse, not the girl—is a doubtful bet.

It is not possible to judge from Margaret's thoroughly stock role as a blue-grass teenager who is mad about horses whether she has what it takes to go on to mature movie success.

However, if it is really her soprano that is heard on the soundtrack, she should go places in show business.

Of the others in the cast—and you'd hardly call them an interesting lot—Grandma Charlotte Greenwood and her verbal punching partner, Uncle Walter Brennan, render young Margaret veteran support.

Newcomer John Lupton is a clean-cut young aristocrat and Byron Palmer plays a wolfish bandleader.

### ★ Gentlemen Marry Brunettes

FILMED in lush color against CinemaScope background of Paris and Monte Carlo, "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," United Artists' sequel to Anita Loos' "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," is a musical comedy that taxes your stamina to the utmost.

It stars Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain as the brunettes who are preferred by Scott Brady and Alan Young.

The plot is jam-packed with incident, and concerns an American sister act (Jane and Jeanne) which wins success and finds romance in France. Unfortunately, the goings-on lack sparkle and wit.

In an effort to keep things moving, the film uses, with mildly amusing results, several song-and-dance flashbacks to the gay 'twenties in which Jane and Jeanne perform

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

some jazzy routines of the era.

Most of the songs in the musical score are old ones such as "Daddy," "I Wanna Be Loved By You," "You're Driving Me Crazy," and so on.

Veteran bandleader Rudy Vallee and English-Johnny type Guy Middleton are around as a couple of old suitors. Vallee is rather painful, and the urbane Mr. Middleton looks as though he would sooner be somewhere else.

## News from studios

ON location in Spain with "The Pride and the Passion," Frank Sinatra has been teaching English to Italy's luscious Sophia Loren. Now her use of the language is causing a sensation whenever she opens her mouth.

Finally, in innocent puzzlement, Sophia asked Cary Grant the exact meaning of certain words she found producing strange reactions among her listeners. When he explained, well, an enraged Italian beauty is still trying to catch Frankie Sinatra.

### ★ TONY MARTIN and Vera

Ellen arrive this week in England to start filming a British musical called "Let's Be Happy." And at the same time Tony will improve the shining hour by topping the bill at the famous London Palladium in its weekly television show. Tony Martin is the only performer with three gold Palladium dressing-room plaques, denoting that he has topped the bill here each time in the world's most famous music-hall.

### ★ GARY COOPER, visiting

Paris to co-star with Audrey Hepburn in "Arianne," recently shocked the French Press with this comment: "I've never given a good performance in my life." Everyone is wondering just what he meant by it.





**1** INTERVIEWING candidates for the wartime raid he has devised, Major Stringer (Jose Ferrer), right, has special qualities in mind. Stringer meets opposition from Captain Thompson (Trevor Howard), second right, his non-combatant adjutant.



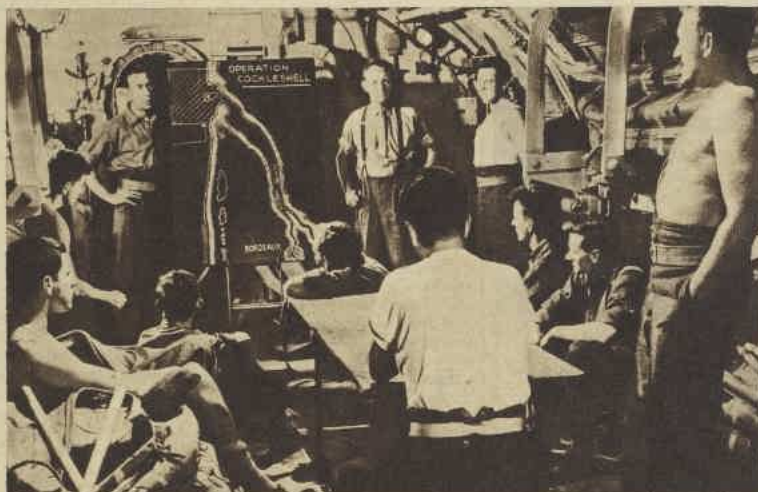
**2** AMUSED by Stringer's apparent lack of discipline, marines selected exploit the situation, with the result that early tests flop. Stringer stiffens discipline after his errors are pointed out by the scathing Thompson. Gradually the unit improves.

## Cockleshell Heroes

★ Columbia's "Cockleshell Heroes" depicts a little-known exploit of World War II in which a small unit of marines paralysed Nazi merchant shipping in Bordeaux Harbor, one of the chief German supply points.

The story begins in England in 1942, when Major Stringer (Jose Ferrer) is commissioned to train a small force of marines to man canoes (or cockles) and handle limpet mines, the explosive used for the operation.

Five canoes, each carrying two men, are transported by submarine to the mouth of the Gironde River. Travelling at night and hiding by day, the unit paddles 70 miles upstream to complete Operation Cockleshell.



**3** EMBARKED aboard H.M. Submarine Tuna en route for Bordeaux and Operation Cockleshell, the men get their final orders. During the trip the submarine is attacked by German patrol boats. One of the unit, Marine Lomas, is injured and unable to proceed. Captain Thompson, now won over to the idea, volunteers in his place.



**4** FORMATION leaves the submarine in the dusk and begins the four-day-and-night trip up the Gironde River. Most of them overcome the hazards of a tide race, but two men are lost when their canoe overturns in surging water. The rest press on according to schedule.



**6** FOUR MEN, Stringer, Thompson, Clarke, and Rudock, reach the docks and decide on their final plan of action. Under cover of night, they paddle their two canoes in among the ships tied up at the surrounding wharves, and fix the limpet mines to the ships' hulls.

**7** LEAVING the scene (right), Thompson spots more big ships lying in a basin in the dock area and, although it's certain suicide, heads for them. Only Stringer and Clarke reach shore, where they await the result of their work. Soon the sky is lit with violent explosions.



**5** RATIONS and rest are taken during the day and the men travel by night. For a while this plan works well, but their luck runs out finally. During one respite a Nazi patrol accounts for four more marines.



## Hand in hand

From the earliest days, children learn to trust others. They naturally turn to grown-ups for help and guidance.

In the same way, grown-ups — and children too — turn for assistance in financial matters to the Bank of New South Wales (Australia's oldest company and largest trading bank). Many families have banked with us for generations. Tens of thousands of new customers use our services every year. They know "you can bank on the 'Wales'".

You, too, can become a customer of the "Wales". In most Australian States and Territories even the youngest children can open *savings accounts* in the Bank of New South Wales Savings Bank Limited. And throughout Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Papua and New Guinea, young people who have left school and begun to earn a regular income can open *cheque accounts* with the Bank of New South Wales.

If you want to know more about the Bank's services, call at any branch of the

## BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

FIRST BANK IN AUSTRALIA

(INCORPORATED IN NEW SOUTH WALES WITH LIMITED LIABILITY)

A GREAT AUSTRALIAN INSTITUTION  
AS606C

Here's a better way to  
**REMOVE HAIR**  
in only 3 minutes



It's so embarrassing — those glimpses of ugly underarm hair. Nothing so ruins a girl's attraction to men. But luckily the problem is now so quick and easy to solve. No scraping with razors. No sore, tender skin. Shaving, as any man will tell you, only makes hair grow again coarser and faster. Just smooth on dainty Veet cream. Leave for 3 minutes and then wash off. Every trace of hair is gone as if by magic. Hair is melted away just below

the surface. So no unsightly stubble remains — and regrowth is positively discouraged. Your skin is smooth and white. Veet is the only modern way to remove ugly hair from underarms. And don't forget legs too. They must be kept Veet-smooth and hair free *always*. Success is guaranteed with Veet, or money refunded. Veet at chemists, and wherever toilet preparations are sold. Large Economy (Double Size) 4/11. Medium Size 3/-. L205



# What you should know about those DULL NAGGING HEADACHES



*Dull, nagging headaches take the joy out of life. Your doctor knows that they are common symptoms of constipation—caused, in most cases, by lack of natural bulk in the soft modern highly-refined foods we eat.*

More people are suffering from more headaches today than ever before — and Australians are among the world's greatest consumers of headache remedies. If you suffer from frequent, or even occasional nagging headaches, this could be one of the most enlightening articles you have ever read.

**Can headache remedies harm your health?** Reputable brands of headache powders and tablets, taken in prescribed doses, are completely safe. In fact, by "short-circuiting" pain, they tend to reduce after-effects. The sensible procedure is to first relieve your headache, then discover what has caused it.

**Are headaches caused in many different ways?** Yes, because a headache is not so much a disorder as the symptom of a disorder. Often it is your first intimation that something is out of order. Most of us recognize the type of headache which announces eye-strain or nervous tension; far too many people suffer from the dull, nagging type of headache without suspecting the cause.

**Are "nagging" headaches hard to diagnose?** Not for a doctor. A dull headache, accompanied by a heavy, out-of-sorts feeling, is a common symptom of constipation.

**What causes irregularity?** In most cases, what we eat — or, rather, what we don't eat. Today's soft, over-refined foods don't supply our systems with the natural bulk they must have for normal daily regularity.

**Will a laxative help this type of headache?** Only temporarily. Harsh laxatives shock your system into violent activity, but don't reach the cause of the trouble.

**When headaches are caused by constipation, should we change our eating habits?** That would be one way — but there's an easier, pleasanter way to put essential bulk back into your diet. All you have to do is include crisp, nut-sweet All-Bran in your breakfast menu. All-Bran is a delicious cereal made by Kellogg's from the vitamin-rich, mineral-rich outer layers of the wheat grain. It is a generous source of B vitamins, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron. Many people enjoy All-Bran sprinkled over their usual cereal, others like it by itself, with hot or cold milk and sugar or fruit.

**Constipation remedies are often described as habit-forming. Is this true of All-Bran?** No, because All-Bran is a food. Not a medicine, not a habit-forming drug. You buy it from your grocer, along with other staple foods. There is no mystery about the way All-Bran goes to work. It simply supplies the bulk your system must have for normal daily regularity.

**Will All-Bran relieve long-standing cases of constipation?** Thousands of unsolicited letters testify to the fact that people who have been enslaved by the purgative habit for many years never needed another "dose". All-Bran restores daily regularity the natural way, freeing you from such symptoms as headaches, skin blemishes and that always-tired feeling.

## COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Enjoy tasty All-Bran for ten days. Drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days, you are not completely satisfied, just send the empty packet to Kellogg's and you'll get double your money back.

**KELLOGG'S  
NATURAL  
LAXATIVE  
CEREAL**



All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

AB55-5

Continuing . . . . .

# Cry of the Heart

from page 44

enemy had gone. She probably did not connect this fact with the thing her still-fearful eyes saw as the moon came from behind the clouds and shone down on a hole in the ground, flooding it in a torrent of silver light.

A black snake had suddenly poured itself into the light. Mu backed her wounded body away from it. The snake raised its gleaming antheric body from the ground and its hard, lidless eyes shone like tiny polished stones in the moonlight. Its tongue flickered and quivered as it tasted air filled with the rank smell of the Tiger Cat.

Mu, unfit to face such an adversary, shook with fear, twisted her wounded body back into the grass and went as fast as she could, running when she had the strength, crawling when she had not, until at last she reached the safety of her lair and began to massage her wounds with her healing tongue.

All might have been well for the little cat, in spite of the ugly fight, but a thunder-storm developed, and, like all cats, domesticated or wild, Mu was afraid of thunder. Lightning glittered jaggedly across the sky and thunder crackled and rolled. Shudders of fear rippled through Mu. The exertion and pain of the fight told on her.

While her magnificent constitution might have withstood the fight, the nervous strain and fear of the dry storm was too much. Just before dawn she lost her kittens, and dragged her torn body out of the lair and into the temporary shelter of a big piece of fallen bark, blown down by the storm wind. There she slept as soundly as her pain would allow her.

Mercifully, beyond a certain vague distress, Mu was untroubled by the loss of her kittens. Her healthy body soon healed. To Juli's delight, after she had given up hope of seeing her pet again, Mu came running to her while walking, as she usually did, up the river bank one day.

Juli squatted down and Mu rubbed her sides against her, purring so loudly that it was almost a growl. Juli fondled the cat, noticed that one ear was torn and that there was a scarcely-healed wound on her side and a lesser one on her shoulder. Right across the cat's nose was an ugly red scar that would never quite disappear. Chili had left the mark of the true wild cat on the cat that had gone wild. Juli played with Mu and went home happy.

During the next couple of years Mu had several families of kittens and she was a fiercely protective mother. Sometimes Juli found the litters, and sometimes she did not. Then something happened which changed her whole life, not only emotionally, but physically her time became less her own. She did not love Ma'amu any less, but she did not worry about her quite as much when she failed to see her for weeks on end.

Rita was going to have a baby. Juli was jubilant and tried to comfort Rita by offering to look after it. Rita went about, white-faced and miserable, looking reproachfully at Rock, who had hoped she would be pleased, believing that the future now held something for her.

The seasons had been bad for some time. Try as he would, Rock could not get ahead. He wanted to send Juli to Sydney with Rita so that the baby might be born there, but he was deeply in debt at the bank. So arrange-

ments were made at the Koonkoo Cottage Hospital, six miles away, where Rock's friend, Dr. Russ Farrar, was in charge.

Juli was in the seventh heaven. She was amazed at Rita's attitude. Motherhood to Juli meant the ecstatic, protective love that Ma'amu and her kind gave their young. She did not understand that the idea of having a child filled Rita with loathing and fear. To Rita the baby meant that another burden would be added to the endless heat and hardship of her life.

Rock bought an old engine with which to pump water. After digging the necessary trenches in the hard, dry earth, working early and late, for the scorching midday heat made it impossible to do such heavy labor then, he planted a big field of corn. He started the engine and pumped water through the trench to the furrows. The corn grew straight and strong and green.

Rita enjoyed sitting on the verandah that faced the cornfield. The patch of vivid green was startling in the middle of the brown, parched world. It became a symbol to her, a hope of something better in the future.

Rock worked ceaselessly. He could no longer afford to employ Tom, but Rita, wrapped in her own troubles, never noticed the drawn tiredness of his brown face. Rock thought that if the corn cropped well it would tide them over and, given one good season, things might be better all round.

So Rita sat most of the day on the verandah, lying back in a canvas chair, a listless, misshapen figure, her eyes always on the cornfield. Her mind dwelt longingly on the past, when she had been in her own country, and she forgot that then she had found its shortcomings unbearable.

She dwelt yearningly on that past life which she now believed had held all that she had ever wanted, the companionship of girls with her own outlook, an occasional new dress, Saturday night at the cinema, visits to the "local" in winter with snow thick on the ground, a warm, cosy parlor filled with the voices, expressions, laughter of her own people.

She brushed the flies from her face, and slapped at mosquitoes that clung to her bare arms. The evening shades fell over the ripe beauty of the corn. Darkness descended like a series of veils being thrown over the landscape. The corn was almost ripe, heavy ears swayed at the top of the green stalks. With an effort Rita lifted her clumsy body out of the chair.

Inside the small, wooden-walled room it was suffocatingly hot. Rita sighed fretfully and called "Rock! Juli!" but there was no answer. She decided she was too hot to sleep. The river water that Rock pumped into the bathroom tank was stale-smelling, but surely it must be cooler than the air?

She decided that if they didn't come back soon she'd have a warm bath and a cold shower, perhaps that would cool her enough to sleep.

Rita pulled off her thin dress and put a faded blue dressing-gown round her and went to the bathroom.

She looked with disgust at the chipped old bath. Over it hung a home-made, galvanised-iron shower. Holes were punched in the bottom of the container, over it hung an open pipe, the tap was half-way

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LOOK SMARTER . . .

FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE . . .



"Pelaco"  
Pyjamas

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"Grippers" are the easy-working smooth fasteners that add convenience to practically everything you wear. When buying shorts, pyjamas, denims, children's play togs, crawlers, snappy pants and rain wear too, make it a point to look for "Gripper" Fasteners. For home sewing buy a "Gripper" card and end button bother forever.



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down the wall. A frog sat on the pipe where it jutted from the wall. Rita shuddered, hoping it would stay there and not hop about.

At the end of the bath was an ancient chip-heater. She felt in the butter-box that stood on the floor beside it and found a few handfuls of pine-kindlings and some screwed-up pieces of newspaper, enough to heat the water for a skimpy bath.

Rita stuffed the chips and paper into the heater and held a match to it. She turned away and went back to her room to get her highly scented soap and flannel. She wandered about her room, pinning her hair back and dabbing lotion on her mosquito bites.

Suddenly she heard a shout and the pounding of heavy feet along the verandah to the bathroom. She came out of her door and heard a hollow, roaring sound.

It came from the bathroom and her heart sank.

"Somethin' wrong with that wretched heater, I won't get a bath after all," she thought.

Rock came out of the bathroom door, his face smoke-blackened, his hands grimy. He straightened wearily and pushed the hair from his damp forehead, leaving a black smear across it. He longed to turn savagely on Rita, to shake her—but what was the use?

At first he had been attracted by her physical fastidiousness, the way she fussed over her skin and hair; she stood there with bedraggled hair, white-faced, slovenly. He felt a revulsion that almost overwhelmed his pity. He spoke wearily, in the patient tones a man uses to a child.

"Didn't you know that the bathroom tank was empty? I've raked out the fire. Don't light it again without askin' me—"

Rita's eyes filled with tears, her mouth trembled.

Continuing . . .

## Cry of the Heart

[from page 48]

"I'm so hot. I can't sleep, I want a bath—"

Rock hesitated, then he said more gently, "I'll bring you some water to your room, you'll just have to have a wash. The bathroom's covered in smoke-black and bits of charred paper and wood. Lucky the walls didn't catch—"

"Lucky?" Rita glared at him. "Lucky? I wish the whole place'd burn down!" She turned and went heavily back to her room.

Rock filled a bucket with river water and carried it to Rita's room. She turned away while he filled the wash-bowl. He went back to the stables to help Juli to see to a motherless calf.

Later they both returned and got supper. Juli carried Rita's to her on a tray. She did her best. Plates and cup were washed as well as possible, but the slice of salt meat, marbled red and grey from brine and saltpetre, the stale white bread and oily butter, the strong, sweet tea nauseated Rita. She pushed it away.

Juli returned and collected the tray, too tired to comment on the untouched food. She washed up mechanically and then father and daughter went to bed and slept with the weariness of overworked animals.

For days Rock and Juli had noticed an increase in the number of field mice. They invaded the house and Rock was worried. He remarked that he hoped there would not be a plague of mice.

"Plague?" said Rita. "A plague of mice? There'd better not be, I'm not going to stick around through any mouse plague."

With a rare breeze blowing, Rita liked to watch the corn-

tops bowing before the wind and to listen to the silken squeaks when the long, sap-filled leaves rustled against each other.

But that night the whole family slept when the moon rose and its silver beams turned the darkened cornfield into a great lake of light. The ripe corn-tops kept up a perpetual whispering and stirred with an incessant shimmering movement that gave back the silvery gleams of moonlight in a myriad flashing blades of light. Yet no wind was blowing.

Tiny pinpricks of sudden light, always two by two, shone in millions from the leafy field. Little brown bodies were massed on every stalk, climbing, pushing, squeaking, until at the top the stalk could not hold them and it bent, cracking, towards the ground until the golden ears lay among the leaves and the small brown travellers left the stalk and devoured the grain.

Without pause the climbing bodies shredded the leaves and broke the stalks until at dawn only a handful remained. Beneath them the earth was padded high with long, green leaves already withering.

Among the leaves the mice moved and everything rustled. Tiny faces peered from holes in the ground or from among the leaves, millions upon millions of mice. This hungry horde had sprung from nowhere.

At dawn when Rock pushed open the wire door of his bedroom and walked wearily on to the verandah to begin the day's work, his eyes looked at the desolate scene before him. For a moment he did not take it in. Then suddenly he realised what this devastation meant.

He glanced down at the ground below the raised verandah; it was dotted with tiny holes and out of each hole peered a pair of bright eyes above a tiny twitching, whiskery nose.

A continuous line of mouse-traffic swarmed along the netting that fenced in the garden as though a thick brown pencil drew a continually moving line at ground level.

Rock leaned against a verandah post and thought what this meant to Rita, to Juli, and to himself. For him it was just another of the challenges which his sunburnt country gives to the men who would tame her, the challenges his grandfather and his father had met and faced, and from which they had been forced to give ground until all that was left was his own small acreage of farm and grazing land.

Juli—she would face it squarely with no self-pity, but she would mourn for him. And Rita, poor Rita, all her hopes were pinned on the ravished cornfield.

Rock always felt that he was the cause of Rita's unhappiness. He told himself he should have understood how difficult such a life would be for someone like Rita. She had none of the steel in her that had made other Englishwomen the greatest pioneers on earth. Rita measured everything in terms of its effect upon herself.

Now she must face the foul conditions of mouse plague to which there was no exact time limit. The mice might stay a few weeks, or for six months. He was dazed, unable to decide how he was to tell his womenfolk of the disaster. His face was as grey as the early dawn light, and his tall, spare body drooped at the shoulders.

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Dr. Mace sums up

### HIS MOTHER RAN OUR MARRIAGE

A WOMAN whose children have grown up and married may try to dominate the marriage of a son to whom she feels particularly close. She may have the kindest intentions. But her over-solicitousness can put a strain on her son's marriage.

In this case the tensions were not apparent to anyone concerned, because the young wife never asserted herself. She always yielded before the stronger personalities of both mother and son. But in a situation like this, where a submissive person suppresses her resentment to keep the peace, the marriage counsellor must deal with emotions concealed beneath the surface.

These emotions may have been gathering momentum for a long time, when suddenly they bring on a crisis which threatens to destroy the calm surface. It is the counsellor's task to explain this crisis and help the young wife to become more independent.

#### Send Dr. Mace your problem

DR. MACE will answer representative problems during his stay in Australia. Send your problem in now. You may use pen-names and disguised addresses for publication if you wish, but no letter will be considered unless name and address are given confidentially as a guarantee of good faith. Dr. Mace cannot reply personally.

Address your letters to Dr. Mace, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, and they will be forwarded to him for choice, and advice, which will be published on his arrival.

He heard a sound beside him, and something touched his arm. Then he heard the wailing cry of a tormented human animal.

"Rock! Oh, Rock—what's happened to the cornfield?" He forced himself to turn towards Rita. She stood there, made ugly and pitiful by her condition. He moved to put his arm around her, but she pulled away angrily, and began to cry in a hopeless way that hurt Rock more than her anger. He knew that anger would follow the tears, and as

usual this misfortune would be added to all the others for which she blamed him. He spoke quietly, his face expressionless.

"Rita, everything's all right, really it is. Try and understand. We'll beat the mice as we've beaten everything else. I'm terribly sorry. Some day I'll make it up to you—"

Her sobbing stopped with the flashing change of mood, he knew it so well. She took

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in  
passing

Even in passing you can see the difference! Persil-white makes other whites look positively seedy. Yet Persil whiteness is simply—perfect cleanness! Millions of soapy suds work through and through the weave, removing all the dirt. And Persil now contains a new blend of pure soap which is really kind to your hands and your clothes.

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# HURRY!

## CLOSING

# 31<sup>ST</sup> JULY

## Enter the £1,000 MAGGI Soup Contest

3 MAGNIFICENT PHILIPS TV  
SETS TO BE WON + 100 Consolation Prizes



All you do is  
write 25-35 words  
about MAGGI  
Chicken Noodle Soup

... and what could be easier or more enjoyable than writing about the best chicken noodle soup of all — MAGGI Chicken Noodle! First, buy a packet of MAGGI Chicken Noodle Soup ... make it ... then taste that REAL CHICKEN goodness. And it is real chicken ... made to a Swiss recipe from plump, tender chickens, gently simmered in the Maggi kitchens, delicately seasoned ... and generously enriched with nourishing egg noodles. It's really something to write about ... and Maggi Chicken Noodle costs only 1/4 a packet (a trifle more here 'n' there). Truly, it's Australia's best soup value!

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YOU MAY BE ONE OF THE FIRST TO HAVE TV! Imagine it: A magnificent Philips 17-inch television receiver installed FREE by your local Philips dealer in time for you to see the first regular telecasts. Nestlé's — the makers of MAGGI Soups — selected Philips TV as being equal to the world's best in TV reception. You'll be very lucky indeed to own one. If you live where TV reception or installation is either impossible or impractical, YOU WILL NOT BE THE LOSER. IN SUCH A CASE, £200 CASH WILL BE AWARDED.

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100 Nestlé's "Baskets" containing Maggi Soups, Maggi Aroma, Maggi Bouillon Cubes, Nestlé's Chocolates, Winning Post Chocolates, Nestlé's Cream, Sweetened Condensed Milk, Ideal Evaporated Milk, Sunshine Milk, Nesco Ice Cream Mix, Milo, Nescafé and Ricory.

### HOW TO SEND YOUR ENTRY

1. On a sheet of paper, print your name and address, and that of the store where you bought your Maggi Chicken Noodle Soup.
2. Using between 25 and 35 words, tell why you like Nestlé's Maggi Chicken Noodle Soup.
3. Attach an empty Maggi Chicken Noodle packet to each entry.
4. Mail your entry addressed to "Maggi," G.P.O. Box 7062, Sydney, N.S.W., to arrive not later than 31st July, 1956.

**CONDITIONS** No limit to number of entries, provided each entry is mailed separately. No entries received after 31/7/56 will be considered. No entries will be returned. Contest not open to employees (and their families) of Nestlé's or their advertising agents. Results will be published in Women's Weekly on 12th September, 1956. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. Winning entries become the property of Nestlé's Food Specialities (Aust.) Ltd., and may be used for advertising purposes.

Continuing . . .

her hands from before her face and looked at him with puffy, hate-filled eyes.

"Make it up to me?" her voice rose shrilly. "I'll be an old woman before you can give me anything—I thought Australia'd be better than—"

She turned heavily away. Rock stood against the post, not knowing what to do. Then Juli was beside him, her small stricken face turned upwards, her anxiety and pity all for him. His arm went round her shoulders and they stood together looking down at the devastated field . . .

Juli was the first to reach Rita's room when she cried out. They found her twisting about on the bed. She was in pain, but more than that, she shook with fear and distress. Juli stayed with her while Rock brought out the ancient utility and together they put the woman into it, propped her with pillows, and Rock started the noisy engine as they set out for Koonkoo Cottage Hospital, over six miles of unmade bush roads.

Juli had to stay behind. She was nine and she must look after the livestock. When the car was out of sight she went first and let Rock's two dogs, the kangaroo dog and the kelpie, off the chains. They had to be tied at night because they went hunting, ranging so far that they wanted to sleep by day when there was work to be done.

The child was not afraid of mice as she had known them, but this was a different thing. With every hour it seemed that the creatures increased their numbers.

Mice squeaked and rustled everywhere. In the stables, the wild cats attacked them; the dogs snapped and bit at the small bodies, dropping them with disgusted faces, but always a thousand more appeared running, darting, peering, searching endlessly for food.

The fowls began an unending battle, stabbing at the mice with their hard beaks. In spite of the netted doors, fixed into shaky frames, Juli found mice scurrying about the rooms. She pulled the mosquito-nets down and tucked them in round the mattresses, and as she did so mice ran over her feet, and squeaked as her hands touched them.

Already the air was becoming stale and nauseating. Juli had never seen a mouse plague, as they happen seldom. Because she was not used to them that first day became a nightmare. However, she was so busy that she did not have much time to miss her father or to think about Rita.

All day she expected her father to return, but he did not come. She milked the cows and scarcely touched any food herself. She threw away half a bucket of milk, because even as she milked the cow the mice scurried around and some clambered up the cow's legs so that she kicked and struggled. The mice fell into the half-filled bucket, so Juli carried the milk to the pigs.

Towards sundown Juli became anxious about her father, but there was no telephone and she dared not leave. She busied herself filling the top of the canvas drip-safe where the mice swam across the shallow water and climbed into the butter dish which she had placed in the centre like a small island. She carried in logs for the big stove and kept it going, with the kettle always ready for her father's return; but still he did not come.

It was sundown and getting dusky when she heard a long "mee-e-ow" outside, and walked on to the verandah to see Ma'am a few yards away, poised ready to run. Mu was thoroughly bemused by the brown horde, and in her be-

## Cry of the Heart

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wilderness she had come looking for Juli, perhaps hoping that her friend would get rid of the horrid little torments.

It had been during the night that Mu first became conscious that something strange was happening. As she hunted, mice ran from under her paws, they peered from shallow holes scooped in the dry earth. At first she killed the mice right and left with swift blows of her paws. But there were always more. They interfered with her hunting, and when she returned to her lair the warm earth was swarming with them.

Everywhere was the same, hollow logs were filled with the stale-smelling, wriggling creatures. She climbed to the bough of a tree, but the enemy had also climbed the rough bark and there was a trickle of them running along the boughs. Bewildered and worn out as well as hungry, Mu came looking for Juli, forgetting in her weariness and disgust the keen edge of her fear of man's house.

Juli bent down and picked the cat up gently, holding her in her arms. She knew she should not encourage Mu to come near the house, for soon Rita would return, but she was so lonely and worried herself that she needed the feel of the cat's solid, muscular body, the clean smell of her healthy fur.

Mu, who normally objected to being picked up, stayed in Juli's arms, although her

Don't tell your  
troubles to others.  
Most of them don't  
care a hang, and the  
rest are darned glad  
of it.

— American saying.

constantly rippling muscles and flicking ears, the quick turns of her head, nervously tensed paws and the incessant, controlled movement of her tail-tip showed that she was alive to the myriad enemies that encircle the life of any cat.

Juli carried Mu into the kitchen and Mu's whiskers twitched nervously at the walls and ceiling of the big box in which she found herself. Juli sat down on a chair and drew her feet up on to the rungs. For the moment movement stopped, then mice began running out on to the floor. She put her face down into Mu's fur. The room was full of the musky smell that permeated everywhere, and in the kitchen there was another, more pungent smell. A brick ledge ran round the wall behind the alcove in which the wood-burning stove was set. Along this brick poured a continuous stream of mice, squeaking, jostling each other so that periodically one of the brown-furred bodies would get pushed over the edge and fall on to the hot stove.

Presently Juli felt she must busy herself about something. She remembered the primitive mouse-traps that were in general use during a plague. She put Mu down carefully on a piece of newspaper on the kitchen table. The four legs of the table stood in water-filled tins and so the top was mouse-free.

Mu sat there, twitching her whiskers and looking about her with worried eyes. Juli went into the lean-to behind the kitchen and brought back an empty petrol tin. Mu sat watching, twitching her tail. Juli gave her a saucer of milk and, after the cat had peered at it suspiciously and sniffed,

she licked a drop from Juli's finger, then took a tentative sip from the saucer and settled on her front, as a domestic cat does, paws tucked into the muff of her chest, her tail coiled tidily around her.

Presently she rose and tried the milk once more, liked it, and emptied the saucer. Then Juli gave her a little raw meat, which Mu ate daintily. She was very hungry and the milk and meat smelt fresh and were untainted by the mouse-smell, and as cats eat by smell Mu accepted it.

She sat back licking her whiskers and feeling better. She rolled on her back and let Juli tickle the velvety fur across her full-fed stomach.

Juli looked at her lying there, a sinuous, elegant beast, made for love and destruction, the only completely untamable thing on earth. She bent lovingly over the cat, forgetting her habitual caution, and Mu, who was no one's plaything, drew one flashing paw lightly down the child's cheek. Juli put her hand up quickly and rubbed away the few drops of blood, but she still smiled down at the cat.

"You're a horrid girl, like all cats," she told her, "but I love you and I shouldn't have forgotten that you don't love anybody!"

Darkness fell and Rock had not returned. Shuddering a little, Juli took a lantern and went out to attend to the animals, forcing herself not to scream when her feet trod on a soft body, or her fingers touched something small and living among the animals' food.

When she returned to the kitchen she found that Mu, fed and rested, had left. Juli went unhappily to bed, lying awake, listening to the incessant squeaking and rustling around her, conscious of the unpleasant shaking of the mosquito nets as a mouse clung to them.

Afterwards, when she looked back on the mouse plague, Juli decided, in spite of everything, that the first day was the worst. In the morning she found her kerosene-tin trap, which she had half-filled with water, and over which she balanced a bottle corked with bread and with the neck greased with butter, had deposited so many mice in the water below, that the tin was full of the drowned creatures.

Yet there was no decrease in the vermin around her. She could not lift the tin to empty it, so she had to leave it and hope that her father would soon be home again.

Rock did not come home until the next day. Rita had a difficult premature confinement and he would not leave her in spite of his anxiety over Juli. He left the hospital an hour or so after his son was born.

He had been allowed a glimpse of the tiny, wizened baby. It had spidery limbs and the face of a monkey. The baby only weighed five pounds, the matron shook her head as she looked at the small scrap of life.

White and exhausted, Rita turned her pillowed head away from Rock. He sat quietly beside the bed for a little while wondering tiredly why he felt no elation over the birth of his son. All he longed for was to return home to his daughter, to Juli with her loving ways and her quiet eyes.

His mind wandered over the past as he sat on a hard chair, his unseeing eyes on his wife's white face and closed eyelids. He thought of her garish satin doll, bedizened with felt flowers, a silly smiling face and a satin skirt. Rita kept it on her pillow at home, it was

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## Drop in at the Week-end

SPICED RICE AMANDINE, savory loaf, coffee rolls, savory snippets, and coffee are fine foods for informal entertaining. See recipes below.

● The recipes on this page are especially for the hostess who likes guests to drop in for informal meals at the weekend.

OUR suggestion is also that you try some of these dishes for lunch one Sunday as a change from the traditional baked midday dinner.

Some of the more simple ones would make an ideal "brunch" (an informal combined breakfast and lunch) on Sunday morning. This is a meal that has proved popular overseas and is winning many supporters in Australia.

Try serving the main dish from a chafing ovenware or vacuum dish specially designed to keep food hot.

The recipes can also be used for Sunday suppers.

Spoon measurements are level in all the following recipes.

### SAVORY LOAF

One Vienna loaf, thick slices of skinned luncheon sausage, 1 large pickled onion (cut into slices), tomato slices, melted butter, lettuce leaves, mayonnaise, celery curls, radishes.

Cut bread nearly through at  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. intervals and carefully remove every second slice. Reserve these for canapés, or for making bread-crumbs. With melted butter brush both sides of slices remaining in loaf. Place on greased tray, bake in moderate oven until bread starts to become crisp. Pack the spaces between the slices with luncheon sausage, sliced pickled onion, and tomato slices. Return to oven for 10 to 15 minutes. Serve with salad ingredients and pickled onions.

### ASPARAGUS SOUFFLE

One cup asparagus soup,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup shredded cheese, dash of pepper, salt to taste, 4 eggs. Place soup and cheese in the top half of a double boiler, or in an enamel basin over a saucepan of boiling water, and stir until cheese melts. Beat egg-whites until stiff, carefully fold into asparagus soup-cheese mixture, add egg-yolks, salt and pepper. Pour into deep dish, stand in a pan of hot water, and bake in a very moderate oven approximately 50 minutes. Serve immediately.

### SPICED RICE AMANDINE

One cup uncooked rice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped onion,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped celery, 1 lb. beef sausages, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped toasted almonds, 1 large tin cream-of chicken soup,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup shredded processed cheese.



CHOCOLATE GINGER CAKE with coconut frosting is sure to appeal to those with a sweet tooth. The cake may be made without the frosting if a less sweet cake is desired, or you may prefer to use chopped seeded raisins instead of ginger.

Wash rice well, cook in boiling salted water 12 to 15 minutes or until barely tender. Drain, pour cold water through to separate the grains. Cook sausages in small quantity fat, drain well, cut into dice. Melt butter, add chopped onion and celery, and cook over low heat for 10 minutes. Add rice, parsley, almonds, soup, and shredded cheese. Reheat, turn into ovenware serving dish, and keep hot until serving time. This quantity makes six servings.

### COFFEE ROLLS

Three ounces butter or substitute, 14oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 4 cups self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt.

Beat butter or substitute to a soft cream with sugar. Add beaten egg and mix well. Stir in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Mix to a soft dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thickness. Cut into rounds with a 3 in. cutter.

Fold each one in halves, brush top with egg or milk, bake in a hot oven 10 minutes. Split and butter.

### HAM CANAPES

Cut sliced bread into rounds with a two-inch cutter, place on a flat tray in a very moderate oven, and bake until they are crisp and lightly browned. Allow to become quite cold, store in an airtight tin until required. For ham canapés use the following spread:

Ham Spread: Six ounces finely chopped ham, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 1 dessert-spoon butter, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, sliced stuffed olives.

Mix ham with mayonnaise, softened butter, and mustard. Spread thickly on the canapés, top with a slice of stuffed olive.

### SAVORY SNIPPETS

Cubes of unpeeled green cucumber, cubes of cheese, black olives, green olives, green glace cherries, Maraschino cherries, cubes of pineapple.

Spear ingredients, separately or in pairs, on cocktail sticks. Arrange a selection of these in small individual dishes.

### CHEESE BALLS

Quarter pound grated tasty cheese, 2oz. breadcrumbs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon evaporated milk, 1 egg-yolk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon mixed mustard, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs.

Mix grated cheese and breadcrumbs. Season with salt, Worcestershire sauce, and mustard; bind with evaporated milk and egg-yolk. Shape a teaspoonful at a time into balls, dip in egg-glazing, roll in breadcrumbs. Deep-fry golden-brown, drain on absorbent paper, keep hot in an ovenware dish in very moderate oven.

### SALMON SHELLS

Three-quarters pint thick white sauce, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon scraped onion, 1 large tin salmon or fish cutlets, grated cheese, chopped parsley, cooked pastry patty-cases.

Combine sauce, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, onion, and drained flaked salmon. Fill into pastry patty-cases, sprinkle top thickly with grated cheese. Reheat in moderate oven until top is bubbly and brown. Serve with chopped parsley sprinkled around the edge.

### CHOCOLATE GINGER CAKE WITH COCONUT FROSTING

Four ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. castor sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon coffee essence,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup warm water, 3 tablespoons finely chopped preserved ginger (drained free of syrup or with sugar removed), 2 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 2½ tablespoons cocoa, 2-3rds. cup sour milk (or fresh milk soured by adding lemon juice or vinegar a little at a time until it curdles).

Beat butter or substitute to a soft cream with vanilla and sugar. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, then gradually beat in coffee essence mixed with warm water. Add ginger, then fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with sour milk. Fill into 2 greased 7 in. sandwich-tins, bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold join with whipped cream, coat top and sides with coconut frosting, and decorate with fresh flowers.

Coconut Frosting: Place 1 cup sugar and 4 tablespoons water in saucepan. Bring slowly to boil, boil gently for 5 minutes. Pour slowly on to 1 stiffly beaten egg-white, beating continuously. Color and flavor as desired, pour over cake, and sprinkle thickly with shredded coconut.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert





## Vitamin fortified OVALTINE

*fights  
winter colds  
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"Last winter was a nightmare; my whole family suffered one cold after another. Having a friendly chat with my doctor, he advised me to put them all on Ovaltine. Believe me, it's the best advice I've ever had. So far my husband and the children have been free from colds, in fact, they all seem to have acquired a new vitality."

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In addition to the VITAMINS present in the rich, natural foods, OVALTINE is fortified with additional VITAMINS providing a balanced daily intake of VITAMIN A, B<sub>1</sub>, D, and NIACIN. With every cup of OVALTINE you get many more VITAMINS and therefore greater health benefit.

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# OVALTINE

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ANCHOVY appetiser is a delicious savory with which to start dinner. For luncheon, make it in a larger dish instead of in individual ramekins, and serve with green salad.

## £5 to Sweden

● A reader from Sweden wins this week's prize of £5 for an appetising little anchovy-flavored savory, which may be made in advance and re-heated just before serving.

ALL spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

### ANCHOVY APPETISER

Two small tins anchovy fillets, 2 or 3 large potatoes, 1 onion, 1/4 cup evaporated milk or cream, pepper, soft white breadcrumbs, butter, parsley, and extra anchovy fillets to garnish.

Peel and slice potatoes into thin straws. Arrange around sides and base of greased ramekin dishes. Place a layer of sliced onion on top, then

anchovy fillets, then rest of potato straws. Sprinkle with pepper, pour a little anchovy liquid and half the evaporated milk over contents of dish. Top with breadcrumbs, dot with butter. Place in moderate oven. After 15 minutes add remaining evaporated milk, continue cooking until potatoes and onions are quite soft. Serve hot, garnished with parsley and anchovy fillets.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Danielsson, Brantingsgatan 21 Iv, Stockholm, Sweden.

### Tony's luxury dish

## CHEESE FONDUE

TONY CLERICI, well-known Sydney restaurateur, describes Cheese Fondue as "a popular dish of melted cheese, something like a welsh rabbit."

"It is best made of good dry gruyere cheese," he said, "but local Swiss gruyere may be used. This dish is ideal for a late supper."

For six persons you will need:

One and a half pounds dry local Swiss gruyere cheese, 2 wineglasses dry white wine, 6 egg-yolks, salt and pepper to taste, 1/2 lb. butter, little cayenne pepper, 2 tablespoons flour, French bread.

Grate or cut the gruyere cheese into small dice. Put butter and cheese together in a double boiler over hot water. Add flour, stir all together, and when well mixed add white wine, a few drops at a time, and stir constantly. When cheese and wine are well blended add 6 egg-yolks well beaten, and stir for three minutes. Add salt, pepper, and cayenne.

Here is a novel way of serving the fondue. Place top half of double boiler on a plate and serve directly from it. Cut the French bread into big, thick cubes. Each person spears a cube of bread on a cocktail stick, dips it into the fondue, and eats it.

### FAMILY DISH

SMOKED cod or haddock fillets make this week's family dish. It serves four or five, and costs approximately 6/-.

### SAVORY COD CASSEROLE

One pound smoked cod or haddock fillets, 3 potatoes (boiled and skinned), 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 large tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon melted butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 3 tablespoons grated cheese.

Cut fish into service-sized pieces, cover with cold water, bring to the boil, simmer until tender. Drain, remove skin. Line greased ovenware dish with sliced potatoes, season with salt and pepper. Arrange fish pieces in dish, sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Cover with sliced tomato, then balance of potato slices. Mix melted butter or substitute with milk, add onion, and pour into dish. Cover top with grated cheese and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

[ADVERTISEMENT]

## LEMON IMPROVES THE COMPLEXION

By  
MARGARET MERRIL

In past talks I have dealt with other important methods of improving the complexion facials, ice water, steaming methods and so on. These are fairly good regular ways of keeping the skin young.

However, some skins are not always at their best and have a tendency to wrinkling or coarseness because of an excess of skin acids. Sometimes this is caused by a wrong diet and sometimes it is a natural characteristic.

Lemon, usually considered an acid by most people, really has an alkali reaction and is therefore most valuable for clearing up an acid skin tendency. Put a little lemon juice on the face, neck and hands about once a week. First wash well, rinse in cold water and apply for about one minute, massaging gently. Then rinse and treat the skin with oil of ulan which gives neutral protection.

A good routine is first face steaming three minutes, lemon treatment one minute, and then the ice water toning. These treatments have all been explained in these columns. They will re-appear, so please cut them out for future reference to minimise correspondence.

(Copyright: Margaret Merrill Beauty School.)



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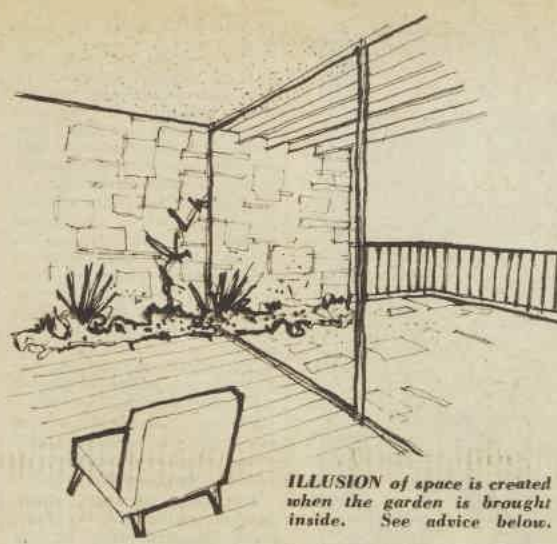
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MODERN IDEA of the bay window combines easily with an indoor plant bed and window-seat.



ILLUSION of space is created when the garden is brought inside. See advice below.

## INDOOR GARDENS

It is sometimes difficult to plan indoor garden beds or box gardens in houses that are not built flush to the ground.

MR. and Mrs. Evans, for example, had planned their house with an elevated floor and terrace.

Indoor gardens fit more easily into houses designed on a waterproofed slab laid directly on the ground.

However, by using a little care it is possible for the Evans' to have an indoor garden.

The concrete of the terrace can be formed into a deep soil pocket which carries up to an external glass wall. An opening in the wood floor inside is provided to take a drained galvanised iron or copper tank.

When the inside and outside beds are filled with soil the effect is of a garden bed

carrying right into the living-room. The illusion can be strengthened by carrying an external wall material, such as face-brick or stone, into the living-room behind the planting bed.

Another suitable idea for an

### ARCHITECT'S DIARY

By Sydney architect W. J. McMURRAY

elevated house like the Evans' is a contemporary development of the bay window. The floor can be designed to project to form a bay in which a metal tank can be placed. This forms an internal planting strip against the glass. If the window is deep enough, a row of cushions can be ar-

### ASK US

In response to many readers, we will incorporate a special section in this feature to answer building questions of general interest.

We invite readers to send in their building problems. Every week Mr. McMurray will choose questions and answer them in this column.

ranged on a platform to make an attractive window-seat.

Mr. Evans had seen illustrations of climbing plants used indoors, but was worried that plants of that type would stain the walls if allowed to grow too close.

I explained that because of this possibility, brick, stone, or natural timber walls were better than highly finished ones. A light bamboo trellis fixed between floor and ceiling clear of the wall creates a pleasant effect.

In an existing house the most economical arrangement is to place a metal trough on blocks directly on the floor and take a small drainpipe through the floor.

The trough can be concealed with a removable outer covering of bamboo, or timber.

Names used in Architect's Diary are fictitious.

### MOTHCRAFT

"YOU and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, is an attractively illustrated parentcraft book which gives practical, simple, and concise advice to mothers and expectant mothers.

Pre-natal and post-natal exercises, early care of the baby, and many useful hints are included.

The book is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4089, G.P.O., Sydney, price 12/6, plus 9d. postage. Please print names and addresses clearly.

## Young at heart



...the Weat-Hart way

It's not how old you are, it's how old you feel. Many middle-aged mothers miss the greatest blessing in life—that of being happy and healthy while their children are going through that vital stage between adolescence and full maturity. A mother *must* be young at heart to really live. Rich natural Vitamins and Minerals in combination are the first essential in middle age when the body needs toning up. Try PRO-VITA Weat Hearts on your morning cereal or fruit for just one month, and see how much better you feel!

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Continuing . . .

## Cry of the Heart

(from page 50)

so precious to her that Juli was not allowed to touch it. The gnome-like baby was no more beautiful, he thought, but at least he was Rita's own child. And yet, even now that she had seen him she seemed devoid of natural feeling.

There was something hideous about this lack of tenderness to Rock who had seen so much of the rapture that comes to animals at the birth of their young. He felt mingled pity and revulsion for Rita. It had been so different with Juli's mother.

There seemed no point in sitting longer beside the passive figure on the bed. He rose.

"If you want me Russ'll let me know. I must go, Juli's alone." Rock spoke awkwardly, adding, "I'm glad it's over."

Rita kept her eyes closed and pretended not to hear. Rock hesitated, then he left the room quietly and went to find the doctor, who had just driven up in his car.

Dr. Farrar was an old friend of Rock's. They had spent much of the last twenty-four hours together; he sensed, without being told, Rock's unhappiness and Rita's bitterness. He said to Rock, "Your wife'll be better now she has the baby, better about life in general. This country's been hard on her."

Rock looked at him gratefully. "I know, Russ. She's had a pretty tough time of it. Everything's gone wrong. I'd like to send her away for a while but I can't afford it. She's looked pretty crook since the baby started."

"How's my girl, Juli?"

Juli was a special friend of Russ's. He had brought her into the world and he had a great admiration for her tough independence. Rock looked worried.

"I suppose she's all right. It's not much of a life for her at Booramby right now. She ought to have other kids to play with and I want her to have an education and be somebody, but I don't know how I'm going to do it. She's never ill, you know that, but—well, she's awfully thin, sort of delicate-lookin'—"

The doctor laughed.

"Delicate? Nonsense! Juli's built of the fibre of the out-back. She has that indestructible strength that's a part of our women, and some of them find it a cruel gift. All life persists here and you can't find a medical explanation for it. You and I've both seen bullocks bogged in the mud, half-eaten by dingoes, and ants swarming over them, and the poor devils are still alive."

Rock said sadly, "Oh, I know how tough the animals are,

and we are too, but I just don't want life to be too hard on Juli—"

"Don't worry, Rock, Juli won't break under physical hardship. The trouble is that she's as sensitive as she's tough. She won't die of hardship, but she will die many times emotionally, and there's just nothing you can do about it."

"She's terribly excited and happy about the baby."

"I'll bet she is. This baby'll make up for everything that life has done to Juli so far. You know Rock, perhaps if it had to happen, then the fact that her mother died when she was so young might have been the best thing for Juli. She wasn't old enough to realise her loss and she centres all the affection she has and that's a great deal on you."

For an instant Rock's eyes reflected the memory of Juli's strong, quiet mother, and he felt deeply grateful that his daughter had inherited her mother's sympathetic nature and her quality of ignoring physical hardships.

He roused himself and said: "Well, I'd better be off, Russ, Juli's on her own and hasn't heard anything yet. If—Rita wants me you'll have to get someone to come for me and I'll be here as soon as I can. I'll bring Juli along in a day or two if that's all right with you?"

"Yes, fine, whenever you like, let her come and see the boy and then both of you have tea with mother, eh?"

Rock nodded. "Thanks, we'd like that." He ran down the steps, jumped in the old truck and set off for home.

Rita stayed in hospital over three months. Thus she avoided the worst of the mouse plague, which was not nearly as bad in the township as it was on the strip of land about Booramby.

There were only four beds in the pine-walled ward of the Cottage Hospital in which Rita stayed after the birth of the baby. The other beds were filled with a succession of women who usually left after ten days or a fortnight. Most of them were friendly bush women, who tried to be pleasant to Rita. But she, with the air of one who has seen much of the world, gave the impression of despising them.

When their lusty young were given to them at feeding times Rita felt them pitying her because she could not feed her own tiny child. Any tenderness that might have developed in Rita was killed by the lack

of this physical and emotional tie. Rita persuaded herself that it was rather smart to have a bottle-fed child. She did not want to feed him herself, but she resented that the choice did not lie with her.

She was weak for a long time. Even lying in bed too heat exhausted her. She lay day after day, staring at the dark knots in the pine boards, until they became small faces and gnome-like figures and formed a slow-moving kaleidoscope that sent her to sleep. The tiny maternity ward was clean and bare, its open windows protected by green fly-netting. A small table for charts and drinking water also held a vase of bright flowers. These were brought by grateful ex-patients. Whenever they came into the township they liked to call at the hospital with eggs, fruit, or flowers. They were proud of their hospital, grateful for the care they could get there. They enjoyed talking over their past illnesses with a favorite nurse or with the matron.

Rita gave the patients, past and present, the feeling that she had known better hospitals. She lay back in her own flimsy pink nightdress while the other women wore the rough cotton garments supplied by the hospital. Rita read such women's tattered periodicals as Rock could bring her. She offered these to the other women and tried to be friendly, but succeeded in sounding patronising.

Once she heard one woman whisper to another that she "put on side," an unforgivable bush sin.

Twice a day her child was brought to her. She never dared tell the nurse she did not want him. Sometimes, when she felt hostile eyes on her she forced herself to smile into his unchanged, wizened face. Then once, when he actually kicked feebly, she was afraid at the sudden stab of affection she felt for the little boy.

When she was strong enough to sit on the verandah the nurse brought her little jobs to do. She did these grudgingly, listlessly, and only because she had to. Gradually she grew stronger, and it was largely pity for Rock and the baby that made Dr. Farrar and the matron connive at keeping Rita in hospital while the mouse-plague raged.

It was pity for her, too, for

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

## EMBROIDERY TRANSFER AND CROCHET PATTERN



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they realised her utter inability to cope with her life and recognised that her show of indifference was a form of bravado. True emotion brought pain and Rita had always run from pain.

A glut of mice brought a mysterious sickness to many of the native and the feral cats around Booramby. They became deathly ill, some were partially paralysed, and the mouse-horde scabbled in their fur and ran over their prone bodies with no sign of fear.

Fowls, too, became ill. Some died, others staggered miserably about, their tail feathers heavy with lime, but finally most of them recovered. No one fished in the river for the surface of the water was criss-crossed by tiny moving dots, the heads of swimming mice.

Ma'amu did not suffer from mouse-sickness because she refused to eat them and hunted diligently for other game, crushing and killing hundreds of mice as she went about in the bush, but eating only an occasional one.

The plague upset the normal rhythm of her existence a little and there was a gap in her twice or thrice yearly production of litters.

Chil, the Tiger Cat, worried her when he could. She was always watching warily for his eyes, bright in his pointed, malicious face, peering from a bush or gazing down at her from the branch of a tree, but she managed to avoid a direct encounter.

Rock took Juli to see her little step-brother on many occasions before he brought Rita home. The first time she saw the baby she felt that her heart was not big enough to hold all the happiness that welled up within her. In her arms she felt the living warmth of his light body, she looked down at the tiny, wise face, and the utter helplessness of the small animal filled Juli with an innocent sensuousness; she abandoned herself to this new and lovely emotion.

She learned everything the nurses would teach her about the baby's care. She made and

Continuing . . .

gave him his bottles, pitying Rita because she could not feed him herself. Rita forced herself to appear indifferent to the sickly little boy, and she saw advantages for herself when she sensed that Juli loved him with the passionate, fierce devotion that Ma'amu gave to her kittens.

He was always known as "Boy," and Juli mourned over his shrunken little body and rose to the seventh heaven of happiness when the baby seemed contented when she nursed him.

When Dr. Farrar was satisfied that the baby was in a condition to be sent home, he told Rock he could take his wife and child back to Booramby whenever he liked. By then the mouse plague had lasted for three months and was about to break up. Rock left Rita and the baby in hospital for a fortnight longer, for he knew that the last phase of the plague was a most unpleasant one.

Disease and disintegration began, the mice disappeared almost as quickly as they had arrived. Life became normal again at last. Walking along the verandah at night Rock could look across the harsh flatness of the sunburnt paddock without seeing a million pairs of eyes, bright as fireflies in the moonlight, and he could plan normal work and living once again.

As if to make up for the awful thing the country had inflicted on her children, rain and sunshine alternated and the land bloomed.

After she was home again Rita seemed better and more cheerful than she had ever been, and if she seemed uninterested in her baby, Juli was ecstatically happy in caring for him. She did everything for the boy and lavished all the love of her heart on him.

Life became very pleasant for Ma'amu, too. Occasionally, while Boy slept, Juli walked along the river-bank

## Cry of the Heart

from page 54

and called to Ma'amu. She felt she could not bear her cat to forget her completely, but as she had very little time to spare she often failed to find her.

Pumpkin seeds sprouted on a piece of level ground on top of the bank beyond Ma'amu's lair. She loved the broad green leaves of the plants and the hairy, serpentine stems that sprawled over the sandy soil.

The cat played and hunted small game among the leaves, and delighted in stalking one of the myriad little black-dotted, red-winged ladybirds that swarmed over the giant leaves and the big yellow-and-white flowers.

After a successful night's hunting and a doze, Mu came out of her lair, looked around and then trotted off, tail and head high, towards the pumpkin patch. She was a beautiful, glossy, muscular cat, marred only by a tattered ear and a torn furrow across her nose, and, when the wind blew her fur, the scar from a savage bite might show, all souvenirs of Chil.

She paused on her walk and combed the bark of a tree, not only to put a point on to her claws, but also because the exercise stretched her lithe body. She finished stretching and clawing and stood gazing across the river to where she heard the noise of cattle coming up from watering. They stood for a minute, red beasts in a frieze composed of brown earth and blue sky.

Over her head a kookaburra sitting on a bough began his reckless, bubbling song. Near at hand her sharp eyes caught a glimpse of a kingfisher peering from under his gay little feathered bonnet as he perched on a twig a few yards away. The cat's serene eyes, round and mint-green in the early light, filled with their hunting glare. She crouched close to the ground and the tip of her tail quivered as she prepared

to leap. But the kingfisher was away with a quick flirt of his rainbow wings. Mu relaxed, rose and walked high once again.

There, in the morning sunlight of her own country, she was as much of an exotic as any orchid might have been. As all cats do, she belonged only to herself, to no land, no people and no time.

Mu seldom purred except over her kittens, but she felt so fine that morning when she threw herself on the sandy ground under the pumpkin leaves that she gave vent to an enclosed and private sound, a purr that was like the muffled whirring of a myriad wings.

The exercise had sharpened Ma'amu's appetite, and she prepared to kill something as a part of her early-morning game.

She rolled on her back and began what some naturalists

call the "contortion trick." This trick is used, too, by foxes, stoats, and ferrets. Mu twisted and contorted her graceful body as if she was having a fit. Whereupon the kookaburra stopped its singing and dropped down one bough nearer the ground. A small iguana, going quietly along the top of the bank hesitated, lifted its head and flickered its tongue in and out. Then, instead of rising on its legs and racing away it came a few steps closer with the strange, wheeling motion of its hind legs.

Mu was enjoying herself mightily. Many curious creatures stopped going about their business and peered at the tiny panther, the only living thing that seems to be compounded of three distinct parts—mammal, reptile, and flower. In a fine simulation of a cat having convulsions, a performance that rouses the curiosity of all possible victims, Mu continued to writhe, waving her three pink pads and the one

black one in the air so that she appeared to have legs ending in little bunches of close-packed, satiny—and prickly—buds.

She kept a wary eye on the approach of anything representing food as she gave her performance—and then, quite suddenly and to her great annoyance, her various quarry melted away.

This was so strange and unexpected that it called for investigation. Mu rolled easily to her feet and prepared to shake the sand out of her silken coat. Then something whizzed past her ear. She sprang straight into the air and landed in reverse, facing the danger that she sensed without seeing it.

There, glittering like copper in the sunlight, was a six-foot tiger snake. The tiger is one of the few Australian snakes that will attack without being attacked. By some swift, reflex movement Mu's head had

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## Adam and Eve

Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

### JUST LIKE A MAN

MY teenage son was looking at an old penny which had come into his possession. On hearing him say it was dated 1916, I called out:

"Your penny is the same age as I am, Alan."

"Gosh," he answered, "it doesn't look that old!"

£2/2/- to Mrs. M. J. Boyle, "River-side," Beverley, W.A.

• Send your entries to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

### JUST LIKE A WOMAN

MY wife recently gave an afternoon tea party, and one of the guests brought her a small present—an apron, which was very pretty and made of flimsy material. After the girls had gone and I returned home, my wife proudly showed me the apron and remarked:

"I would have worn it to do the washing up, but I was afraid I might've splashed it."

£2/2/- to Mr. H. Angel, 30 Hastings Pde., North Bondi, N.S.W.

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flicked out of the way of its deadly strike and the snake had coiled itself for another attack.

Tiger snakes have very short poison fangs, and sometimes a thick-coated animal will find protection against them, but the tiniest scratch means almost instant death, for its venom is more potent than that of any snake.

Behind Mu was a steep ridge, but she could not spring up it without turning her back to the snake, and there would be time for the copper head to strike at her.

Without an instant's hesitation Mu sprang, not up the bank, but to reverse her body once more, so that she was tail-on to the snake, and with the same movement her raking hind paws kicked out a stream of sand straight on to the snake's evil head. It recoiled, for its lidless eyes had no defence against this attack. Again the cat's muscular hind legs tore at the sand, then she sprang round, facing the snake.

The thick coils were doubling on themselves and the snake was in retreat. Whether because she had been robbed of her play and of her food or whether she felt the lust for power at so easily routing her enemy, a sudden, panther-like fury struck the cat.

Instead of moving away, she sprang straight on to the sliding coils and bit deep into the spine and off again. The snake writhed and a cloud of sand was stirred up by its lashing coils. It was hurt, but not killed, and before it could collect itself Mu sprang in front of its head and whipped out one paw after the other. Her claws glanced across the sand-bemused eyes as the snake struck blindly in all directions.

But, like a boxer who can see the direction of his opponent's next punch, Mu was

Continuing . . .

never where the head landed. She made her final spring just behind the head, where the neck is narrowest, and bit clean through the spine, holding her light balance on the whipping coils in the way that a mongoose does. Then she sprang clear and the snake thrashed around in an aimless way, paralysed and dying.

Mu watched her enemy with round, solemn eyes that gradually turned from hard jade to willow-tip green. When she was convinced the snake would trouble her no more, she made her feline gesture of insolence by beginning her own toilet only a foot away.

The good season brought a vigorous growth of green things — grass, wild flowers, seeding plants all sprang up everywhere. As the vegetation flourished and increased, so did the vegetarian animals. That in its turn brought about more births of the carnivorous animals that fed upon them and thus the cycle of life was fulfilled.

The feral cats that infested the bush preyed upon the abundant small life, and they in turn were hunted by the ferocious native cats which also multiplied in the good season. The snake tribes did not suffer from over-gorging on the mice, but were full-fed and followed in the wake of the plague, enjoying the easy pickings.

Mu, full-fed and vigorous, led for a time a satisfactory existence, getting great joy from her various kindles of kittens. She prowled about, a tiny ghost-hunter of the grass-stems, always remembering the places she saw that would make suitable homes for her babies. This way she moved

## Cry of the Heart

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continually and made it more difficult for her enemy, Chil, to discover her young.

Wherever she might make her temporary den, Mu always returned every year to the cave in the earthy bank above the river, where she had grown up in the care of her mother Tab. Perhaps she went back because it was a fine lair for a cat. It was dry, and the space that held the kittens was not directly in front of the entrance, but came out like the top of a short L.

Or perhaps she remembered hazily that it had been for herself a place of peace and of the fierce protection of her mother, to which was added the memory of loving human hands.

This was the lair that Juli knew, the place in which she always looked first when she hunted for Mu. Possibly the lingering human scent she left behind her might have helped to protect the cave from the ravages of Chil, for he seemed not to have discovered this particular lair. If he had he kept clear of it. Native cats' sense of smell is so acute that they can follow a human trail, so Juli's brief visits might have made him wary.

Every day, in spite of her perfect health and activity, Ma'amu, like any other cat, went through the game of death that all cats play daily. Sometimes Juli found Mu and watched her as she rose from her delicate death-sleep, stretched, and spruced herself.

By that time her supple limbs were in good working order. Then she went through the routine of her death-play

although the time had not come for her to kill in reality. She dropped low to the ground and crept through the grass on her stomach, pausing for the quick flash of a paw as she patted a fallen leaf.

Juli recognised this for the cat's hunting play, a rehearsal for catching ground game, such as a mouse or a lizard. Then, because she was young, Ma'amu fluffed her fur, curved her body and thrust her tail to one side until it became a bent bottlebrush, and gave a few stiff, bucking steps. Ma'amu, little ghost of the bush, challenged a ghost cat.

Her supple body relaxed. She sprang into the air lengthening herself, stretching out small hairy arms that ended in paws with the claws unsheathed as she hunted invisible birds.

Always the last exercise of this inherited routine was one that many a small fish has recognised too late. The cat humped her back, leaping a little and hooked her front paw through invisible water. After that the cat was ready to go about the business of hunting with loosened muscles and stimulated appetite.

Cats do not ask for love or help from man. Ma'amu accepted just as much or as little of Juli's protection as she chose, but she remained independent of it. Man is for a cat merely a business associate; if food is supplied then so much the better, the hunting instinct lies dormant, but only while protection is accepted.

Ma'amu was still young and in the height of her breeding power. Normally she would go on having litters until she was twelve years or older. But because all cats are highly ner-

vous there was always the chance that some sudden fright might bring on a miscarriage. If that happened, then Ma'amu would begin calling a few days later.

This behaviour pattern would remain constant with Ma'amu over the years, until with increasing age she would breed less often. Then, if life continued in the usual way, with the lessening of the number of litters would come a sense of loss. Perhaps she would try to add the young of other animals to her own litters, often choosing creatures she would have killed unhesitatingly during her earlier years.

Young rats are favorites with old queens. Baby rats sprawl and feed among the kittens. Innumerable mother cats have come finally to the adoption of ducks or chickens.

Ma'amu, running wild and free, had all her instincts keenly alive, her body perfect in its strength and beauty. Juli looked at her proudly and remembered what Dr. Farrar had told her about the origins of the cat. She saw in her Mu a true descendant of her first mother, the Cat of Bubastis who met the Satyr—forefather of all cats in the wild woods of Europe.

Juli's childish imaginings ended here. She knew nothing of "the insatiable sea" to which she, too, would some day become heir; nothing of the desire that had gleamed in the sacred cat's round green eyes at the sight of shaggy flank and cloven hoof, of the lust and sweat and gaiety of the Satyr, lured by the aloofness of the fastidious little panther to take her to mate.

To be continued

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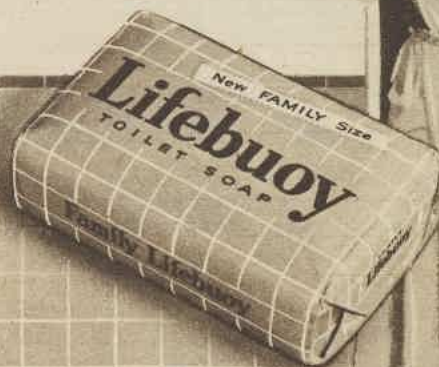
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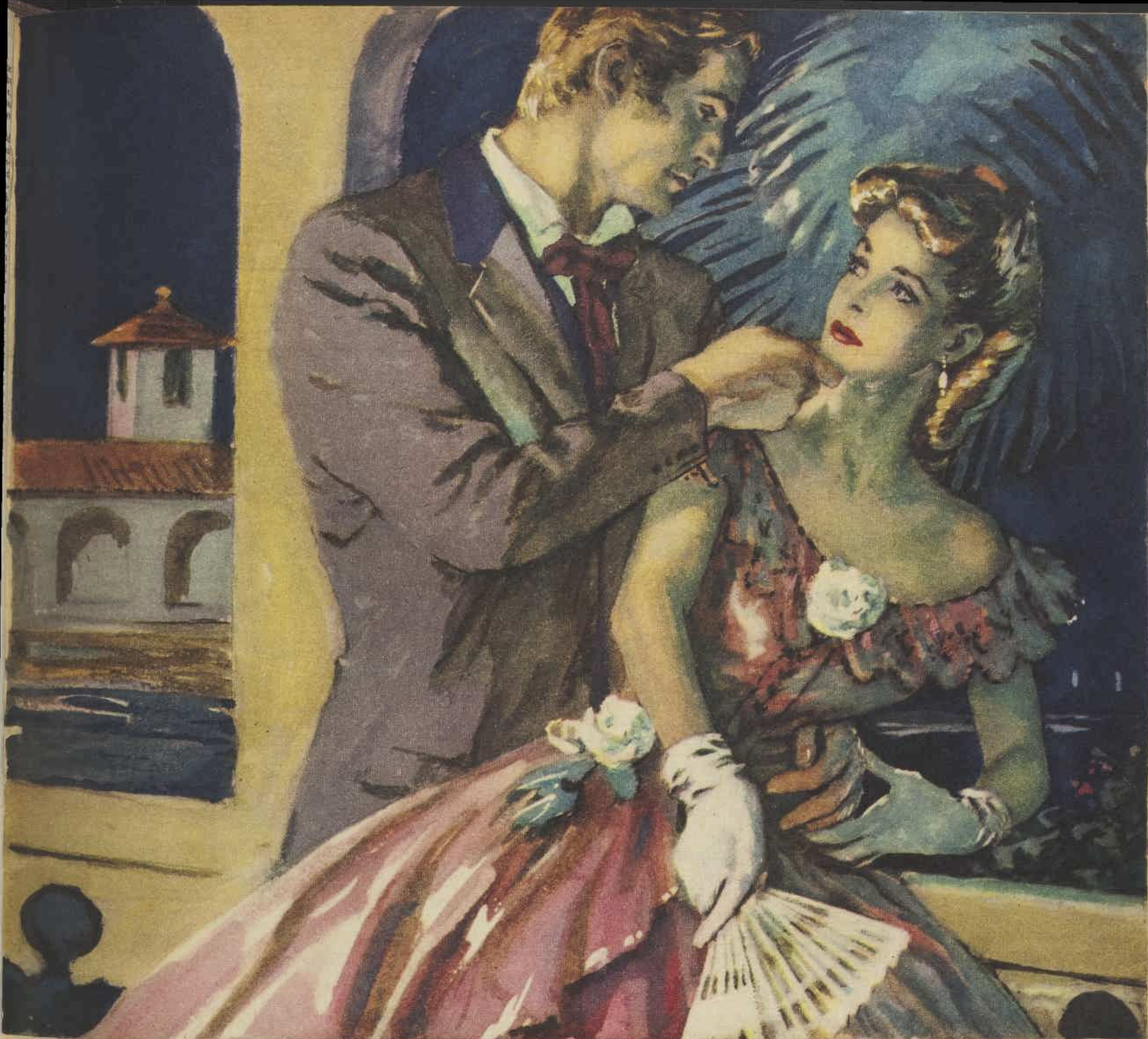
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# MISS HARRIET TOWNSHEND

Our complete novel By **KATHLEEN NORRIS**

**O**N a hot, sunshiny January morning of the year 1872 the barque Queen Emma, 23 days out from the Sandwich Islands, came to harbor through the Golden Gate.

The blue waters of the bay were as peaceful as rippled satin this morning, the hills of the eastern shores only a shade darker. But San Francisco's heights were sharply etched against the sky.

A woman and a girl came out to the rail of the Queen Emma waiting for the tiresome preliminaries of landing to be over. The woman, clad in a traveller's black cloak and heavy Scotch shawl, wore grey braids wound about a handsome head and a widow's cap with a limp black streamer surmounting the braids. Her face was reddened by the fresh wind that was shaking the sails as they came down, her grey

eyes keen and interested as she gazed about her. The girl of 17 who leaned on her arm was of frail, small build, with curly red hair and black-lashed eyes. She also was well bundled in wraps, but with a gallant smile on a very pale face she protested against them.

"Mother love, we can loosen up. That's sunshine. Oh, and that's San Francisco. We're here. It's all like a dream."

"That's a church," said the mother, her eyes mounting the rise of California Street. A street of wooden buildings, with sidewalk stalls where apples and oranges gave bright color to the picture. Above them were the jumbled flat roofs of Chinatown, and on their southern boundary the solemn tower of the brick cathedral.

Above again were empty lots, unpaved dirt streets, and

the superb line of half a score of enormous residences in the building, grand in window glass and brick chimneys, crowning the crest of Nob Hill.

Mrs. John Townshend, born Mary Josephine O'Neill, of Cork, Ireland, did not know the names of these streets and hills, but she knew much about them. No steamer in two long years had left San Francisco for the Sandwich Islands without bearing her a letter from her son. Johnny had been with the Wells Fargo Bank for two years now. He knew San Francisco well; he had written her of the city's wealth and the Flood and Crocker and Hopkins mansions.

Johnny himself was presently waving madly from the dock; Johnny was across the gangplank and on board. Johnny

*Continued overleaf*

*Dunlop*



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OVER 4 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD

## "MISS HARRIET TOWNSHEND"

had his sister and his mother in a wild embrace. Tall, changed, but Johnny!

"Hattie," he said over and over, "you've got so pretty!" Mrs. Townshend, meanwhile, had beckoned two Chinese boys, pigtailed and cotton-clad, to take charge of her luggage. "Where do they take them, Johnny?" she asked briskly.

"Well, you're at a place on Taylor Street. It's quite a bit up the hill; I've a carriage here." Johnny handed his sister down the gangplank, came back for his mother.

"Ugh, that horrible ship, I shall never be hungry again!" groaned Miss Hattie, lifting skirts over her crinolines as she came down. But her color was already beginning to bloom, and more than once as they drove up the hill she laughed with amazement and delight at the scenes about her, and was prettier than ever.

"Johnny, they're Indians, aren't they? Men with long hair; don't they look silly! And the coolies, of course. And everyone richer than Croesus from the mines!"

"I'll talk to you about it later, Ma," said Johnny, squeezed between them and holding a hand of each. "But we ought to put something into these mines. Machinery costs money, and there are always fellows about who are looking for investors."

Mrs. Townshend straightened her fine broad shoulders. "All I know is keeping boards, Johnny. There must be decent people here who want a boarding-house."

She was looking at her strange surroundings with eager interest. Widowed twice at 45, and self-supporting for some half-dozen years, she had resented the idleness that a month's waiting for the ship had forced upon her in Hawaii. This city of San Francisco was her oyster; she felt in her veins that it was a wise step that she had taken. She had done well in Honolulu. She would do better here. Straight away she would look for some good big house, and find where the markets were.

"Oh, Ma, it's beautiful! Think of us being in America, everyone speaking English!" Hat exulted.

Mary Townshend fell silent, saying the Angelus in her heart. She had brought her worldly possessions and her daughter safely up from the faraway island that never had been home to her. She was reunited at last with her beloved only son. The years of struggle had left her small visible returns. This western city already seemed to have shown her that this was her place, that she could live and work here.

Then began golden days for Mary Townshend even as these were golden days for her adopted city. First came the stir of the big house. Her eye, her voice, her step, her hand were everywhere. In the long parlors flowers must be fresh, curtains snowy, fire brasses and polished surfaces shining. The boarders trickled down, and the mistress of the house settled to her own breakfast. But her eyes still glanced everywhere and her greetings to her guests were interspersed by undertone directions to the waitresses.

Miss Hattie, in rustles of striped taffeta or trailing, flower-embroidered muslin, would come down for a morning kiss. Miss Hattie had had a marvellous time the night before, while she had danced new slippers to rags, had beaten a small fan into fringes. Miss Hattie had half the eligible

young men of the city at her feet.

Johnny's life, now that he had his pretty sister to escort, was changed, too. Her wit, her fresh beauty, her friendliness enchanted all. The city's hostesses were of varied backgrounds, but they were alike in perfectly appreciating Miss Harriet Townshend. Hattie was lovely, innocent, cultured, gay.

Of course, Harriet was a flirt. She gloried in flirtation. The happy dancing and flirting months went by, and were years, and every year brought a fresh lot of adorers. But she did not find the right man, or seem to care that he was so slow in appearing.

To Harriet's mother these years went on, perhaps more golden than Harriet's own. In its modest pioneer fashion the Townshend House was famous. Fine people, coming to an unknown city and unpredictable fortunes, knew about her. Other fine people had linked her name to that of San Francisco: "Write that down for them, George. Mrs. Townshend's house in Stockton Street."

Johnny always had breakfast with his mother, and dined with her four times a week. On other nights he called on Miss Lizzie Carmichael. They were engaged, but with no im-

them. "Stay for lunch, Lizzie. Johnny may come up, it's Saturday."

"Johnny and I were going out to see my cousin in the Children's Hospital this afternoon," Lizzie offered mildly.

"That reminds me," the older woman said, diverted. "Mrs. Salazar and the little boys are here, Hattie."

"Oh, she came?"

"With a nurse for the baby, and a dog. Yes, she has all the rooms upstairs that the Callaghans had."

"Is she pretty, Ma?"

"Well, yes. Not Spanish, either."

"They're rich as anything. They have that whole Heart of Gold rancho," Harriet explained. "They say it's as big as a county. Her little boy— which one, Ma? She has about ten, hasn't she?"

"She has four," Mrs. Townshend said shortly. "Francisco, the second one, is out in the Children's Hospital with hip disease, the poor little fellow. She was crying about it. Maybe you'd just step in and say hello to her, Hattie."

"I will. Is her husband here?"

"Harriet, I told you he had died a year ago."

Harriet retreated on a gale of giggles. "Then I hope he isn't! Come on upstairs, Lizzie. We'll wash for lunch."

### WISDOM

A wise man sees as much as he ought, not as much as he can.

— Montaigne.

+

Experience is the substitute for the advice you didn't take.

— Francis Rodman

+

Nine-tenths of wisdom is being wise in time.

— Theodore Roosevelt

mediate prospect of marriage. Lizzie's mother was dead, and her father and her younger brother and sister were violently agitated at the mere thought of her leaving them.

Lizzie was a placid, pale girl, with a smooth heavy knot of lifeless brown hair on the nape of her neck. She was in no way Hattie's type, but the two were congenial, teaching catechism in the Jesuits' Sunday School, playing duets with firm counting aloud in all the stiff places, determining to walk regularly, to study poetry regularly, to continue with French. They exchanged Christmas and birthday presents, and thought of themselves as bosom friends.

"Lizzie, why don't you and Johnny set the date?" Hattie coaxed one day when she and Lizzie had crashed through the Second Beethoven Sonata, with the effect of emptying the two long parlors of the boarding-house of casual sitters.

"Oh, heavens—" Lizzie said faintly.

"Well, but honestly. You've been engaged for two years."

"Not really. Well, yes it is, too. Johnny wants to buy a house first."

"Whose reputations are you girls cutting to pieces?" said the strong, good voice of the mistress of the house as she came in with her skirts pinned back over a blue alpaca petticoat. "Your music sounded good," she told

Senora Coralía Salazar y Valdez was close to thirty years of age, and had been widowed for almost a year when she moved into Mrs. Townshend's house. When Hattie tapped at the door and came in, she turned from a big black trunk, over which she had been stooping, and straightened up and smiled.

Harriet saw a lean, tall woman who looked hardly more than her own twenty-three years, a woman whose smooth dark skin glowed as if roses were beneath it, whose ink-black braids hung loose on her shoulders, whose mouth widened with a smile as she saw Harriet. She flung a handful of frothy underwear to a maid as she gestured to a chair, and spoke as easily in English as Hattie did.

"Why, you're so nice to come in! Sit down. We're unpacking, Ana Immaculata and I, and I'm tired."

"Mother said she'll send us up some tea." Harriet's eyes roved the room, already transformed.

Senora Salazar had secured as reception-rooms the big front parlors that were now strewn with trunks and boxes, and for herself the large bay-windowed bedroom behind them. An adjoining bedroom was for the nurse and the small boy she had brought with her; and her own maid would sleep in the passage between the rooms.

Harriet, who was not accustomed to such spaciousness and extravagance, was impressed by the arrangement, and all the more impressed by Coralía's simplicity and by her cordial manner. Despite the seven years' difference in age the two were laughing and talking together in terms of easy friendliness and enjoyment before a quarter-hour was passed.

Coralía had spent most of her married life on the faded Heart of Gold rancho; her girlhood years had been divided between her father's rancho and the Notre Dame Convent, in Marysville. Harriet had met many of the Notre Dame girls, and there was much to say of marriages and engagements among them.

"And you have four boys?" Harriet had not reached the point of calling her new friend



# "MISS HARRIET TOWNSHEND," by Kathleen Norris

"Coralia," but both women knew it was fast approaching. "Four. This one, Josito, is the baby. And the little sick one is Francisco. You'll go with me to see him some day?"

"Oh, I would love to! Poor little fellow. But this one," Harriet exclaimed, catching the small body as it raced by, holding the brown warm sweetness of it, "this one is a double darling!"

"The other boys are at school in Santa Clara," Coralia volunteered. "My husband was ill for so long, and boys are so noisy."

Harriet went downstairs half an hour later in a blur of happy and excited feeling. There was magic in the big upstairs room, the graciousness of this woman who seemed hardly older than herself. Deeper than that, although she sensed it only confusedly, went her first vague experience of the jealousy of an unmarried girl for the woman safely established in wedlock.

How independent Coralia was, she reflected. Quiet mistress of the plain, comfortable old rooms, and of the maid and the beautiful little boy, quietly, unobtrusively anxious about Francisco. There was to be a consultation of doctors tomorrow. Harriet was to help Coralia select toys for the little invalid.

"Could you go down to Chinatown with me, Harriet?" Coralia had asked. "When we were children we loved the little wooden chicks with all the wooden eggs inside, and the paper almonds with surprises in them. Do they still have them, do you know?"

Harriet had eagerly agreed. Already she knew that whatever Coralia did she would be only too ready, from this night forth, to share.

To both the venture was intoxicating and new. Coralia had never had so close a friend before. Harriet was a mystery to Coralia, and all the more fascinating for that. The older woman studied the younger one curiously, and with more than a twinge of jealousy. She saw a cloud of coquettish red-gold curls about a face wide of brow, narrowed below high cheekbones to come down to a rounded cleft chin and a wide expressive mouth.

What was her secret? Why did every man she met follow her, with his eyes at least, as long as she was in sight? Coralia had had small chance to practise flirtation; she had been trained in shyness, awkwardness, diffidence where men were concerned. She had known from the earliest teens that a girl's great objective was marriage, but how to bring men to a declaration of actual intent was unknown to her.

Harriet made no such effort: she was as unconscious of these difficulties as an engaging baby of two. Her concern was rather to hold off the declarations that meant the loss of some favorite man friend, at least for a time; to delay making a decision that hurt her feelings almost as much as his own.

One October afternoon of blinding rain and wild wind found the two in Coralia's lofty room. Harriet had flung herself into a favorite deep chair and locked her hands behind her head. Coralia lay on the horse-hair sofa.

Suddenly Harriet asked: "Coralia, were you surprised when Mr. Salazar asked you to marry him?"

"Surprised, I cried."

Harriet's delicious laugh rang out. "Coralia!"

"I know how it sounds. But it wasn't as simple as that."

Coralia laughed, colored, and was silent for a moment.

"He was much older?" Harriet prompted.

"Forty-six years. He had been married for thirty years before to a friend of my mother. And he was a good deal older even than she was," Coralia said. "No, but I cried because they'd made me feel—I mean my mother and father had—that I was the sort of person no man would want to marry."

"Coralia!" Harriet was eager, girlish, amused. It did sound funny, Coralia not good enough!

"You see, I had liked another man before Martin, a man they disapproved of."

"But, good heavens, I should hope so! And they thought that made you bad?" Harriet added with relish.

"Yes. So when Martin came along they could—well, balance things. His record against mine. He was old, he wanted a young wife, he wanted children, and he liked me. And on my side, I had fallen in love with a man they wouldn't look at." She colored. "A man who turned out to be—not what I thought at first."

She gave a little sigh: "Martin spoke to my parents, and that evening they left us alone in the old parlor. He talked to me a long time. He asked me to make my mother and father, and himself, very happy, and he said that he would make me the happiest woman in the world. He said: 'It is so easy for you to say yes; it saves us all. Come, we'll tell your father and mother now.'"

"And after that," Coralia ended, "it was all happiness, as he said."

"And you never were sorry?" the younger woman said, wanting it to be so.

"No, he was always good to me," Coralia said.

"It still seems to me, even if it all turned out so well, that it was a lot of fuss about nothing," Harriet commented. "All I can say is that if Ma had engaged me to some old man every time I thought I'd fallen in love, I'd be married ten times over."

Coralia studied her a moment in silence. "My people were terribly strict," she presently observed.

"She—she's like a child," Coralia thought.

During all this time that the friendship between Harriet and Coralia deepened, the courtship of Johnny and his Lizzie proceeded decorously. Sometimes on Sundays they walked out together, climbed the rough dirt streets and passed the huddled shanties of Nob Hill, and studied the magnificent homes that were rising on a bare hilltop at the summit.

One day they looked at a cottage on Howard Street; the last tenant had used it shamefully, broken the kitchen window, smashed whisky bottles against the wallpaper in the little bay-windowed parlor. But though Lizzie said nothing because she was trembling too hard to speak as they made this daring move—this actual looking at a house for her and Johnny—she mentally cleaned this house, scrubbed it from doorkill to the bottle-laden narrow kitchen porch, opened all windows to get rid of the musty smell, and turned it into her fondest, maddest dream of a home.

They reviewed their wealth in trembling, smiling disbelief. Johnny's first American job had been as a waiter, and when the proprietor of the Poodle Dog came up to the boarding-house one night and presented Lizzie with three graded copper cas-

seroles, Lizzie was in tears. But when an uncle in Chicago sent her a bank draft for one hundred dollars she was awe-struck. "We'd ought to save it, Johnny."

"You're right!" said Mary Townshend. Lizzie flushed with pleasure, for she stood slightly in fear of Johnny's mother and liked to win her approval.

"Us with a bank account!" Johnny grinned.

It was funny; they were the first man and woman in the world who had ever felt such thrills, such fears, such amazement. It was unbelievable that in a few weeks they would be living out there in the Mission, just living their own lives, with no interference from anyone. The wedding date was set just far enough ahead to allay the resentments of Lizzie's younger brother and sister and her father's reluctance, at least momentarily.

When the great day came, the church was almost filled, an amazing crowd for quiet Lizzie Carmichael's wedding. Her small brother and sister were in a front pew; her old father in the vestibule waiting to give her his arm.

The ceremony proceeded along the usual lines, and trailed up the hill to the Townshend house, where it lost its strained and formal character completely and evaporated in

weekend, roamed about scantily clad in shirts and thin cotton trousers. There were young cousins and friends at the rancho. They all rode horses, climbed the windmills, managed to get themselves soaked in the creek. There was no swimming, but a few miles away, up the mountain, there were good trout pools.

Coralia laughingly declined; she was no fisherman, but Harriet got up morning after morning to ride up the steep trail and sit dreaming beside the water, in woods that were hushed and dewy, before the sun was up.

She and the boys were back for breakfast, and ravenous; sometimes their catch was big enough to supply a real breakfast dish of fresh fat trout fried in the corn powder made for tortillas. Harriet bloomed like a rose under the stimulus of air and exercise, rest, and country food, and the boys' praise of her prowess.

"Madre, she rides better than Zito!"

"How does that happen, Harriet?" Coralia might say from the top of the breakfast table.

"In the Islands we all rode. I rode alone when I was four."

"You really like it, riding and fishing with little boys? I think I will have to give you Capitan," Coralia said.

"I wouldn't know where to keep him. No, let Capitan live

and burst of smothered sobbing to greet Harriet at the head of the stairs."

Escorted by red-eyed maids, they reached the apartment that Coralia for some happy months had called "the Senorita's room," and there, white-faced, Harriet heard the whispered news; the child could live only days now. The house was filled with relatives: Coralia's mother, two of her sisters, various aunts and cousins; the uncle who was a Jesuit priest from Santa Clara and the cousin who was a doctor had taken up residence here some days before.

Coralia clung sobbing to Harriet. "Let me cry!" she said. "I've not been able to cry. With my mother and my aunts I've felt frozen—I couldn't speak—"

Presently she said, "If you knew how glad I am that you are here! Just to see you, down there in the dark, getting out of the carriage made me feel right again."

"If I can help—" Harriet said, subdued.

"You've helped me already," Coralia lay back in her chair as if exhausted.

Hattie could say nothing. But however inadequate her response to Coralia's need, it was enough, and Coralia clung to her as to a rock of comfort in the days that followed.

Three days after her arrival it was Harriet who touched the kneeling Coralia on the shoulder, and it was in answer to Harriet's low words that Coralia raised her stained face from where it had rested against the child's colorless hand. Instantly sobbing broke out in the room from kneeling forms in the shadows.

"He's gone, dear," Harriet said.

Coralia rose to her feet, her rich hair disordered, her hands pressed against the sides of her head. "No, no!" she said loudly. "Not Cisco! Not my little Cisco—"

Just how Harriet managed to get her to her room, to get her to lie down quietly, to talk in subdued tones as the older members of the family filed in and out, nobody seemed to know. Coralia was the calmest of them all, and could go into Cisco's strangely changed room from late in the afternoon and sit there like a statue of grief, with only the beads of her rosary moving through her hand to show that she was alive.

There were two or three dark rainy days of weeping and praying, days scented with heavy crepe and bombazine, and with tuberose and smilax.

There was a Mass, and a solemn procession on foot over wet leaves and muddy ruts to the stone-fenced acre on the hillside where the old senor lay, and where the small casket of his son was laid beside him.

After that priest and doctor departed, all guests went away, and the older boys returned to school; Coralia's family was the last to go.

"You are a good friend," said Coralia's mother, weeping as Hattie disappeared completely in her soft big farewell embrace. "God bless you," murmured some of the other women. Separate bundles of black, they moved slowly down steps and driveway and went their ways. A great peace, a heavenly silence followed their going. Harriet and Coralia sat on the terrace and watched the light fading from the oaks on the hills and the great shoulders of the Sierra.

Three days later they parted, Harriet climbing into the surrey with tears in her bright eyes; Coralia very calm, but without a vestige of color.

"Oh, Harriet, I hate to see you go!"

"And I hate to go. This is my other home!"

"If it only were! . . . Harriet, how am I to thank you?"

"By eating and sleeping like a sensible person," Harriet said gently.

"And you will be back, soon?"

"Having danced too much and eaten too much and flirted too much, I'll be back."

Harriet was home, and she loved home. She was with Ma, and she adored Ma. Harriet's ringing laugh, the rustle of her silken skirts, her gaiety once more enlivened the house; girls came and went, scales rippled on the piano, and everyone was the happier for it. True, she kept a daily journal, which took the form of letters to Coralia and was forwarded whenever occasion served, but they contained no such earnestness of feeling, no such heart-sick longing as did Coralia's letters in reply.

These carried but one burden: "Come back, come back, come back." Coralia declared that she could never be happy on the big ranch again without her friend. There was a new foreman now at the rancho since old Arturo had died, and Coralia's next letter had a postscript: "Our foreman's name, did I tell you, is Phil Haageresen, Swedish father—Irish mother."

The sentence passed unnoticed through Harriet's giddy head, but her mother noticed it and observed mildly when the letter had been somewhat discussed: "This foreman, now. Did you meet him, dearie?"

"Oh, yes, but it was down at the corral the night when we shipped the steers. I couldn't really see him. Big fellow, blond, too."

"Swedish. I'd hope she'd not take him!" said Mrs. Townshend.

"Take him!" Harriet echoed, shocked. "Why should she?"

"Well, why shouldn't she?"

"She wouldn't," Harriet said after a moment. Two red spots burned in her cheeks. "They—her mother and everyone, would think she was crazy to marry a—a foreman," she stammered. "Beside, she has the boys. Beside, she has the ranch to run," she added.

"Not if he's already running it."

"Oh, Mother—!" Harriet protested with distaste.

"Well, she's a dear, good woman and she must be lonely," the older woman argued.

"Yes, I know. But, Well, she won't," said Harriet with frowning pauses between her words.

"She's not been widowed long, Hat."

"She'll not marry him," Harriet insisted.

"If not him, someone else. And I wish you'd marry," Mary Townshend continued in her thoughts. "Foreman or no foreman, you're too pretty to be unwed."

Harriet was silent as her mother left the room, staring into space like a bright-eyed kitten. Coralia married! Hattie turned the words over and over again in her heart. Coralia in love, really in love perhaps this time and going through all the familiar motions, blushing and shy, confident and proud—Harriet made a face in the dark.

"A husband, well, it would simply be the end for me," Harriet mused. "And a man like that, one of the hands,

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feasting, laughter, toasting, kissing, and a surprising amount of crying, too.

Several weeks after Johnny's marriage Hattie went over to the great Salazar rancho to visit Coralia in her own house. The occasion was the return of little Francisco from the Children's Hospital, as nearly cured as he could hope to be from the operation, for what the doctor called hip disease.

Autumn lay gracious upon the place; the hills had long been burned to gold; the mighty oaks threw their strong shadows across them. Cattle stood motionless in the coolest shade; horses were at the paddock fence. Over the red-tiled roofs of stables, barns, quarters, sheds, tree shadows lay in patterns and traceries of tendrils and leaves.

The ordered opulent disorder of it enveloped Harriet like a dream. Servants sauntered about, not seeming so much like servants as like players in some magnificent medieval scene. Handsome boys rode horses up to the terrace, Coralia going down the wide shallow ivy-bound steps to lay her hand on a great satiny equine shoulder and give some direction in a low voice.

The lame little son was royally installed on the terrace, with someone always within call to anticipate his needs. The two older boys, home for a

here, and if I haven't worn my welcome out, I'll come back and ride him again."

"Try to wear your welcome out, Harriet," Coralia said, smiling. "There's only one bad thing about this visit," she said quietly after a moment. "I mean that you are going away on Tuesday."

"Oh, I have to! I've never been away from Ma for such a long time in my life."

"Yes, I know. Of course." It really made Coralia sad, Harriet thought uncomfortably. No matter how much she loved people she never seemed to mind partings; it would be good to see Ma and Johnny and Lizzie and the Howard Street house again, and then later it would be just as much fun to come back to the magnificent rancho again. No matter how life moved it was glorious, exciting, and she was always right in the center of it, small and redhead and dancing like a firefly.

When it became evident that little Francisco Salazar was dying, Harriet went up to join Coralia on the ranch of the Heart of Gold. Coralia, agonizing over the child, sent a letter and the big surrey to bring Harriet, and when Harriet arrived in the middle of a dark freezing spring night Coralia was awake, padding about the upper floor in noiseless slippers, and ready with a great embrace

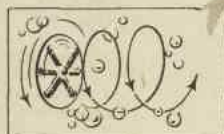


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# "MISS HARRIET TOWNSHEND"

really, or he was until old Arturo died. Coralia, Mrs. Haagersen. It just doesn't sound right."

Her heart began to beat hard. Why, this would change everything! All the happy nonsense she and Coralia talked together, the easiness, the sureness each felt of the other's affection would be jeopardised. Men were notoriously jealous of their wives' interests; she had seen it more than once among her newlywed friends.

She tried to remember the new foreman, tried to remember if anything significant had been said about him when she had last been at the rancho. Had Coralia seemed in any way different? Harriet decided that there had been faint indications of change.

Suddenly she buried her head in her folded arms, overcome by a sudden upsurge of emotion. Harriet had never known jealousy. She did not know it now that it was sweeping over her in terrifying waves.

After a while she straightened up. Coralia going to be married. Coralia beloved by a man, perhaps already embraced by him, already planning a radiant future on the old rancho beside him. Coralia wondering how she could tell poor little Harriet the glad tidings.

Harriet, a poor despicable fool now in her own estimation, had been satisfied, more than satisfied, with the happy woman friendship; Harriet had felt that their companionship had been perfect! But Coralia had known from the beginning that it was but a shadowy imitation of the relationship a man could create without effort, the real, the poignant and thrilling thing!

"I know what I'll do, I'll get married, too," Harriet said, as a sudden inspiration sent hope into her soul. "I'll marry somebody. I'll marry Taylor Mowrey or Sid Forester. I will! And when Coralia tells me that she has a secret to tell me, and she couldn't tell me before because only their families know, I'll tell her my secret! Ma's always hinting she'd like me to be married, and I'll be glad, too, and have all this guesswork about men over!"

About a week later, Harriet had had an unusually successful home evening, for Lord Fox-Spence had come up from Bakersfield and had made no secret of his intentions, while a sparkling, handsome newcomer from Boston, who had been in the house but three days, was visibly smared.

It was with a sense of power and satisfaction that Harriet saw the nobleman to the door at eleven o'clock and smilingly dismissed the attractive Nathaniel Babcock. Flirting and singing with men was great fun, after all, especially when one knew that at any chosen moment things could develop into more serious channels.

When Harriet went upstairs, her mother called from the opened door of her bedroom, "Hattie! Coralia's here."

"Coralia is!" The world rocked.

"Yes. She and Josito got here about ten. She didn't want you bothered, but she said she'd be awake until midnight, anyway, and to come up. And she had that maid of hers—Ana, is it?—she had her light on the fire. You might run up. But Hat, it's late now, and do, do have some sense about getting to bed."

The last words were unheard by Hattie, who had been almost running as she crossed the upper hall and went through a baize-curtained door at the rear, mounted three steps to

the hallway of the annex and reached Coralia's door.

Coralia was in a rocking-chair by the fire. She looked up, getting to her feet, arms outstretched, and Harriet was in her embrace before either spoke.

"My dear," Coralia said. "You did come up! I was so afraid your mother had gone to sleep and forgotten to tell you."

Their delight was mutual. Seated side by side on the horse-hair sofa, they could not talk fast enough. Coralia was just her own old self, only nicer. She reported that things had been dead dull at the rancho, with the boys gone back to school and the spring rains falling. Harriet listened, rejoicing; the menace of Philip Haagersen faded steadily, the old warm rush of confidence and affection flowed back. "You fool, you hopeless fool," she reproached herself in her heart. "It's been dull, nothing's been happening, they missed you!"

And it was with a radiant face that she fell to planning the happy days of Coralia's visit.

Coralia mentioned her foreman, but with such unconscious ease that Harriet had felt more reassured than if she had avoided the name. Haagersen, Coralia said, was going to take his vacation in Mexico to see the bullfights.

"Our Re del Rancho is a fighting bull from the Guerrero. At least he was to be raised among fighting bulls, but Martin bought him when he was only a calf."

"Tell me about him, Coralia."

"Re del Rancho—well, he's just—"

Harriet's laughter had broken out like bells. "No no, no, you goose! Philip Haagersen."

"You got his name?"

"You put it in your postscript."

"But you asked for it. Don't you remember, the day you left the rancho, you asked me the name of the man who cleared the bulls out of the road for us when we were riding?"

"I'd forgotten. I am an absolute fool!" Harriet added the last phrase only in her thoughts. "But you do like him?"

"I didn't at first, I thought he was too good-looking," Coralia confessed with a laugh. "But he really is good with the men, and they like him."

She added casually: "I like him well enough, too. He's young and energetic. But what with a Spanish baron making a formal call, and my mother coming all the way over to assure me that as a baroness I would hold a high position in Barcelona, I've been fully occupied."

"You sent the baron away?"

"Us-s-sh!" shuddered Coralia. "And you are planning to send Lord Fox-Spence away, your mother tells me," she countered.

"We could have been Your Highness and My Lady," Harriet said, amused.

Harriet followed Coralia to the rancho a few months after Coralia took Josito home. It was like a homecoming, easy, familiar, flawless.

Since her widowhood Coralia had used only a quarter of her big domain, living in half a dozen rooms. But on this visit Harriet discovered a change, and was delighted with it. The boys were not to go back to Santa Clara to school. Instead a tutor had been engaged for them, and Martin, Pablo, and Josito were racketing about joyfully, keeping a delightful sense of occupation and activity in the place.

The tutor was one Miles Mulholland, a subdued, studious person whose 43 years made him seem elderly even to Coralia. He stood thin and straight in shabby garments, and was nervous and anxious in manner. But shy though he might be, Miles had made it plain that he would take no position that separated him from daily contact with his church, and he had taken full responsibility for securing the presence of an aged priest as house chaplain.

This made the table, and on the night of Harriet's arrival another guest was included in the long-drawn, bountiful dinner—the new foreman, Philip Haagersen. The smile Harriet gave him as he walked beside her striped black-and-white taffeta ruffles to the dining-room was entirely friendly. Jealousy was dead. He was everything that was nice and tall, and—yes, good-looking—but Coralia was entirely out of his zone, with her great hacienda, her chaplain, her sons, and their tutor.

The absurdity of Harriet's agonies over the situation only a few months ago kept her mouth twitching a little, although this was an evening of decorous behaviour.

She sat next to old Father Anselmo, who was on Coralia's left side. Martin was next to his mother on the other side, then the tutor, then Pablo. This gave Philip Haagersen the head of the table, and brought him to Harriet's

Those who love deeply never grow old. They may die of old age, but they die young.

— Arthur Pinero.

left. She treated him demurely, saving all her sparkle for the old priest.

After dinner there were night prayers in the chapel. The women put on lace veils and knelt absorbed and reverent in the candle-lighted place.

Harriet genuinely loved Benediction; her eyes, shining in the delicate shadow of her lace veil, went once seriously to the eyes of Philip Haagersen, and she smiled completely at ease, and happy here in this holy atmosphere. It struck him then perhaps that while the senora was rigidly grave in church, Harriet was enough at home to smile with no fear of being misunderstood.

The company streamed out of the chapel blinking and smiling at one another; Miles Mulholland turned with Pablo to the stairs. Martin, who had served as acolyte, joining them as they went. Harriet had promised to go up to tell Josito a story. She was talking to the tutor as they mounted the wide stairway and disappeared. Coralia and Philip lingered to wait for the old priest, and when Harriet and Miles came down they found the others on the dark terrace, under an autumn sky blazing with stars.

Harriet seated herself on the top step of the three wide shallow steps that led to the garden and, touching the old bricks beside her, invited the shy Miles Mulholland to sit down. And with only an occasional word tossed over her shoulder to Coralia and Philip, seated in the shadows behind her, she devoted herself to her companion, winning from him a luxury of confidence to which he had long been a stranger.

"Blessed be God!" the old priest said presently as he

got to his feet. They all rose, making the response: "And blessed be His Holy Name."

When he had said his good-nights, the quartet wandered down through the garden to the summer house. Comfortably seated about it, they idled for an hour of desultory talk and singing.

Walking back to the house, Harriet and Philip followed the others. They were at the steps when he touched her arm, and jerking his head towards Coralia and the tutor said casually: "That's an awfully nice feller. What do you do it for?"

"Do—" Harriet began, astounded. She got no further. In the covering dark she felt the color rush to her face. "I don't do anything!" she said proudly, very low.

The man did not speak again, and they went into the hall. The big swinging lamp over their heads had been extinguished, and the place was lighted only by four candles burning in a row on the long dark table.

"This is Ana Immaculata's way of saying bedtime," said Coralia ruefully. "And perhaps she's right. Good-night."

The good-nights went briskly back and forth, and then Harriet and Coralia, carrying their candles, went on their way upstairs. Harriet, in a frail embroidered French nightgown embellished with little roses and a voluminous Chinese wrapper of stiff, plum-colored tribute silk, sat on the edge of Coralia's bed busily brushing her hair.

"It's so good to find so many people here, Coralia!" she said. "It's always seemed so big and empty."

"Oh, it's much nicer this way. I'm not lonely since I brought the boys home, and Miles—did you like Miles?"

"I think he is a dear!" Harriet said warmly, flushing out of all proportion.

"Harriet—" Coralia said wonderingly. And then, accusingly. "Why, if he isn't captivated already!"

"Heavens, no," Harriet assured her laughing. Her risen color had nothing directly to do with the boys' quiet, bashful tutor. It rose from the sudden memory of the careless words Philip Haagersen had said on the steps.

"But you like him?"

"Oh, yes. It makes a nice household," Harriet approved. "Darling old Father Anselmo and the boys and Josito, of course, and this nice, serious tutor. Tell me, does Mr. Haagersen come up to dinner every night?"

"This is the first time," Coralia confessed.

"He's stunning and he knows it," Harriet said musingly after a moment.

Coralia brought her dream gaze suddenly to attention. "Who?"

"Don Felipe." Harriet's tone was playful as she used the boys' name for the foreman.

"D'you think so?" Coralia demanded in surprise.

"Well, I should think so. I mean, I should think any man who looks like that must know it. You know I met him the last time I was here," Harriet reminded her, "but it was down by the corals at night and all I got was an impression of a very tall man shouting out, 'Head her off!' and 'Shut that gate!'"

"We were shipping the heifers to San Antonio that night, I remember," Coralia said. "I didn't know then that he'd even stay. He's never

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# "MISS HARRIET TOWNSHEND," by Kathleen Norris

done this sort of thing before. He really wants to be a doctor."

"He does?"  
"Oh, yes. He wants to go to Edinburgh."

"Scotland!"  
"You sound surprised," Coralia laughed at Harriet's widened eyes. "Is that so strange?" she asked.

"Well, no. But he didn't seem just that type. Doctors are usually sort of spectacled and elderly," Harriet in turn laughed at her own absurdity.

"But don't they have to be young before they get old?" Coralia demanded reasonably and this time both women laughed.

"But seriously," Coralia presently resumed, "do you remember my writing you what his name was and your worrying for fear I was losing my heart?"

"Perfectly," Harriet answered with the flames of the same old worry springing up through the cold ashes.

"Which was idiotic, of course," Coralia resumed. "But it did make me notice him and so when I knew you were coming I thought I would ask him to come up to dinner and let you see for yourself the fate you picked out for me."

"And you like him better than you thought you did," Harriet made it a statement.

"I honestly do," Coralia's manner was deceptively frank and simple. "At first I thought he was too pleased with himself, and proud, holding himself away from the rest of us, you know, and generally horrid."

"I couldn't agree with you more thoroughly," Harriet thought. Aloud she said, "The boys seem to like him."

"They adore him."

"Coralia, I have my dark suspicions of you."

"You needn't have." But color had come up under Coralia's rich olive skin. "You'll be the first to get any news of that sort."

"Well, I should hope so," Harriet said. She stooped to kiss Coralia and went to her own room. Closing the door behind her she stood perfectly still in the centre of the dim, big candle-light chamber as if turned to stone.

"If she ever does marry him, I did it," she told herself. Coralia to marry, and to marry a man against whom Harriet had felt an instant antagonism. He must have felt it for her, too, or he could not have phrased so easily, so carelessly, that stinging reproach as he and she mounted the steps.

Her face burned angrily at the memory. His tone said that he did not care a snap of his fingers for anything Miss Harriet Townshend did, or did not do, but he rather hated to see a fellow male badly treated.

Philip walked up to the house the next afternoon with some samples of leather. An old man who was making saddles for the boys wished to know if the senora would like fringes on the stirrups and pommels. Coralia had just come down from her siesta; she sat on the terrace, where the grass was burned brown between the bricks and the ivy had knotted itself into a heavy covering of doorway and walls and balustrade.

"That was one of the nicest parties of my life," Philip said.

"Last night," Coralia said, assenting. "It's so good to have people in the house!" she added.

Coralia found it deeply pleasant to be sitting here so comfortably on her own terrace, with the autumn afternoon burning itself out in golden lights and shadow, the boys well amused somewhere in Miles' charge, and this most personable young man, with his mop of fair hair and his browned, hard, lean body seated on the wide upper step, almost at her knee.

"Harriet was sound asleep when I came down. She may be awake, now," she presently said.

Philip was silent a moment. Then he asked: "Were you at school together?"

"Oh, no. I've only known her about three years. My little boy was ill—the little boy I took to San Francisco for treatment—we went to her mother's house. My aunt Maria Lopez had been there."

"I knew a man who was in love with Harriet Townshend. I knew her name long before last night."

"He wasn't the only man!" Coralia ventured with a laugh.

"I suppose not. She made him very unhappy."

"She can't help it," Coralia's eyes danced with fun.

Philip looked at her thoughtfully. "No," he agreed finally, in an expressive voice.

Coralia rambled on into comment on Harriet's charms; Harriet was the finest friend she ever had known. Philip agreed that Miss Townshend was a fascinating girl; he had heard of her conquests in San Francisco. They managed to keep close to the subject of love and marriage, and Coralia felt oddly warmed in heart and spirit when she went upstairs a little later.

It was not until the last day of Harriet's stay that Coralia finally confided in her friend. She had been close to tears all day.

She walked to one of the deep-silled windows, and stood looking out into the darkness for a few minutes, then she said hesitantly: "Harriet, I want to tell you—you're going early in the morning. Harriet, I'm afraid I'm in love with Philip," Coralia said.

"Well," Harriet said mildly, catching at one word out of her whirling thoughts.

"But Harriet—I can't. I couldn't," Coralia went on, turning back to the window after one glance over her shoulder.

"Why not?" Harriet asked after a pause. "Of course, it will change things. And with the boys—and all—oh, Coralia, I don't want you to get married!" Harriet said on a wail that was half playful, half in earnest.

"I don't think there's much danger," Coralia said on a note of irony.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I haven't the slightest idea that the man has ever given me one moment's thought, in that way, anyway," Coralia said heroically.

"But wouldn't he have had a good deal of audacity if he had?"

"Audacity?"

"Yes. You're the Senora, everything here is yours, everyone here is your employee. He'd be asking to step into a pretty important position, wouldn't he?"

"I never thought of that side of it," Coralia said slowly.

"I don't suppose you did. But he may have," Harriet said. "I mean—I mean, it might well make him hesitate," she added hastily at Coralia's look.

CORALIA said slowly, "He probably isn't in the least in love with me. And I know there's an awful lot to think of, on my side. Martin's three boys will inherit this place, and the other ranchos, too, and they'll need all the guidance I can give them. It's nonsense—it's nonsense to think of any change. I know that."

"But you love him," Harriet said quietly.

Color burned in Coralia's face. "I can't help it," she whispered. "I can't think of anything else. I can't get him out of my mind."

As it was the last day of Harriet's visit great plans were under way for a farewell party that evening. Both Harriet and Coralia, although neither expressed it, were conscious that the confusion of a party would be a welcome break in the emotional strain of the evening, and arrangements were made to include not only the little boys, but two dark-chinned serious young men from the Santa Clara college, cousins of Coralia.

Benediction in the chapel was as usual, then, when the boys were sent to bed, there came up from the farm a three-piece orchestra to play for dancing.

By this time refreshments of varied sorts had been served; there was a claret punch in Coralia's big cut-glass bowl, and plates of small cakes and sweetbreads, chocolates and purple grapes and golden persimmons everywhere. It was midnight when the musicians, also fortified with food and drink, went away, and Coralia, Miles, and the two shy cousins sat down for a last game of euchre.

"I couldn't play now, I'm absolutely out of breath!" Harriet had assured them.

She stepped across a bare, dimly lighted hall and through the open door on to the terrace, drawing in great breaths of the cold sweet air and turning her hot face up to the faint night breeze.

A step on the stone flags startled her; a man was coming up from the blackness of the garden. Philip.

"Oh, you scared me!" Harriet half laughed, half gasped.

"I had to see the Silvas down as far as the turn, where they could see lights from the farm. They were all scared to death!" Philip explained, a little out of breath. He glanced towards the oblong of light that was the hall doorway.

"They're playing euchre," Harriet told him.

They both looked up at the great inverted bowl of the stars and were silent. Harriet felt her hand gripped in his as he stood beside her; other big male hands had held hers under somewhat similar circumstances, but this was different. Her throat thickened and she felt her heart beat faster. She drew her hand away.

"Won't have anything to do with me?" Philip said mildly. "What's the trouble?"

"No trouble," she said coldly.

"We just didn't start right. You disliked me from the first moment."

"I didn't like being told I was a shallow little heartless fool," Harriet said, betrayed into speech against her will.

"I don't remember using those words exactly."

"You didn't have to."

Philip said nothing for a moment, but when Harriet made a sudden movement as if to go away he gripped her hand again.

"I happened to be fond of Stewart Filmer," he said.

"Yes, and so was I!" Harriet exclaimed, her face hot. "So was I! But you can't marry everyone who asks you."

"Ah, no, now," Philip said coaxingly. "Be nice about it. You did let him think he was number one."

"And so he was. And so we were both deceived," Harriet stormed. "And perhaps you will tell me what business it is of yours! The very night I arrived here you interfered with my friendship for Miles, who has no more idea of falling in love with me than that star!"

"I wouldn't be so sure of that. You see, I've known other girls like you, Harriet. Girls whose boast it was that they could get other girls' beaux away from them. They don't always turn out so well. They've a funny way of marrying suddenly and foolishly."

Harriet stood perfectly still until his voice died away. Then she said mildly: "I wonder if you and I couldn't agree to disagree. I'll be here a good deal. Coralia trusts you; she is delighted you can stay and take over the rancho. Suppose we try just being civil to each other?"

"Suppose you stop talking like a little Puritan who doesn't know what it's all about?" Philip said. Harriet caught one quick breath as he locked his arms about her and with a big hand gripped her chin. His mouth was upon hers and she felt that her ribs would break as he pressed her tightly against him. She made no attempt either to fight or to speak, but when Philip released her she walked back into the house, without a word or look.

Half an hour later Harriet, clad in a warm quilted robe, with her bright hair loosed in a cloud on her shoulders and her brush in one hand, crossed the dark upper hall to Coralia's door. As she approached it a door that led to the west wing of the house opened and an oblong of weak light il-

luminated the figure of Philip coming towards her.

He caught at her hand and jerked his head towards the passage from which he had come. Once in the rear hall he closed the door behind them and said in a serious, quiet tone that reassured her in spite of herself, "I didn't want to disturb Coralia and I was anxious to speak to you. You see you're going away tomorrow and so I have to talk to you tonight, it's my only chance."

"I honestly don't want to talk at all to you tonight," Harriet said. "Tonight or at any other time."

"I see you're still angry. Was that such a terrible thing I did?"

"Is that what you have to say?"

"No. But why was it so terrible? Men have kissed you before this."

Her face blazed.

"Whether they have or haven't, what you did was an insult and you meant it to be," Harriet said very low. "Now that's all I'm going to say, and if you have anything more to say I wish you'd say it and from then on leave me alone."

"I will certainly do so. What I have to say is that we may not meet again, for I am leaving the rancho."

"For good?" Harriet asked, surprise killing anger.

"Yes. If I'm ever going to do anything I'd better get started."

"You mean for Scotland—to be a doctor?"

"Well, that," he said and in the dim light she could see a rather twisted smile, "maybe that, someday. But the first thing is bread and butter."

"You haven't anyone to help start you?"

"Nobody. I'm a lone wolf. You see I didn't come here just to get a job. It was because I'd been told that there was a handsome widow here with fourteen thousand acres in grapes and cattle."

"Oh, no!" Harriet said in distaste. "I don't believe you."

"Well, at least you see that I'm not going through with it."

"You mean to try to marry Coralia for her money—oh, how horrible! How—"

"Don't make so much of it. After all, I couldn't get her if she didn't like me," Philip argued. "And I've never given her any reason to suppose that any such plan was in the back of my mind."

"But you do like her?" Harriet demanded, secret hope for Coralia's hopes rising in her heart.

"Of course I do. You have to like her. But there are things that—there are elements that make for—well, romance. And then there aren't. And you might as well expect to change the weather as to change the way you feel."

"Oh, don't I know that!" Harriet said with a little sigh.

Philip looked at her thoughtfully. "Yes, I suppose you would," he conceded.

Harriet came to a sudden decision. She spoke eagerly. "Philip, would it make any difference if I told you that I believe Coralia would—would like you to stay? I oughtn't to say this—she wouldn't forgive me—but I think she would like you to stay."

"No, it wouldn't make any difference. I think I knew that."

Harriet was silent. They looked away from each other.

"That would only make my staying here—my trying to carry out my original plan—the worse," Philip presently said. "It was that, I think, that made me see how rotten it was!"

Another silence, which again

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# "MISS HARRIET TOWNSHEND," by Kathleen Norris

the man broke with an abrupt: "Well, are you going to your room or in to see her?" "In to see her. We always do, every night. We talk things over." "I should think you would be dead tonight!" "I am. And we're off at eight in the morning."

They stepped into the wide dark front hall again. Philip guided Harriet to Coralia's door and she looked up at him and whispered good-night.

"Good-night and goodbye, Philip. Come back when you're a famous doctor."

"Thank you. Good-night, Harriet."

He was gone and she opened Coralia's door and went in.

Coralia was standing by one of the windows; she was still dressed. As the younger woman came in, Coralia turned her back upon her. Harriet advanced a few steps, stopped.

"Coralia, what—what—is something the matter?"

"You know what's the matter," Coralia said, half turning her head. Under Harriet's feet the solid earth plunged. She could not speak. "You know what you've been doing," Coralia said.

"What I've been doing?"

"Yes, today and tonight, since I told you. I never would have believed it of you," Coralia said in a low trembling voice.

"Believed what?" Harriet was beginning to tremble, too.

"As far as Philip goes, you can have him!" Coralia said in a bitter voice. "Take him!"

"Philip!" Harriet echoed, bewildered. "You mean that you think I'm trying to get Philip Haagen!"

"You're trying to get everyone," Coralia said, sorrowful and gentle. "I see it and everyone sees it. Father Anselmo, Miles, my cousin, everyone. But I didn't think—I didn't think—" Her voice thickened. "I'll tell you what I think,"

Harriet said, warming to fury. "I think you're crazy."

"No, oh, no, I'm not crazy. I see what I see," Coralia said. "Carrying on with him all through dinner to make Miles jealous, and then—oh, you were too tired to be in the first game. Because you were going out on to the terrace to meet Philip!"

"To meet—Coralia, you have no right to talk to me this way."

"I have a right to talk to you any way I please!"

"Pooh!" Harriet muttered scornfully. "If that's the way you feel—" she began.

"That is the way I feel," Coralia assured her quickly, as Harriet paused. "I feel that the woman I always felt was my best friend has thought it was great fun to show me how easily she could get any man she went after. Oh, don't glare at me. I'm not afraid of your glaring! I'm merely heartsick—yes, heartsick—to think that that was all our friendship meant to you."

"I had no idea Philip would be on the terrace. We weren't there two minutes before we came in."

"Will you give me your solemn word he didn't kiss you in those two minutes?"

"What makes you think he did?"

"Will you give me your word?"

"I don't think you ought to ask me that!" Harriet protested.

"Well, I do. Ana saw you."

"Ana saw nothing of the kind. What she saw had no significance whatever, and, anyway, nothing meant anything, and she hadn't the faintest idea of what she saw!" Harriet protested confusedly.

"Tomorrow morning you're going early," said Coralia, giving a deep weary sigh, blowing her nose and wiping her eyes. "I won't see you again. I never thought it would be like this, but since you can't deny that

Ana saw what she saw—or, at least," Coralia went on, weakening a little, "at least you haven't denied it—"

She paused. Harriet continued her scornful stare.

"And you went to his room tonight," Coralia said.

"How dare you say a thing like that to me!" Harriet's face was white.

"I went to his door only half an hour ago, and looked into the hall because I thought you might be coming across to say good-night, as you always have, as I've always loved you to do," Coralia said, breaking into tears, "and you and Philip were going out through the other hall—"

"Coralia, never as long as I live will I forgive you for saying that! Philip never has paid the slightest attention to me. He came here because he heard how attractive you were, you, you, you! Now goodbye, and don't get up in the morning because I never will speak to you again."

## TEARS

overcame Harriet. She disappeared, closing the door gently behind her. She closed her own door quietly, too, and got into bed, but it was not to sleep. Bitter tears welled up. They dampened her hot pillow, until at last she sat up. Suddenly she knew that she must see Coralia—she must do something—this couldn't go on.

There was a crack of light under Coralia's door; Harriet's heart leaped. She was awake, she couldn't sleep, either! Harriet crossed the hall, laid her hand on the knob, and stood trembling. It was a long minute before she opened the door and stepped inside. Coralia's candle was lighted; she was lying on her back, with her hands locked behind her head. She had been crying, too.

"Oh, Coralia, I'm so sorry! I've been going nearly crazy—"

Harriet got no further. Coralia was out of bed, she'd

crossed the floor, and the two were in each other's arms.

"Coralia, I didn't mean anything I said! I've been sick, I've been lying awake—"

"Oh, Harriet, so have I. I've not been asleep. There's only one thing I have to say to you. It was all my fault that we quarrelled."

"No, don't say that. But now I'll tell you something, Coralia," Harriet said, "that I didn't mean to. And I'm not sure now that it's right. But, anyway, I'm going to. When Philip came here he was deliberately taking a foreman's position to find out what you were like."

"Harriet!"

"I mean it. Let me tell you. He had heard that you were handsome and lovely and rich, and that you needed a man to help raise the boys—"

"He didn't!" Coralia said angrily.

"Yes, he did."

"Then you think," Coralia asked proudly, "that he's simply a fortune-hunter?"

"I think exactly the opposite, and I'll tell you why! He came up here, but according to what he told me he got more and more disturbed in his mind about the idea that you were rich and he had nothing, and if he did begin to love you and you got fond of him—So he's going away. Yes, he actually is, Coralia; you needn't look surprised. He said goodbye to me because he means to be gone before I come back. I don't know what excuse he'll give you, but he said, 'No, she's too fine, she's too nice. She'd find out some day that it was a sort of plot—'"

"But there's no harm in that plot!" Coralia said, turning a face as radiant as the sunrise to Harriet's. "Oh, Harriet, I'm so happy. I can't help it! You don't know what it means to think that he might care, that he and I might some day be here running the rancho to-

gether. Harriet, this is true, isn't it?"

"Absolutely. And, of course, I don't know that you can keep him, Coralia. He was in dead earnest. He's going away because he came here with one set of impressions, or motives, and he feels now that they aren't what he thought they were, and so he's going away."

"Harriet, doesn't that make you feel that he really is an unusual sort of man? Oh," said Coralia fervently, "I won't know how to look him in the face at breakfast, but I'm so glad to know!"

Harriet's thoughts were less satisfying. She felt distinctly uneasy. She had only acted on a momentary impulse to do and say what would make Coralia happy, what would help wipe out the shock and bitterness of their quarrel. What the consequences might be she couldn't predict.

It was in February, which came in on a rush of warm weather and bursting green, that Harriet had the ten-page letter from Coralia.

"The happiest woman in all the world is writing you!" the letter began. "Oh, Harriet, it is true I am to be married again and you know who to—I cannot quite believe it myself, but it is really true! Friday night, after Father Anselmo went upstairs, he and I—and, of course, that magic two-letter word 'he' is going to mean Don Felipe from now on!" Coralia interpolated coquettishly—"had a long talk. However, it all began long before that, and I must start at the beginning."

This process occupied six ecstatic and exhilarated pages, then Coralia was back at the special Friday night and the long, wonderful talk she had had with Philip. No, he had not said anything definite about marriage at that time, but he had told her all about his affairs; that he had little more than eleven hundred dol-

lars and that that was enough to take him to Scotland and take care of him for the first months.

Coralia reported herself as listening to all this demurely, thinking of her own fortune and how little money would be needed to insure him freedom to study and work. She had never been so glad to have money. But, of course, with three exclamation points, she hadn't said a word of that! Philip was going east, but he would be back in May, and then they would plan. Would it be Scotland for them both, with the boys in a fine school over there? Or would he go and Coralia follow after the long vacation? It would all be bliss, whatever they did.

The letter demanded several postscripts. All this was to be kept secret until Philip came back. But Coralia had said she must tell Harriet, and Philip had agreed.

"Well, this'll make a change," said Mrs. Townshend. She was in the large, white-painted pantry checking drinking glasses.

"Won't it, though!" said Harriet ruefully. "Oh, dear, but I'm worried!"

She read again the passage from Coralia's letter that was disturbing her profoundly: "We'd had such a wonderful talk, and he was going away soon, and I wanted him to know—I simply would never have forgiven myself if I hadn't let him know—how I felt! For what is money, after all, compared to the companionship of which you have always dreamed? So I—I said very briefly that I loved him, that I thought our lives together would be marvellous. Was that awful? Anyway, he was simply perfect. He held both my hands at my doorway—I told you the rest. The next day he said he would give all his life to making me

Continued overleaf

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# "MISS HARRIET TOWNSHEND"

happy, and he would try to be a good father to the boys." Harriet lowered the letter. "What do you think, Ma?"

"Well"—there was a silence—"if he honestly cares for her and only her money holds him back, maybe that was the way to do it. After all, you've not been there for more than two months, Hattie. Things may have changed."

"No; that's true. That's true." But Harriet sounded doubtful.

After a pause she said, "Ma, I think I should go there. I know Coralia would be glad. I don't know that he would, and I don't care! But it means a foursome for euchre, and riding, and all that, and it means we all talk together, instead of her feeling self-conscious with Philip. What d'you think?"

"I think you may be right," Mary Townshend said.

The visit seemed, at first, all that Harriet had hoped it would be, and more. She sank into the familiar atmosphere knowing that they all loved her, that the very servants were glad to have the Senorita back.

She met Philip with simple friendliness and pleasure. If he had ever suspected her disapproval of the marriage, he gave no sign of it. He sat next to Coralia at dinner, and they had more than one little conference and private joke.

"You'll get to be a doctor, Philip," thought Harriet, as they all sat about together afterwards, "and you'll not want to come back here from Europe and run a ranch. Good enough for Coralia? I wonder if some day you won't begin to think that she doesn't measure up to the life you've planned for yourself. There'll always be the boys' rights to consider, there'll never be any neighborhood contacts to make this place interesting professionally to you."

"Always a pleasure to meet you, Miss Townshend," Philip said with a formal inclination of the head. Harriet's gay laugh broke out.

"My thoughts were nine million miles away."

She extricated herself from her chair and went over to Miles, who was reading. "Come on, Miles. Ten minutes of music and then I'm for bed."

He went to the piano with her, lifted a cello from among the various string instruments that had accumulated on the table there, and sounded the strings.

She played and sang "The Erl King," her voice sweet and pure, her hands familiar with the music. Miles ventured a few notes, grew bolder, drew the full chords confidently. She sang "Lesbia Hath a Beaming Eye," and, at Coralia's command, "The Minstrel Boy." Philip brought a candle to the piano and Hattie sang "Sylvia."

The cello was silent now; the room was silent. Hattie raised her eyes on the last line. "To her let us garlands bring."

Philip was leaning on the piano and their eyes met. Something about the strong planes of the browed face, the set thin line of the mouth, and the faint frown between the rather deep-set eyes gave Harriet a strange feeling. It was one of almost pure shock; there was no other emotion that she could recognise. "Why, what—what—" she said in her soul, and could go no further.

She smiled at him in the candlelight, went across to Coralia, who was drowsily looking into the fire, and said her goodnights.

"Ah, don't go yet!" Coralia protested.

"I'm dying." Harriet went upstairs carrying her candle. Coralia followed her some fifteen minutes later, to find Harriet still fully dressed, seated at her own mirror, her completely absent gaze fixed unseeing on its depths.

"Harriet, are you all right?" "Fine," Harriet said in a bewildered tone.

"Listen," said Coralia, sitting down. "Don't you think he's wonderful?"

"Coralia, I really do." Harriet knew neither the voice nor what it said.

"I never did anything in my life I'm so proud of as— as straightening things out between us. You know, I wrote it all to you," Coralia went on. "Of course, it was terribly hard! I came right out with it. I said: 'Look here, Philip, let's be honest! Why don't you ask me to marry you?' You know you want to!"

"And he immediately asked you?"

"No, indeed, he didn't! You don't know him, Harriet. The serious side of him, I mean. He looked at me for a minute—it seemed like a month, but I suppose it was only a minute—and said, 'Would you possibly accept me, Coralia?' and I said, 'What do you think?' and he said, 'I don't know what to think!' And then very quietly he said, 'Will you marry me?' and I—I wrote you that—began to cry. I don't for the life of me know why!"

**H**ARRIET said, "Well, I wouldn't marry a man who made me cry when he asked me to marry him."

"You mean," Coralia said after a moment, in a voice that had a slightly hurt tone, "you mean that in my place you honestly wouldn't marry him?"

"I do truly mean that in any place, mine or yours, I wouldn't marry him," Harriet answered suddenly. She was looking down at her own hands, locked on the counterpane, as she spoke. Now she raised her troubled eyes to Coralia's.

Coralia came over and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Harriet, what on earth is the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter," Harriet said, gulping back a flood of tears. "Oh, yes, something is. It was tonight—tonight when I was singing and Philip brought over the candles. There was something in his look that was so strange—fixed right on me—it was as if he threatened to kill me—kill us all—"

"Harriet!"

"I know it sounds crazy. But, Coralia, don't!"

"But, darling, I love him," Coralia spoke as if to a wilful small child.

Harriet laughed nervously. Suddenly I thought, "Who is he and what is he, and what are we letting Coralia do?"

"You're not letting me do anything. I've found the man I love out of all the world, and when I think of the happiness of our lives together I—well, I just lie awake dreaming."

Harriet studied her face for a moment. She leaned back against the pillows with a complete change of manner.

"Of course you're right. I don't know what got into me! Except that I don't think anyone in the world is good enough for you! I guess I'm just overtired."

"You ought to be. Now you go to sleep." Coralia tucked in the covers, stooped to put a kiss upon Harriet's flushed

little face. "You'll see everything differently in the morning. Oh, it's so good to have you here!"

Coralia was proved right. In the morning everything looked bright, everything promised nothing but happiness. Harriet was happy. Not only had she a deep sense of relief, in that she had said all she wanted to say, and more, to Coralia in dispraise of Philip, but Coralia apparently wasn't going to take it seriously. Harriet's conscience was clear, and matters were already returned to their old comfortable footing.

After lunch everyone took a siesta. Philip did not appear for lunch; he was usually too busy on the ranch to keep household hours. It was only when everyone was riding, in the mellow soft light of late afternoon, that they saw him again.

Then, as the horses turned into a lane between tall, bare-limbed poplars, he turned from the doorway of the forge, where he was standing with two or three of the hands, and came over to the horses. His nod was for them all—the boys, Miles, Coralia, and Harriet.

He went across to Coralia, spoke to her briefly, nodded to all of them, and went back to the forge. The riding party went on, up past barns and cabins of whitewashed adobe, up through a long lane of tall, planted trees, through a hill-side vineyard of stripped vines, and so on, higher and higher, under mighty, solemn red-woods where there was no underbrush and the ground was sown deep in needles.

All so peaceful and quiet at one minute, with the faint jingle and clink of the harness rings the only sound, and then suddenly—what—what—

Coralia was on the ground, tumbled in an odd, boneless lump against the bole of a great oak; her horse was tugging, kicking, was free, and trotted a few feet away.

How Harriet left her horse, how she ran the dreadful fifty feet over the redwood spines to kneel where Coralia lay she had no consciousness whatever. She was there, she had Coralia's head against her arm. Coralia gave no sign of life.

"Miles—she's hurt! Go as fast as you can for Philip!"

Miles was already riding away at a full, easy lope along the rough forest trail; the small boys dismounted and came to stand close beside their mother. The sight of their horrified faces brought quick reassurance from Harriet—they mustn't worry; Mother would be all right; Philip was coming straight back; they'd get her home.

A low dead stick of a redwood bough had driven its way through Coralia's breast and protruded again above her shoulder. How deep it went Harriet could form no idea. She crouched at the base of the redwood, attempting to take some of the weight of Coralia's body off the shaft. She was afraid that at any moment the breathing might cease. Too terrified to think, she could only pray automatically, "Oh, God, help us! Don't let her be badly hurt! Help us!"

After endless ages voices were heard below, in the forest, and the jingle of harness. Philip and Miles were riding beside a waggon. Two young ranch hands leaped down from it, holding a strip of canvas, stretcher fashion, as they fearfully approached Coralia's silent form.

"Look at the stick—into her—" Harriet whispered to Philip, bending beside her. "Oh,

Philip, dare you try to take it out?"

"We'll have to. Unless we could break it close to the tree. And that might hurt her terribly. Rico, Gregorio, here!" Philip's face was a mask of pain and apprehension as he cautiously freed Harriet's arms, substituting the strong brown arms of one of the younger men, and moved between Coralia and the tree, placing his hands on her shoulders to lift them. Catching Coralia strongly about the shoulders, he drew her towards him and the branch slowly drew away.

A gush of warm red blood flowed on to Coralia's blue habit and a deep cry broke from her. The next moment she slumped into unconsciousness again, and was laid on mattresses in the body of the waggon. Mateo led Harriet's horse; Harriet crouched beside Coralia, holding one of the limp, scratched hands.

The sorrowful cavalcade wound through the now darkening woods, only a few monosyllables being exchanged, as when Philip rode close and turned his anxious face to Harriet's.

"How does she seem?"

"Still breathing."

She was still breathing when they carried her up to bed. Careful sponging revealed that the branch had only pierced the flesh, although Philip immediately diagnosed a broken arm also.

It was dark night when Coralia awakened in a candle-lighted room and found the doctor from San Jose Mission beside her. A broken arm, a dislocated shoulder, an ugly wound, and a painful assortment of bruises and cuts were the full story; there was no concussion, there was no internal injury that could be discovered. Harriet made hospital arrangements for keeping the doctor overnight for a next day report.

Philip and the doctor, Peter Wormsley, took turns in visiting the sickroom; Coralia knew where she was now, and that she hurt in several places, but laudanum had done its merciful work, and she was drowsy.

The doctor made a final visit to Coralia's room, took his candle, and went to bed. Father Anselmo, who had said the rosary prayers in the chapel for all of them an hour or two earlier, had already gone to his room. Harriet roused herself from the half drowse and found herself alone in the big, softly lit room with Philip.

He was half asleep, too, in the chair opposite her own; both were tired, by emotion as well as by the strain of Coralia's accident. Minutes went by, and still neither moved nor looked at anything but the fire.

"You're staying in her room tonight?"

"Well, most of the time. Ana'll be there, too, and this nice doctor—Wormsley, isn't it?—said not to hesitate to call him. He's nice, isn't he?"

"And he thought you were," Philip said dryly.

"Oh, did he? That's nice, too," Harriet said composedly. "And was it nice to let Miles walk on red-hot coals, too?"

There was a silence. Then Harriet said clearly and coolly: "It would interest me very much to know exactly what you think a girl's conduct ought to be, with young men. I presume if I shaved off my hair like a nun and—ut a patch on my left eye, you would feel I was treating your remarkable sex fairly."

At this point the picture she painted amused her in spite of herself, and she broke into a laugh. "I never thought I'd

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# "MISS HARRIET TOWNSHEND," by Kathleen Norris

laugh again," she said, faintly apologetic, with a jerk of her head in the general direction of Coralia's room.

"She got out of that accident today only by a miracle," Philip agreed mildly.

"I was surprised at how much medicine you knew," Harriet said, sealing the peace. "I ought to know more. Well, I will some day."

"You mean you'll really go on with your medicine?" Philip raised surprised eyebrows.

"How d'you mean 'really'? What made you think I wasn't in earnest?" he demanded.

"I didn't think that. I just asked."

Silence. Then Harriet said suddenly: "You'll change your plan now about going so soon?"

"Yes. I'll wait now until she's really on her feet again." "Shall you go to Scotland before coming back?"

"I don't know. I said something to Coralia about looking the whole scene over—the Edinburgh scene. Seeing about rents and conditions generally."

"Or Coralia said that to you," Harriet amended it. "She's determined not to stand in your way!"

"I could see myself living there in a house full of Spanish servants and small boys," Philip began again, after a silence in which he had glanced sharply at the slight figure curled in the big chair.

"She'd be perfectly happy having things go along as they are, living here as you are."

"Yes, I suppose so. Unfortunately—" Philip did not finish his sentence, and Harriet also was silent for a space.

"What I was going to ask you," the girl began again, ending it, "was something else. It was this: If it hadn't been for the accident, would you have gone away and never come back to the ranch?"

"What on earth gave you that idea?" Philip asked with a shroud of rather mirthless laughter.

"I don't know. Or, rather, I think I do," Harriet answered hesitatingly. "I've felt it for—oh, I don't know. Lately."

"No. I was not coming back," Philip said steadily. He had dropped his linked hands between his knees; he did not turn his head as he bent over, looking into the fire.

"Philip!" Harriet breathed in a shocked whisper. "Philip, you'll break her heart."

"One way or another, yes. That seems to be my destiny."

"Oh, but why—why? Is it just the money? Is it that you feel you have to get started in your profession first? What is it?"

"It seems the wiser way," Philip said slowly. "She has sons and wealth and youth—she's not thirty-two yet. Better to end this thing now, when even her mother doesn't suspect it, than to wait until everyone knows."

"But—but you asked her!" Harriet accused him.

"Yes," Philip said, glancing over his shoulder at her distressed face, "and I am running away."

"You'll write to her that it's all ended?"

"Immediately. And you'll be here, I hope, for her to talk to. That's the one thing that can help."

"But, Philip, what's changed everything? She loves you so! Surely, considering everything, this would be a wonderful place to—marry into?" Harriet finished whimsically.

"Too wonderful! I wouldn't feel I was even worth my hundred and fifty a month."

"Oh, heavens, I don't know

what to do about this!" Harriet said half aloud, in a distracted tone. "I can't imagine how she's ever going to be told, or how she'll take it, or why you're doing it."

"I had an idea you could," Philip said.

"Could what?"

"Could perhaps imagine what was the reason."

"Reason for—for jilting Coralia," Harriet demanded. "What reason could I possibly know?"

"The one invincible one," Philip said slowly, not looking at her.

Silence spread, deepened. Harriet's lips were closed. Looking at her briefly, Philip saw that her eyes were narrowed on space.

"No!" she protested, swallowing with an effort.

"Yes," Philip said simply. "I thought you must know."

"It couldn't—it mustn't—" Harriet began. She stopped.

"I've known since the night you came back," Philip said. "You remember, at the piano? I was afraid I had told you then."

"No, please—" Harriet whispered. She locked both hands on the arms of her chair and tried to get to her feet, but reeled backward and was seated again. Philip crossed to her and held out a hard, thin, brown hand.

"Yes, you're tired, you want to go to bed," he said. "Come on. Try to get some sleep. I'll be up early and see how she is." He lowered his voice in the hall. "Good night!"

Coralia's convalescence was to her a time of rapture. She dreamed of a long heavenly future, spent for the most part on the rancho with Philip. They would travel, of course, some day. But there wouldn't be much likelihood of Philip's following up the medical school idea, in Scotland or anywhere. He would be too happy right here, on his own wide lands. She would make him independent of her own purse; a sure way to save his pride and secure his loyalty to her.

They would go to San Francisco, stay perhaps at the Palace Hotel, which was the city's boast. Harriet would be married, too, one of these days, and the four of them would visit every restaurant and theatre in town. Then they would all come back to the rancho, to spend delicious days, to bask in utter content.

"What more could we have, Philip?" she asked him.

"I don't like it!" he said suddenly one afternoon when, for the first time, Coralia had been tenderly escorted downstairs and was luxuriously established in robes and pillows on the old sofa by the fire.

"Philip!" Coralia gasped, half laughing, half shocked. Harriet, crocheting busily in the shadows beyond the lamp, looked up.

"No, you too generous person," Philip said. "Don't you see that all these lovely plans mean that you're giving everything and I nothing? I've got to balance the scales a little better than that."

"Not by waiting. Not by separation," Coralia said confidently.

"Years from now, how do I know you wouldn't think me pretty weak to have taken so much, my dear? I'd be here, enjoying a king's privileges, not having contributed a penny. Suppose you some day said to me, 'You were just a cowhand when you came here—'"

"Please, Philip, don't tease." Coralia's tone was hurt.

"I'm not teasing. I want to

be someone of whom you—of whom my wife will be proud."

"Harriet, he goes on this way all the time! Tell Philip that it would be wicked—it would be too stupid not to take the happiness that is right here at hand."

"Oh—" Harriet started up with a faint, guilty laugh. "I promised father that I'd fix the chapel for the Benediction—I wonder if someone brought up the candles—" She was murmuring to herself as she hurriedly left the room.

The whole outer world was a rush and drip of rain on the March afternoon. Harriet reached the chapel door and stood there, leaning against the wall.

"Oh, what are we going to do?" she whispered. "What can we do? My best friend—and she trusts us both! And she's so happy! This spoils it all—my coming here. I can never come again, after all we've had together! And there's no way out!"

She went into the chapel and knelt down. This was the end of her visit. She would not see Philip again for a long time; perhaps never again. Other women had lived through this; she must live through it.

The Benediction group was gathering. Harriet went to take her place at the organ in the choir. A languid boy pumped

she dismounted, too, and, with her skirt bunched on her arm, she came to stand beside him.

"I've thought—something," Philip said. "I've thought what we can do first. It's not much."

"What is it?"

"Our engagement, Coralia's and mine," Philip said, "is the trouble. You find it hard to understand how that came about, I suppose?"

"I know how it came about. I don't know why," Harriet said with a little effort, "it had to be this way. It would have gone so—so right for you both if I hadn't come into it."

"I don't know. It might not have been so right."

"Well, this is what I've been thinking, and you see what you think. You go home today, then Coralia decides to go into town to stay at your mother's. I'll write to her there. I'll make the break quick and final. And you'll have to help her through it, Harriet."

"She told me only yesterday that in case you really decided to go, you would be married first."

Philip shook his head. "There will be no hurried marriage. Soon after you leave I will get a letter from my brother telling of my mother's illness. I will leave that hour, and with her blessing, too."

"But how will you get that letter?"



the organ; Harriet heard the voice that thrilled through her whole being admonishing him. Then Philip's lips were close to her ear.

"Riding—tomorrow—six too early...?"

"Oh, no, Philip!" she breathed back, life flowing into her veins and heaven opening.

"By the bull-pen," he said. That was all; he was gone. Through the evening he sat near Coralia and talked to her, and Miles and Harriet tried different odds and ends of music at the piano. Harriet excused herself before nine o'clock. She said she was tired, but she was moving on wings.

Her heart beating so hard that she imagined she could hear it, Harriet dressed in the black darkness of five o'clock the next morning, stole downstairs, and stepped out into the chill of approaching morning. Philip was standing at the corral corner, the reins of the two horses looped on his arm. Harriet and he did not speak as she rose into the saddle with her own practised lightness.

They rode to a mountain meadow some miles above the rancho. Harriet checked her horse on the brink of the hill and turned to Philip.

"Have you thought what we can do?" she asked, like a child.

He was on his feet, and now

"I have it here in my pocket. There is a traveller going through the rancho almost every day, north or south. I will say he brought it."

"And then, Philip?"

"Then time, Harriet. Time. That's our only hope. I am going to ship on the first boat I can get out of San Francisco—to Scotland, I hope. And when I get to Scotland then I find another job, as hard as I can make it. And when I come back, a doctor, it will be different maybe. It will be years. Unless something happens."

"I'll wait," Harriet said briefly.

Coralia sat in the afternoon sun on the terrace and basked in a sense of peace and well-being. She was dreaming over her embroidery frame when a shadow fell across her work, and she looked up to see a man standing only a few feet away from her.

He had approached noiselessly, but it was not that that gave her heart a sudden plunge of fright. It was a certain reminiscent familiarity in his look, a sort of confidence in his half-smile that somehow sickened her more than it surprised her. She laid her work aside and looked at him apprehensively.

"Why, you're—you're—But what brings you here?"

"Yes. I'm Louis Johnson,"

he said. "May I sit down?"

He sat down without invitation. Coralia's spirit was in a daze; she was incapable of thought. Louis Johnson—the man she had loved so desperately those long years ago!

"I've been on the ranch five weeks," he told her. "I'm the new foreman. I'll be running things when Don Felipe goes away."

"You've been here!" She was stupefied.

"Yes. Since February. I didn't know whose place it was until I'd been here a week. Then you came down with the Senorita to talk to Phil Haageren and I saw you."

"I didn't see you," Coralia said, swallowing.

"No, you wouldn't notice me. But I got a good look at you, and then I began to question some of the fellers a little, and I found out how it had all come about."

He was settled back comfortably, blowing rings into space. Coralia spoke against her will. "Did you want to ask me something? We surely have not anything to say to each other now."

"No, nothing special," he said vaguely. "Just perhaps that after you're married it's understood that I stay on here as foreman. At Haageren's salary, eh?"

"If I marry," Coralia said sharply, "that would be entirely for Mr. Haageren—for Don Felipe to decide."

"Oh, I don't think so," Johnson said mildly. "I'd want it understood with you. That's really what I came up to say. Haageren marries into all this money, cattle, horses, vineyard, ranges, everything. All right. That's his luck. He'll never have to do another day's work in his life—he'll have it soft. Well, maybe I want it easy, too. He's never going to fire me. You take care of that."

Coralia said, trembling, and fired with sudden fury: "I don't want you on the ranch. I don't know why you came up to see me today; there's nothing to be said. You treated me very badly ten years ago. I'm not blaming you, I'm not discussing you at all. I simply ask you to go away. I won't mention this to Don Felipe. Go on here as things are, if you like, until you find another place, and then go."

"Wait a minute," he said. "Don't be in a rush. I'm not hurrying you. This isn't any threat. I'm simply saying that because of our old friendship I have certain rights—"

"You have no rights!"

"Well, I'm just using that word. You'll admit I have an argument. Well, I'd just go to Philip and tell him that before you ever promised to marry him you promised to marry me. And if it were not for Philip I could win you yet," the man said seriously.

"You would have no way of proving anything you said to Philip. He would know you for what you are, a blackmailer, and you would have to leave the rancho. And that would be the end of that!" Coralia said, trembling.

"I have two letters, speaking of that promise of marriage, holding me to it. Your phrase was—I remember it, for I've read it often. 'I will die of shame—I will tear myself to pieces, unless you come back and tell me you were in earnest.' And you said that you were praying."

She remembered those prayers, remembered that tearful and despairing time.

"Well, I can't see any good in going on with this," she said, rising and catching up the thin Indian blanket under which she had been resting.

"I will do nothing, of course,

until we talk again," Johnson said. "But I want to feel secure. I've proved I'm useful here. When Philip moves out I'll be more useful. If Philip hadn't been here at all," Johnson went on, as Coralia halted in the doorway, "I would certainly have reminded you that you and I have good reason to be friends. That's all."

"What do you expect me to do?" Coralia asked over her shoulder.

"Nothing. Except to agree that it's a case of least said soonest mended. Philip will always be boss, and he'll never know from me that you and I have anything—well, let's not say anything to hide. This is merely to clear up what might complicate matters later."

Coralia was walking away; she did not turn her head or speak again. After long minutes, safe in her room upstairs, she looked from the window and saw him slowly walking down the terrace steps.

Coralia moved through the remainder of the day in a sombre dream. The house was quiet and lonely. Then, just before dinner, Philip came downstairs with his own quota of bad news. Coralia received it apathetically.

Philip reported that he had received a letter from his stepfather; his mother was ill. He was needed at home, and had already made arrangements to start on the long road to New Jersey.

"Of course," Coralia said. She felt as if she had known from the first that this happy marriage, this handsome husband might never be hers. "But you will be back soon?"

"I don't know how I'll find things there," Philip managed to say, as if too abstracted by anxious thoughts to answer.

Coralia, gracious, lovely, broken as he had never seen her broken, laid her hand on his arm. "You will come back, Philip? You won't just disappear into space? I love you so much, dear. I need you so."

"Why, my dear—" He was really touched, the more so as he had at once noticed a change in her manner and had wondered if she had a premonition that he did not expect to see the rancho again after tonight. "My dear, you look—you've done more than you should and you're tired," he said.

"No. It's right for you to go. And you'll write me, and maybe I'll go to Harriet for a while." In her heart she said, "I must be patient. Perhaps God's hand is in this. I may be able to do something. I may be able to get rid of Johnson; it may all come right. And if it doesn't, I must write Philip that I have changed my mind—"

Harriet had not been a fortnight at home before her mother had had the truth out of her. Mrs. Townshend instantly noted the change in her, the new quietness, the unwonted gentleness and adaptability that were not at all characteristic of Harriet.

"Harriet, it isn't that tutor—that Miles What's-this-now that 'ou're thinking about?" Mrs. Townshend demanded abruptly one warm spring afternoon when from her rocking chair and her mending she had been watching Harriet for some time.

"How d'you know I'm thinking about a man, Ma?"

"I've known it since the day you got back."

"You're smart, Mrs. T. No, darling: it's not poor Miles."

"Who is it, then?" the older woman asked.

The weakness of a sudden

Continued overleaf



# I know, and you know!



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## "MISS HARRIET TOWNSHEND"

longing to make a clean breast of it shook Harriet to her very vitals. She had made up her mind that no hint of the truth should reach her mother, but no resolution could hold against the rush of yearning for sympathy, for understanding from this nearest and dearest confidante. At first, though, her mother was too shocked by her story for any thought of sympathy.

"Your best friend," said Mrs. Townshend slowly. "Hat, I can't believe this of you. What happiness can you possibly get from stealing another girl's man? With all your flirting you've always given the other girls a chance. And Coralia—of all of them—and she's angry at you, of course—"

"She doesn't know, Ma. We—he didn't tell her."

Harriet looked up to meet her mother's round-eyed stare. "He certainly isn't going on with his marriage!"

"No, No," Harriet said. "He's going away. He's going east, and then he's going to write to her and say it was all a mistake."

"And that he loves you?"

"No. I'm afraid that would just about kill her, Ma. And I want to be there when she gets his letter. She'll need me."

"Harriet, you can't do that! And he can't do that! What's the matter with the man that he doesn't know his own mind!"

"Ma—please—" Harriet said, choking. "I love him—so terribly."

"And this has been going on right under Coralia's nose?"

"Nothing went on. Coralia didn't see anything. There wasn't anything to see. It was just that—that we found out we cared for each other, and we—well, we had to think what to do."

"Oh. And what are you going to do?"

"He's going away. He's going to Scotland."

"And you going with him?"

"No. I couldn't do that to her. I don't know what I'm going to do. Maybe, after a while, something'll happen. Something could happen that would—well, maybe change things."

"Well, this is too bad," Mrs. Townshend said, after a long silence, in the quietest and most sympathetic tone she had yet used. "You love him, Hat? Not just that he's in love with you?"

"It doesn't feel like being in love—like anything that I ever thought it would be like. I just want to hear his voice all the time, and think about him," Harriet said simply. "I want to be with him, always. Oh, Ma," she went on, with a break in her voice, "tell me if you think it could ever come right? It wouldn't matter if it was years—years—but could it ever come right?"

"What makes you think you won't change, Hattie? Girls do."

"Because it isn't me any more. It's—someone else."

Mrs. Townshend considered this. "Time will help you, Hattie. You'll be going down to Santa Cruz and Del Monte in the summer."

"I guess so," Harriet agreed lifelessly. She got to her feet. "I'm going out to Johnny's. Ma. Liz gets tired this time of day and she likes to have someone come in and help with the baby."

"There's nowhere I'd rather have you than in your brother's house," her mother said.

"And there's nowhere I'd rather be!" Harriet called back.

It was some time after Philip's departure that Coralia saw Louis Johnson again. He came up to the hacienda one

afternoon to find her with the boys and Miles in the room used most often for family gatherings. Coralia was at the piano trying over various songs and humming them as she played them.

"Interrupting you?" Louis said from the doorway.

Her look was cold and her voice colder. She felt sick. "No. What is it?"

He came to lean on the square piano. "Well, it seems that there's a wedding going on on Thursday at the Ortigas. About twenty of your people want to go, take both waggons, and get back Saturday. I didn't know how you'd feel."

Coralia, taken unawares, hesitated for a second, glanced at Miles, glanced at the children.

"How many want to go?"

She rose from the fringed revolving piano-stool and walked to her usual chair at the hearth. Miles, with a murmur of cleaning the boys for dinner, took them away, and Johnson sat down in Philip's chair opposite his hostess.

"May I smoke?"

"Certainly," Her glance and voice were contemptuous.

He took out a leather sack of tobacco, shook some into a strip of dark brown paper. Leisurely in his movement and apparently quite at his ease, he stooped to light a spill at the red coals of the fire.

"Well—" This was exactly the attitude she did not want to take, but her words seemed to come with no volition on her part. "What do you think?" And as he continued to look at the fire she added, "Louis. What do you think?"

JOHNSON grinned suddenly, glanced up and glanced away again. "I think they'd go, anyway. They're roasting whole pigs and they've killed a steer over there."

"If everyone goes away, can we manage?" There she was talking in cosy, companionable fashion again, the last thing she wanted to do!

"Oh, yes, only about half our crowd is going. And I'll keep an eye on them and send home anyone who gets too gay."

"Oh, you're going with them?"

"I'd rather not go. I'd rather be here. But I'll ride over every day and get a report from old Suez and Enrico or one of the other older ones."

"That'll do nicely. You are acting," said Coralia, on a sudden rush of resentful feeling, "exactly as if you had not come up here to threaten everything that makes—that makes my life worth while, with blackmail—that's what it was, blackmail. Have you forgotten that?"

Johnson laughed huskily in embarrassment. "No, I wish I could," he admitted after a moment. "I mean—you took that wrong. I'd been talking to Philip, and he was so sure of himself, so sure he'd be boss here before long—"

"Jealous," Coralia said contemptuously.

"Weren't you ever jealous? I was burned with it."

There was a pause. Since this stage in the conversation had been reached—a stage quite different from anything expected before its commencement—Coralia felt she could hardly ask in the Senora's dismissing voice if there was anything more. She was relieved to hear the boys' voices in the hall, and to have them come in freshly brushed and with well-scrubbed if still grimy hands. Johnson got to his feet, flung his consumed cigarette into the fire.

"I am riding to the bank at San Jose Mission tomorrow to get them all some money," he

said. "I'll be back early in the afternoon. If anything comes up—but maybe you don't like to be bothered with all these small matters?"

"But I do like it, very much," Coralia said authoritatively. "You see, my husband never wanted me to know about the rancho, and so I was left without any experience at all. And I want to know everything. I feel very much to blame for not knowing."

"I should think you'd want to know, for these fellers' interests if not for your own," Johnson said, with a jerk of his head towards the little boys. "This is valuable property."

He went away, and Coralia went down to dinner with her children feeling oddly comforted. Johnson had come to his senses and changed his manner.

After that she saw Johnson almost daily. There was always something to be seen down by the barns and corrals, some point to be settled. The sheep-shearers came, and were detected killing a fat lamb for a later barbecue, and were reprimanded by the Senora herself. The pruners came, and Coralia walked for the first time in hot April sunshine in her own wide vineyards.

New foliage scattered tender and trembling shadows on the white walls, and across the terrace of the hacienda itself, where Louis Johnson sat talking to his employer. Spring was pouring like a river in spate over the rancho, bloom and fragrance and color were everywhere.

"It was wise to buy right then, I think," said Louis, "because there isn't a lamb left anywhere. We got in before the price went up."

"The boys and I saw them yesterday," Coralia said. "They're little beauties. Josito shrieked because he couldn't bring one up to play with him."

"He could have one, fooling around on the grass here," Louis assured her. Coralia's face brightened. Louis was always nice to her boys.

"Louis, he would love it! The things you think up to amuse those boys!"

"Well, you see," Louis said, getting to his feet as an indication that this morning's conference was closed, "I've not made any secret of it; I should guess that you know."

"Know what?" Her throat closed and her heart gave a quick beat as she asked it.

"That I'm not beaten until I'm beaten," the man said without embarrassment. "That until Philip comes back and you're married, I'm in the race. Oh, I know how it sounds, it sounds nervy. All right, I'll risk being nervy not to miss what you mean to me. You are the straightest, simplest woman I ever knew; I get along with you, you get along with me. Let's assume that Philip writes you, he comes back, you're married—all right, if that's the way it's going to be. . . . No, don't say anything, I know how you feel. I know you didn't expect this, neither did I. But so far, there's no reason on God's earth why I shouldn't put in my bid. I talked rough to you once, right here on this terrace—I've apologised. The past is over. I'll stay here until Philip gets back, then I'll try my luck and get out. You'll not be bothered this way again."

He went down the terrace steps, a burly figure in his loose blue shirt and fringed cowhide breeches. Coralia sat quite still for long minutes, then she went in and mounted the stairs to the bedroom floor.

Her heart was in a strange maze, where one path ran into another continuously and

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stale  
tobacco  
blues?



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To get warm quickly in bed, wear socks if necessary, lie on your back with legs straight, so that spine, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth. Rub and exercise painful muscles and joints. Don't let them grow stiff through too little movement. Take your daily dose of Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS to give you your quota of "trace elements" and to liberate nascent oxygen to assist your kidneys to exercise their purifying effect.

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# "MISS HARRIET TOWNSHEND," by Kathleen Norris

confusingly. She hungered for Philip, for his first letters—so slow in coming, so brief—and for his return!

Philip was everything: her future, her happiness, her ideal. But Philip was gone, and Louis was where she could see him every day, where indeed she must see him every day, to decide and solve the farm problems that were hers, although neither her old husband nor Philip had ever asked her to share the responsibility.

She enjoyed her very real obligations; Louis was not just amusing her with a shadowy authority. She was indeed the chaperone, the Senora, and whenever there was a contract to consider, or a change to be made, hers was the deciding vote.

Louis brought up papers for her to read, greasy invoices from the sheep ranches, fancy letterheads from the wineries. Louis was rough, blunt, easy-going, he took nothing seriously, immensely and noisily loved his present job, stirred everything and everyone with whom he came in contact into excitement and animation.

And Louis was easy. Just easy to handle and direct and be with. He wanted to share everything, whether it was the discovery of a quail's nest in the flat, hot, forty-acre meadow, or an eclipse of the moon. Coralia told herself that she must never let herself like him, never be anything but relieved if and when he left the rancho. But she thought of him, in one way or another, almost constantly.

She had given no hint of this in the letters to Harriet that had become so strangely hard

to write. Coralia was aware that Harriet wrote less often and less freely, too; Coralia had never before, in their friendship, felt herself so much out of touch. Did Harriet suspect she was holding something back?

But how could she write Harriet the truth about a situation whose values she herself was completely unable to analyse?

Or was she? The truth came to her slowly, but eventually it did come. Philip had never belonged here at the rancho. Louis supremely belonged. With Philip life would be one long apology and compromise. One long adjustment of his desire to go away and her longing to be right here, where she was mistress and owner and important. He would grow more and more restless, less and less interested

And suddenly her mind was at peace. It was Louis, of course, not Philip. Philip's name evoked infinite complications, evoked the mental worries Coralia so hated. The thought of Louis—yes, with all the past and all the future considered—was peace. She could never be nervous and self-conscious with Louis, she understood him too well.

The moment the thought came to Coralia she knew it was the answer. Like all true answers, it solved everything. The mountain that telling Philip of this awkward situation might have been was a mere molehill. What did she care if Philip protested and grew angry? She was safe. Writing the truth to Harriet? Why, that also was no longer formidable, because it was so

secure and obvious. It was just supremely comfortable, and Coralia had not been comfortable in her life or her spirits for some time.

The Senora's husband would be Don Luis, the big man running the rancho as few other ranches were managed.

"With Philip, I would have had to depend on Harriet," Coralia reflected. "She amused him, she always knew what to say. But with Louis—well, we two are always going to be happiest when we are alone here with the children."

**B**UT how to manage the transition, how to let Louis know that he was the man, and how to tell Philip that his day was over, she did not know. She thought of writing Philip, shrank away from the hard words. She was not sure where a letter would find him, for one thing. She dreaded the moment when Philip might be expected to return to the rancho. She told herself she must write him that her feelings had changed, and yet the full and happy days drifted by and she made no move.

Since her return home, Harriet had been spending a great deal of her time with Johnny and Lizzie. One evening, the doorbell trilled violently, and Johnny disappeared into the hall. When he came back a man was with him, a tall man with fair hair, wearing a familiar loose old brown overcoat.

"Philip," Harriet said, both her hands in his.

"Harriet," he said, in a voice that was slightly hoarse.

They stood looking at each other. Johnny and Lizzie moved noiselessly into the bedroom; there was a long silence. They sat down on the horse-hair sofa, still holding hands. But they found nothing to say. "Coralia isn't with you?" Harriet finally whispered.

"No. No, I've not been to the rancho."

"You wrote her?"

"No, I've not done that, either. Have you had news?" "Not much. I imagine she's been lonely—I imagine she's been having a bad sort of time."

"I was delayed at home," Philip said. "My stepfather died, as a matter of fact, and I could help settle things for my mother and my sister; I was glad to be there."

"I'm so glad to see you," Harriet said inadequately.

"Yes, I know."

There was another pause. It was broken when Johnny and Lizzie emerged from the bedroom and Harriet performed the introductions. Philip shook hands, smiling his wide smile. Lizzie liked him at once.

"Harriet has been telling us about you. What brings you to San Francisco?" Johnny asked.

Philip gave Harriet a quick glance. "I wanted to see Harriet again," he said simply.

"You've been here before?"

"Never before, I came up on the Costa Blanca and she only docked an hour ago. I went up to your mother's house, but they were all at dinner; I wouldn't have her disturbed. One of the girls told me where Harriet was and how to get here."

Lizzie disappeared into the kitchen, Johnny went to the

cellar to build up the fire, but Harriet sat on in a dream.

"You've not been to the rancho for weeks then?"

"No, I felt—" Harriet hesitated. "I felt almost as if she didn't want me. I know she's been lonely, but she never made it very definite about my going. And I felt so badly—" Harriet's throat thickened and her eyes filled.

"I know. But we'll get all this cleared up. That's what I came back to do. It's come to me," Philip pursued, "that I'll have to go back to the rancho just for a few hours and have a talk with Coralia. Just to say that it was a mistake and that as far as appreciation—and affection—What do you think, Harriet?" he asked, in a pause.

"I think yes," Harriet said. "I know her. That's what she'd want."

Later, Philip took Harriet home, and they talked with Mary Townshend. At least, Harriet mostly was silent; her mother interposed only an occasional shrewd question and Philip talked.

"No, no," said Mrs. Townshend once, almost sharply. "There's never been any sin in it, an engagement isn't a marriage, man! There's many an engagement better for being broken. It's only that the circumstances here make it hard to settle without hurting someone."

She subsided again, and again was a listener. When Philip had finished his story she rose from her chair.

"Well, these things must be left for time and the Lord's will to decide," she said. "But I am glad you came here tonight. The only way to treat

this is honestly. You'll go your way to Scotland, and Harriet'll show herself to be the good friend she's always been to Coralia, and we'll see what another year brings about. Hattie," she added, "you might light the fire here. I'll be awake when you come upstairs so don't be too late. Good-night, Philip." Mary Townshend concluded, holding out her firm, friendly hand.

Philip looked after her as she closed the door behind her. "Whew!" he said in a tone of awe. "What a person!"

"Ma?" asked Harriet, her eyes glistening.

"Ma," he said. He sat down beside Harriet on the old sofa, and she slipped her hand into his and they sat without speaking for a long time.

Harriet went to early Mass the next morning; she had made no appointment with Philip, but she knew it when he came into the pew behind her and her mother. Afterwards they walked through the market, and over these hours hung an enchantment that Harriet had never known before; a sense of happiness and security that was new to Philip as well.

Three days later Harriet came in at about five o'clock. Rain was very near, and in the hall gaslights were burning brightly. Harriet hung her raincoat in the back hall closet, fluffed up her deep, curly hair with an indifferent hand, and in the front hall again met the maid who said there was a gentleman to see her.

"Don't keep him long, dear," said her mother, joining her at

*Continued overleaf*



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## "MISS HARRIET TOWNSHEND"

this moment on her way back from some kitchen errand of her own. "Whoever he is, send him packing, and get some rest before dinner."

"Philip," whispered Harriet to the man who stepped from the back parlor door and encountered them.

Philip's old familiar coat was rain-spattered and his bare head was damp. He looked pale and excited as he caught at Mrs. Townshend's hand and said breathlessly, "No, don't go. I want to speak to you—to you both!"

"Coralia—" stammered Harriet. "Is anything wrong?"

"No, not wrong," he said. "Don't look like that, Harriet, she's happy. I never saw her so happy! And after we talked she was still happier. She's married, Harriet. She was married in the chapel last Sunday, with Ana and young Martin and Miles for witnesses."

"She—" Harriet reeled and sat down. Her mother sat down heavily. Both looked at him blankly.

"Let me tell you," Philip said. "I'll begin at the beginning. I got there Monday afternoon. One of the maids was crossing the hall, and I asked her to tell the Senora I was there. She looked as if she had seen a ghost, and said, 'Senor, you must not harm her!' Of course, I had no idea what she was talking about. I stayed in the hall, wishing it was all over, and Coralia came down and put both her hands out to me and said: 'You will forgive me, won't you, Philip?' and just then Louis Johnson came running downstairs, and it struck me as queer his being in the house at all. He came over and joined us."

"Louis Johnson! That's the assistant foreman. Ma. Oh, Philip, I can't believe you! I can't believe you!"

"The foreman? You never spoke of him," Mrs. Townshend said, bewildered. "How on earth could she bring herself—but go on!"

"Well, this is what she told me. A few days after you and I both left the rancho, he showed up on the terrace, and reminded her that they had known each other years ago."

"They'd known each other years ago?"

"That's what she said. So, of course, they renewed old times, or I suppose they did, and he got to explaining things on the rancho to her, and getting her interested—"

"And you weren't there."

"No, and you weren't there, Harriet. And, after all, he was an old friend—"

"Oh, I remember, she told me one night about him! He came to her father's place and they fell in love," Harriet said

with an awakening face. "Oh, but go on, Philip!"

"He's a marvellous foreman, as a matter of fact his whole heart is in the land, and gradually, Coralia told me, she felt that that was the more sensible marriage for her, that they were the right people to marry. Only she wanted to see me first; she said it didn't seem right to have him talk about it until she saw me, and Johnson, it seems, ruffled up and said no, he couldn't wait for that, he wasn't going to stand around and let her look us over and take her choice. Father Anselmo was right there, and Coralia decided suddenly that their marrying was the right thing to do."

"But, Philip, does she love him?"

"She's completely happy, Harriet, and she looks wonderful! I mean she's gracious and easy and simple—I've never seen Coralia just like that. No more uncertainty or self-consciousness—she's laughing all the time—"

He spread his hands, stopping short and smiling from one face to the other.

"The Lord's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts," Mrs. Townshend said, drawing a deep breath. Harriet slid from her chair to her knees beside her mother.

"Ma, that means that you—that means that we—Ma. Is it all right?" she stammered.

"What do you say, Philip?" said Mary Townshend, looking up, with her hands on Harriet's shoulders.

"Mrs. Townshend, I am asking you for the hand of your daughter Harriet," he said.

"God bless you both," Harriet's mother said in a voice that wavered into faintness. They were all standing now, and Harriet linked them with her arms.

"I've not much to offer her now," Philip said, his voice fairly singing.

"That doesn't matter," Harriet said. "Coralia married! Mrs. Johnson. And I thought the Lord Himself couldn't get us out of this! What shall we do first—what shall we do? Ma, may Philip and I go down to church for a minute?"

"I wish you would," said her mother. "And don't go straying through Chinatown all night long. You've got to-morrow."

"We've got all the to-morrows," Philip said as Harriet ran upstairs for her coat.

And for a few ecstatic days the to-morrows were theirs. Harriet and Philip crossed the bay on the little ferryboats, picnicked in the hills, lunched at the Palace Hotel, in whose famous court carriages were clattering in and out. Harriet

saw trunks plastered with strange Oriental labels, and she and Philip thought that they would come back to San Francisco some day with trunks of their own.

And so came the morning of parting, and Harriet and Philip and her mother sat on the top of the steps above the garden and looked down at the city and made last plans.

"We'll be in Cork in August for my brother's golden wedding," said Mrs. Townshend. "From Edinburgh it's no great trip. And you'll come down, and Hattie'll be married in the church where I was, and my mother, too, and hers before that! Meanwhile," she said to Philip, "you'll look about to see what you can do—"

"I'll do more than that, Mrs. Townshend. I'll get hospital work, if it's only cleaning instruments. A doctor in Edin-

burgh has written me twice that he needs me, and has room for me, and for my wife, too, if she'll come. Then I have two hundred pounds in London, and while it's not much it will help. We needn't be afraid, Harriet. And when we come back—who knows?—I can take my last years of medicine here."

"And grow with San Francisco," said Mary Townshend with something like reverence in her voice. "It'll belong to you, and your children—the hills and the bay and the waterfront with the old ships coming through the Gate."

Harriet laughed a little thickly, and leaned her head against her mother, tears in her smiling eyes. Philip laid his big hand over Mary Townshend's capable and work-worn one. And he and Harriet said "Amen."

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F4204

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F4201.—Nightgown with lace yoke and bow-tied neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. lace, 1½yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 4/6.



F4201



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F4206

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F4205

F4203



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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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### No. 275 — HOUSEGOWN

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